

MODERN SCREEN

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

DECEMBER

10

CENTS



NORMA SHEARER

NOTED DIRECTORS
EXPOSE
TOP RANKING STARS!



It's easy to dress and live smartly, if you don't have to consider the cost. But to have chic clothes and a gracious life on a modern income, you must plan well and follow expert guidance. That's why FASHION was born.

By showing you clothes and accessories that are in the best of taste, of excellent value and still moderately priced, FASHION is a guide to buying.

By telling you about the latest trends in beauty, entertaining, travel, fun, people and living, FASHION keeps you up-to-date.

By helping you adapt these trends to your requirements,

FASHION adds charm to the business of living.

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PN 1993

M 334

Lady Esther says "You're Invited
to a 'COMING-OUT PARTY' for your
NEW-BORN-SKIN!"



The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is constantly wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



Your skin is growing, blooming beneath your old surface skin . . . waiting for the gift of beauty which you can do so much to bring it. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you endow your new-born skin with its birthright of loveliness.

A NEW-BORN SKIN! Think of all the hope for new beauty that lies in those words. It's Nature's radiant promise to you . . . and a scientific *fact*. For right now, as you look in your make-up mirror . . . every hour of the day and night a *new skin* is coming to life.

As a flower loses its petals, so your *old* skin is flaking away in almost unseen particles. But there's danger to your New-Born Skin in these tiny flakes, and in the dirt and impurities that crowd into your pores.

Those dry flakes so often rob you of beauty. They cling in rough patches, keep your powder from looking smooth, and may give a faded appearance to your new-born skin. My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps Nature by gently removing these tiny flakes. Only then can your skin be gloriously reborn.

Did you know...says Lady Esther...that you can make your years of beauty *longer* if you always take care of your New-Born Skin? Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help it grow in beauty. It soothes as it gently, surely lifts away the old skin flakes. It softens accumulated impurities—helps Nature refine your pores. Your skin can regain an appearance of youthful freshness!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the finest and purest of creams can help your skin to be as beautiful as it can be! Ask your doctor (and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin) about the face cream you are now using.

Ask him, too, if every word Lady Esther says is not true—that her face cream removes the dirt, the impurities and worn-out skin, and helps your budding skin to be more beautiful.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense*. See how gently it permeates and lifts the dry skin and dirt—giving you a first glimpse of your beautiful New-Born Skin!

★ **PROVE AT MY EXPENSE** ★

LADY ESTHER,
7110 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (62)
Please send me your generous sample tube of
Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of
Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

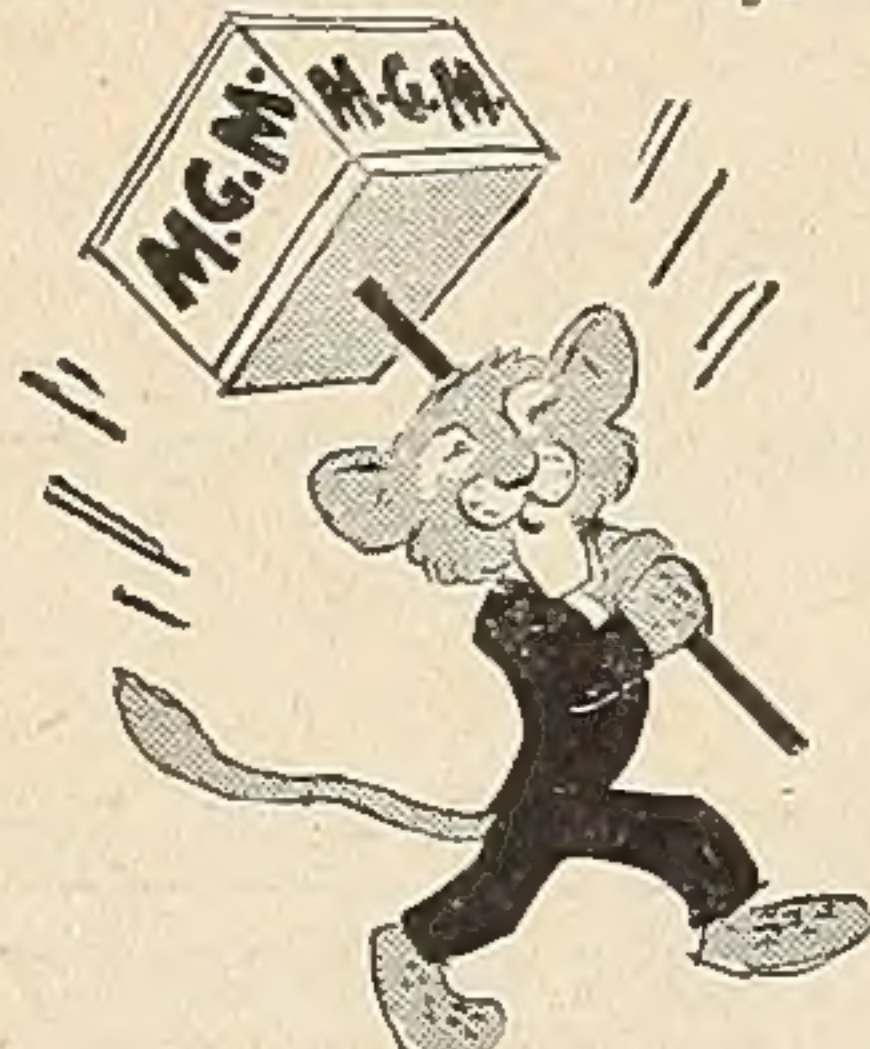
The LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

No matter who is elected, there is no doubt about the People's Choice.



Perhaps you should know some few facts about your favorite screen candidate. As follows:

In the last 17 annual polls of the nation's critics, M-G-M produced 53 of the 170 best pictures.

Of the 100 leading stars and featured players in the movies, 48 are under contract to M-G-M.

These include—in alphabetical order—Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford, Robert Donat, Nelson Eddy, Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, Judy Garland, Greer Garson, Hedy Lamarr, Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald, Marx Brothers, Robert Montgomery, Eleanor Powell, William Powell, Mickey Rooney, Rosalind Russell, Norma Shearer, Ann Sothern, James Stewart, Robert Taylor, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner. To mention but a few.

The M-G-M studios in Culver City are the world's largest. They occupy 157 acres and employ 4000 people.

M-G-M pictures are produced on thirty giant sound stages, one of which, 310 by 133 feet, is 40 feet high.

The laboratory annually prints enough film to encircle the earth at the equator with enough left over to reach from Los Angeles to Boston. No one has ever tried to do this however.

Among the outstanding films M-G-M has produced are THE BIG PARADE, BEN-HUR, THE MERRY WIDOW, THE FOUR HORSEMEN, BROADWAY MELODY, ANNA CHRISTIE, THE BIG HOUSE, TRADER HORN, GRAND HOTEL, THE THIN MAN, SMILIN' THROUGH, DAVID COPPERFIELD, THE GREAT ZIEGFELD, MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY, SAN FRANCISCO, THE GOOD EARTH, CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS, BOYS TOWN, TEST PILOT, THE CITADEL, THE WIZARD OF OZ, BABES IN ARMS, GOODBYE MR. CHIPS, NINOTCHKA, NORTHWEST PASSAGE, BOOM TOWN, STRIKE UP THE BAND, and ESCAPE. How many have you seen?



For November we announce two outstanding productions. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet". And Judy Garland in George M. Cohan's "Little Nellie Kelly".

When the lion roars on the screen, you're in for a good time.

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

M odern S creen

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Sweethearts



Of all the musical thrills your singing sweethearts ever gave you, here is the greatest! Ziegfeld's memorable stage triumph—crowded with romance and melody—becomes in glorious Technicolor a picture you'll never forget. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer proudly presents...

JEANETTE

NELSON

MacDONALD • EDDY

in NOEL COWARD'S

Bitter Sweet

Photographed in Technicolor with

GEORGE SANDERS, IAN HUNTER, FELIX BRESSART

Original Play, Music and Lyrics by Noel Coward. Screen Play by Lesser Samuels

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II. Produced by Victor Saville

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Songs: "THE CALL OF LIFE" "I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN" "WHAT'S LOVE" "TOKAY" "DEAR LITTLE CAFE" "LADIES OF THE TOWN" "ZIGEUNER"

THIS year, when Gloria Jean went to Washington for the President's Birthday Ball, she conquered the capital like the British in 1812.

Mrs. Roosevelt fell in love with her at once and led her all around by the hand. The President himself told her his famous stories. She was shown their private quarters—a rare privilege; she had lunch in the dining room; she was toasted in Washington's great hotels and J. Edgar Hoover even escorted her through the government offices. She was fêted and fussed over by famous national figures on every side.

When Gloria got back to Hollywood, someone asked her what had thrilled her most. She sighed soulfully.

"Tyrone Power hugged me!" she breathed.

Yes, Gloria Jean Schoonover thinks she is the luckiest girl in the world and she probably is.

Less than two years ago she was living in a cheap New York rooming house with her ambitious mother, trudging the flinty city pavements hunting a break. Nobody had ever heard of her except a few folks in her home town, Scranton, Pennsylvania. They knew her as a talented, pretty little thrush billed at local benefits, shows and song festivals as "Baby Schoonover."

Today Gloria Jean's name is known wherever movies are shown. She is warm and well fed, golden from the California sun and, while not exactly rich, at the rate she's going she will be before long. She scored a solid hit in her very first

picture, "The Underpup;" she co-starred with Bing Crosby in her next one, "If I Had My Way;" and she's starring all by herself in her third, "A Little Bit Of Heaven." She's following right in the fabulous footsteps of Deanna Durbin, guided by the same movie magician, Joe Pasternak, who made Deanna what she is today. All in all, Gloria is a cinch for a fat Hollywood future.

But that's not why Gloria Jean thinks she's lucky. Fame and fortune are things which just don't make her vibrate at all yet. She simply doesn't understand them applied to herself. When she travelled back to Scranton for the world première of "The Underpup," a newsbutcher hopped on the train before they arrived with a stack of Scranton special editions that had

Gloria's picture plastered over every page. She flipped right through them without a glance and concentrated on Flash Gordon in the funnies! At the height of the welcome parade which passed her house, Gloria abandoned the cheering throngs to greet her mutt dog, "Wimpy."

The fact is, it simply doesn't occur to Gloria Jean that she's a star. What makes her pinch herself every now and then is the realization that she is actually in Hollywood, walking and talking with her own movie idols; hob-nobbing with Academy Award winners!

One day, while Gloria was making her first picture, Charles Boyer wandered over to her set to see someone or other. Gloria gazed in awe at the romantic Charles and finally was led up and introduced. She stood on tiptoes and quavered in his ear, "Oh, Mr. Boyer—will you do something for me? Will you just walk down the street with me alone, please?" Puzzled but smiling, Boyer offered Gloria his arm, and together they strolled up and down the "New York Street" on Universal's back lot, as all the other little girls in "The Underpup" cast gazed in rapt envy.

"Thank you," sighed Gloria Jean dizzily when the stroll was over. "Now," she said, "I don't care how many autographs you sign, Mr. Boyer. I've had you all to myself!"

The first time Gloria Jean met Deanna Durbin, one of her very special private idols, she stared awe-struck and blurted, "Gee, but you're beautiful!"


I could have said the same thing quite easily the day I dropped in on Gloria Jean (*Continued on page 81*)



BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

KNEE HIGH TO AN "OSCAR"

Gloria's following right in the tracks of her Award-winning idols!



*"I wish
I could say
I was sorry..."*

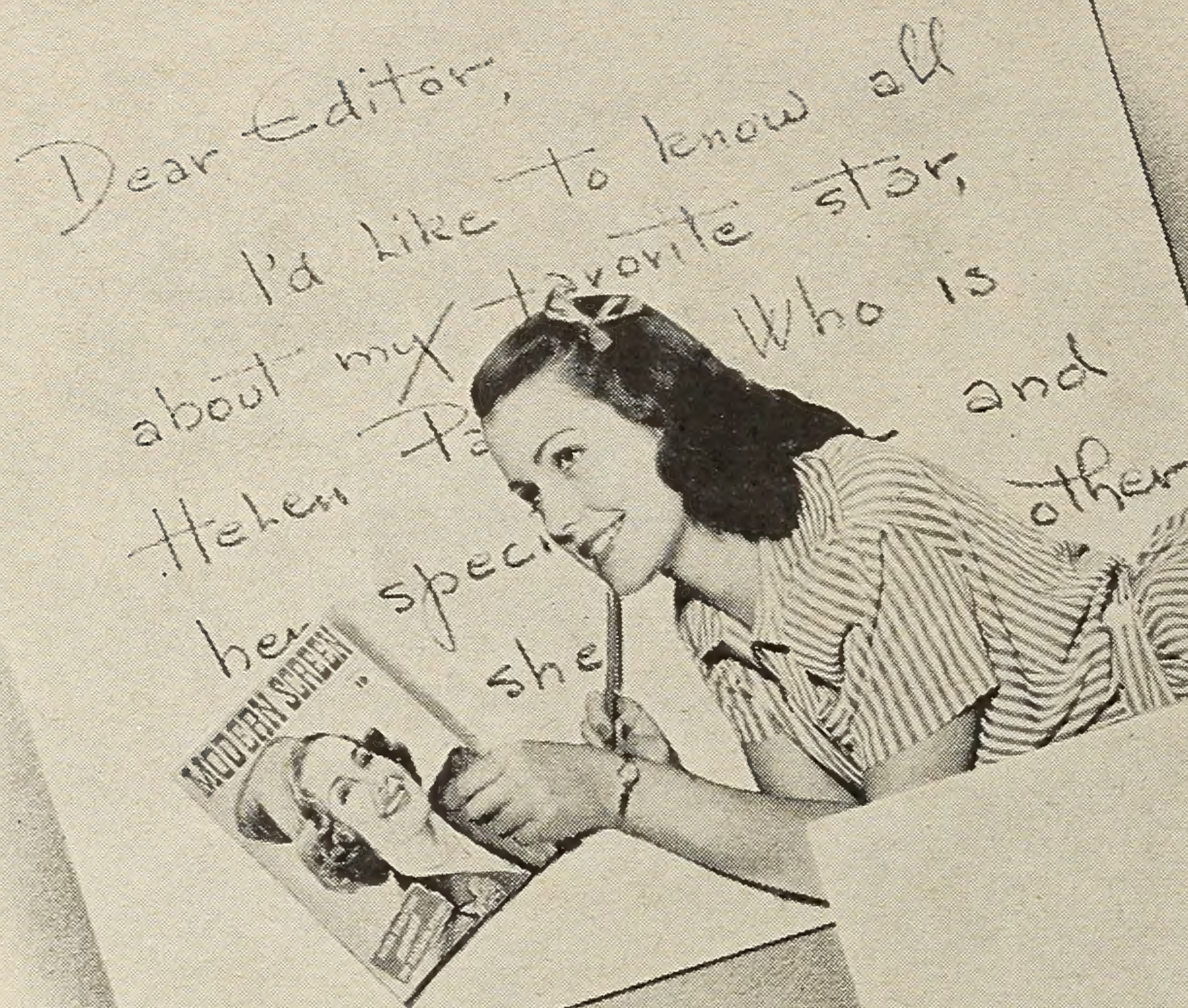
BETTE DAVIS

in WARNER BROS' glowing presentation of
the brilliant novel and stage triumph by
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

The Letter

with
HERBERT MARSHALL
JAMES STEPHENSON
Frieda Inescort • Gale Sondergaard
A WILLIAM WYLER PROD'N

Screen Play by Howard Koch
Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture



Information Desk

NOTE: If you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Bob Warren, Albany, N. Y. Too bad you live so far away—for Helen Parrish is no longer engaged to Forrest Tucker. She's free-lancing and loving it! Rand Brooks is about her most constant suitor at present, but it's not a bit "serious," they say. At seventeen, Helen's a movie veteran, having debuted at the age of three. She's made dozens of pictures, but we hear her next one—"Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga"—is definitely her best. Helen, who's lately being dubbed "the girl with the Petty legs," (they're exactly like those of the famous "Petty girls") can be reached at Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

M. Lehocky, Blue Island, Ill. Did you know that if it weren't for a girl named Doris, "Gary Cooper" would probably be just a signature under mediocre cartoons instead of a top-billing name on theatre marquees the world over? It all began when Gary entered Grinnell College's art department and looked into the eyes of the above-mentioned changer of destinies. Their lines crossed, however. Her ambition was to go to California; his major aim—a career as a cartoonist and a home in the mountains of his native Montana. They quarrelled and compromised. Gary, sketch book under his arm, set out for Los Angeles, promising to send for Doris when he was famous. His cartoons failed to impress the Gold Coast, so just for a lark, he tried the movies and succeeded right off the bat. Almost overnight he was Hollywood's man of the hour, and Doris was a thing of the past. Today, more than a dozen years later, Gary's still

doing all right. He's one of the busiest men around, but still finds time for sketching, riding and big-game hunting—to say nothing of night-spotting with his lovely wife, Sandra Shaw, and romping with his cunning little daughter. Statistically speaking, he's six feet two and one-half inches tall, weighs 175 pounds and was thirty-nine on May 7.

Clare Green, St. Mary's, Penna. We think it's grand that you have one favorite 'round whom to center all your interest, and who could be a better choice than lovely Ginger Rogers! She's exactly five feet four in her stocking feet, and has the enviable combination of flashing green eyes and red-gold hair. Her own name is Virginia McMath. There are flourishing fan clubs for both her and Paulette Goddard, so drop us a line if you'd like to know how to join either or both. If you'd like to start a club for a star who's not yet so honored, just say the word and we'll send you full instructions as well as a list of prominent "club-less" stars.

Jean Rogers, Cleveland, Ohio. Jeffrey Lynn was born Ragnar Godfrey Lind in Auburn, Mass., on February 16, 1909. He is not married and may be reached at Warner Brothers, Burbank, California. . . . Tony Martin's thirty-first birthday falls on Christmas Day, and he always demands both birthday and Christmas

presents. His divorce from Alice Faye became final on March 22 of this year. Tony, who was discovered by no less a personage than Darryl Zanuck himself, was christened Alfred Morris, and may be reached at Columbia Pictures, 1438 North Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Helen Weidaw, Delaware, Ohio. Spencer Tracy, that man who manages to be tough and tender all in one breath, first saw the light of day in Milwaukee, Wis., on the fifth of April, just forty years ago. He was educated in Milwaukee and Kansas City schools until World War I and enlistment in the Navy interrupted his junior year of high school. At the war's end, he continued at Ripon College, where in school dramatics he was first bitten by the "stage bug." Following his studies at the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York, Spencer gained invaluable experience touring with stock companies before his screen debut in "Up the River." Unassuming in spite of two Academy Awards, he'd much rather talk about his charming wife, Louise Treadwell, and their two children, Johnny and Susy.

Virginia Black, Arlington, Mass. Leave it to the women to be curious about the ages of the stars! But we can't blame you, really, because it is so difficult to guess just how old most of Hollywood's
(Continued on page 85)

You just can't stump us! Write in for a personal reply

TURBULENT ADVENTURE...SET AGAINST THE RICH, ROMANTIC TAPESTRY OF EARLY ARIZONA!

The story of lovely Phoebe Titus, titan of a woman, and her love for dashing Peter Muncie, Sergeant, U. S. A.! Mighty spectacle! Tempestuous stampedes! War! Lawless raids! Intrepid men and women! At last, in all its wild, brave magnificence, the motion picture drama of Arizona's birth!

Created by a great picture maker...at incalculable cost...with a superb cast of thousands...in especially re-created Old Tucson!



Wesley Ruggles' **ARIZONA**

starring

JEAN ARTHUR

with

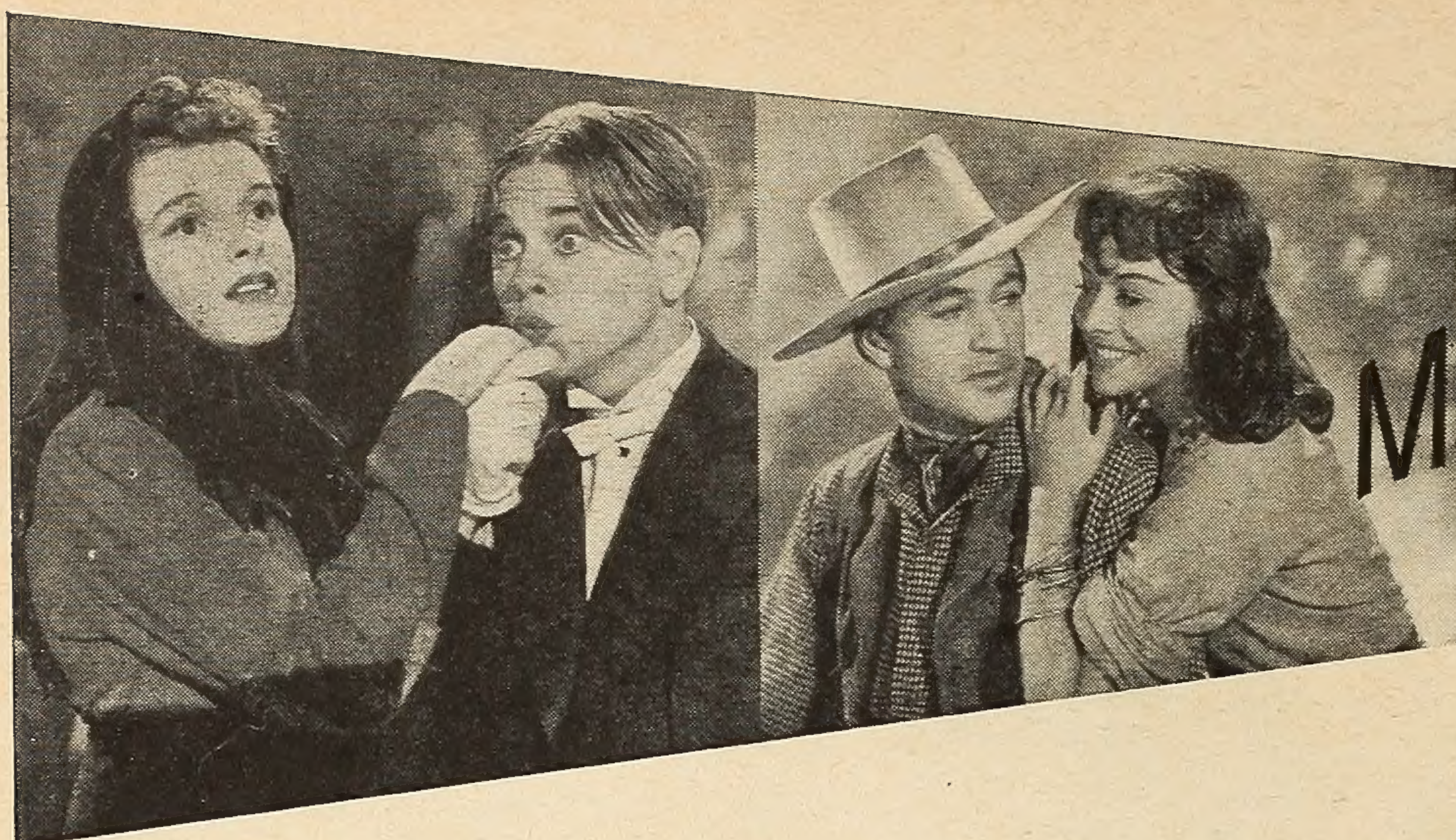
WILLIAM HOLDEN

WARREN WILLIAM · PORTER HALL
and a cast of thousands

Based on the Saturday Evening Post serial and novel by Clarence Budington Kelland
Screen play by Claude Binyon · Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES

A Columbia Picture

WATCH FOR THIS HIT
PRODUCTION... AT
YOUR LOCAL THEATRE



MOVIE REVIEWS

BY WOLFE KAUFMAN

Garland and Rooney clown in "Strike Up the Band."

Cooper and Goddard in "North West Mounted Police."

★★★½ STRIKE UP THE BAND

Though this picture has very little to recommend it except youth, it has so much of that—vital, exciting, exuberant youth—that you'll probably go for it! And the antics of Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney won't make anybody mad, either.

Do you remember "Babes in Arms?" Well, this could be called another version of it with different songs and different dialogue. It's the same basic plot—but Metro probably figured it was good the first time, so why not try it again? Okay, Mr. Metro, do it a third time as long as you keep Judy Garland in it! To our way of thinking, Judy is just about the *ne plus ultra* of all time. The kid's got everything. She can sing a song like a trouser, she can peddle a line with the best of 'em, and she can do a Conga that'll positively astonish you.

The story concerns the difficulties of an ambitious drummer-boy, Mickey Rooney, in organizing a band. It's not all plain sailing, but eventually he gets his band together for a radio contest and wins a prize offered by Paul Whiteman. Thus ends the plot of the tale, but the entertainment doesn't stop there! You'll love the dances and ditties, especially one swell song entitled "Our Love Affair." Directed by Busby Berkeley.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: A year from the day production began on "Babes in Arms," Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland started the first scene in "Strike Up the Band," directed by Bus Berkeley and produced by Arthur Freed. The same quartette have a date for 1941, to make "Babes on Broadway" . . . Mickey practiced his drum solo for the "Drummer Boy" number two hours a day for a month and two days. While waiting to have it shot, he began picking out the tune on a xylophone that was handy and wound up playing both in

the picture . . . Mickey's dad, Joe Yule, who has played in a burlesque house in Los Angeles for a number of years, appears with his son for the second time. First time was in "Judge Hardy and Son" . . . Nine different orchestras are used in the film—a new high for a single picture . . . The miniature band made from various fruits and vegetables, seen in the "Our Love Affair" number, took a crew one month to complete and six men to operate . . . Mickey uses make-up for the second time since his mother applied burnt cork to make his hair suitable for the Mickey McGuire roles . . . During production of "Strike Up the Band," Judy celebrated her eighteenth birthday and her graduation from high school . . . Judy revives "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl," the song that laughed every sentimental popular ballad off the market back in the days when Marie Dressler made her greatest stage hit . . . Paul Whiteman's "fatherly talk" to Mickey in the picture is virtually the story of Whiteman's own life.

★★★½ NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE

Pictures come, stars go, worlds change, but Cecil B. DeMille goes on forever. Here is another of those DeMille specials with his usual can't-miss formula—lots of action, lots of excitement, a terrific cast of stars, some top-notch and thoroughly excitable scenery—but this time it's all wrapped up in a cellophane bundle of beautiful Technicolor! It's a lot of movie, and all of it's swell.

You've probably heard the story many times about the North West mounted policeman who always gets his man. Well, DeMille has to go that yarn one better, of course, so he reminds you that the Texas Rangers used the same slogan. And when both Preston Foster, the Canadian, and Gary Cooper, the Texan, go out to knock off the same meanie, said meanie (George Bancroft) should know enough to give up

right away. But he doesn't—the die-hard—not until the grand finale.

To complicate things just a little, both Preston and Gary fall in love with Madeleine Carroll—not that any one blames them—and the picture finishes with one of the boys getting his man and the other getting Madeleine. Now you can have yourself some fun guessing which gets who.

That's not the whole story, of course. There are lots of undercurrents caused by the fact that Madeleine's brother, Robert Preston (don't get the Prestons mixed up), is in love with a blue-eyed half-breed—Paulette Goddard, who is secretly Bancroft's daughter. Walter Hampden, as an Indian chief, Akim Tamiroff and Lynne Overman provide the humorous element, such as it is, and there are a half-dozen other well-known actors and actresses in the picture.

It's not one of those films that we intellectuals are likely to rave about, but it's a good movie. Some of the dialogue is pretty bad, and you have never heard quite such a collection of strange accents, but what's the difference?

The key to this film's success lies in the fact that it is two hours long and not a minute of it drags. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille.—Paramount.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Over 1,000 persons are in the cast, and there are 153 speaking parts . . . This is DeMille's 64th production as he enters his 28th year as a producer-director; this is his first all-Technicolor production although he was the first Hollywood producer ever to use color in a film (in 1917) . . . The Royal Canadian Mounted Police opened its official records to the filmers for research purposes and helped to drill DeMille's "troops". . . Walter Hampden underwent the most unusual bit of make-up for this film ever attempted. Blue-eyed Indians are out of the question, so the color of his eyes was changed to brown by way of invisible contact lenses; first time this has been done



Cagney loves Sheridan in "City for Conquest."

Basserman, Robinson, Best in "A Dispatch from Reuter's."

for any film . . . Madeleine Carroll drives a team of half-wild horses in the picture; she did this difficult stunt herself, did not use a double . . . The scene that Lynne Overman got the greatest pleasure out of (plus a goodly number of scratches and black and blue marks) is the one in which he engages in a hand-to-hand fight with Paulette Goddard.

★★★½ CITY FOR CONQUEST

It has been many years since this particular reviewer of films has been so thrilled and excited by a movie. That, of course, is what is jokingly referred to as climbing out on a limb—but any way you want to look at it, in his opinion it is a sock, a smash, a click, a whiz, or whatever else you can think of.

The film gives you Heartbreak Town without missing a beat. It's a story of flying fists and twinkling toes, of gangsters and gals, of guys and goofs. It's everything that's good and everything that's bad. It's hokum and hilarity. It's New York.

There's acting in this picture and writing and direction. And all of it is first-grade. Jimmy Cagney is a prize-fighter who almost becomes a champ in spite of the fact that he hates prize-fighting, because he wants to be as much of a success as his girl, Ann Sheridan. And Ann wants to dance; she wants to be a star and see her name in lights. But that's not in the cards, and she winds up in a burlesque house, broke and hungry, at about the same time that Jimmy, blinded, begins to peddle papers for a living.

Well, it tears your heart out to see Jimmy as the blind newsboy towards the finish of the film. But it isn't sad. That's the strength of this picture. Jimmy, with his awful finish, and Ann, with all the kicking around she's gotten, learn something. They learn that New York has a heart, too—and music, a symphony. And

there are good things in the big town. Jimmy's kid brother studies hard at his piano throughout the film, and it's Jimmy's hard-earned coin that helps put the kid through. At the windup he plays a big symphony at Carnegie Hall.

Now, let's hand out the laurels. Cagney and Sheridan are topnotch, and there are two brand new film actors whom you'll hear a lot from in the future—Elia Kazan and Arthur Kennedy. You didn't expect Anthony Quinn to be as good as he is here, and there's a honey of a small bit by Lee Patrick. The director is Anatole Litvak, who's become accustomed to taking bows, and he deserves a lot of them.

And let's not forget young Bill Cagney, Jimmy's brother; this marks his first appearance as a film producer, but not his last; the kid knows his stuff. Directed by Anatole Litvak.—Warner Brothers.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: This is Cagney's 52nd film fight but it's the first he's lost . . . Practically entire cast, as well as author, scenarist and associate producer, are New Yorkers. Even Josephine, the monkey used in the East Side hurdy-gurdy scenes, is one . . . Picture employed a number of unusual-job men; among them, a "piano-untuner," a "razor-duller" and a "wallpaper smudger" . . . Carnegie Hall set cost \$12,000 . . . The Madison Square Garden set, including the rings, tunnels, lobby, aisles and dressing-rooms, cost \$18,000 to build . . . Authentic scenes, photographed in New York, include Coney Island at night, approach to Williamsburg Bridge, tenements, hospitals, water front and lonesome street corner at 2 a.m. . . . Aben Kandel, author of original novel from which the film was adapted, described New York noises to composer, Max Steiner; result is the seven-minute symphony, "Song of the City," heard in the picture; 92-piece symphony orchestra plays it . . . Ann Sheridan is part Cherokee; her dancing partner, Tony Quinn, part Aztec . . . Three pairs of hose were kept on tap for Ann Sheridan at all times . . . Boxing gloves

THERE'S A NEW HIGH IN HOLLYWOOD HITS BOUND TO PLEASE ALL YOU FLICKER FANS

worn by Cagney and his opponents weighed only 4 ounces. The reason for not using the heavy regulation type was to prevent arm fatigue on the part of the actors.

★★★½ A DISPATCH FROM REUTER'S

You'd never forgive yourself if you let the title of this one keep you away, because here's a film which completely escapes the tedium of most pictures based on facts. Besides, there's a warm, deep, human love story that you will remember for a long time.

Eddie Robinson opened a lot of eyes when people saw what a fine and intelligent actor he was in "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet." Silly, of course, because he played Shakespeare and practically everything else before he ever came to Hollywood; and again in this picture he handles a role completely different from anything he has attempted on the screen before, that is—a genuine, warm, and exhilarating character.

Maybe you've already heard the story of Julius Reuter (Robinson), founder of the first international news-gathering service which still covers the world and is as well-known in Europe as our own Associated Press or International News Service.

It is an exciting newspaper yarn with a lot of thrilling historical background showing how Reuter originated the idea of sending messages by carrier pigeons; how he got the idea of gathering and selling news to papers for the first time. When telegraph outmoded pigeons, he was the first man to send a news story over the telegraph. He scooped the world on the occasion of Emperor Louis Napoleon's settlement of peace in Europe and scooped Europe at the time President Lincoln was shot.

It's not just thrilling excitement that makes this an outstanding film, but the heart-warming (Continued on page 15)

In the light of Coming Events

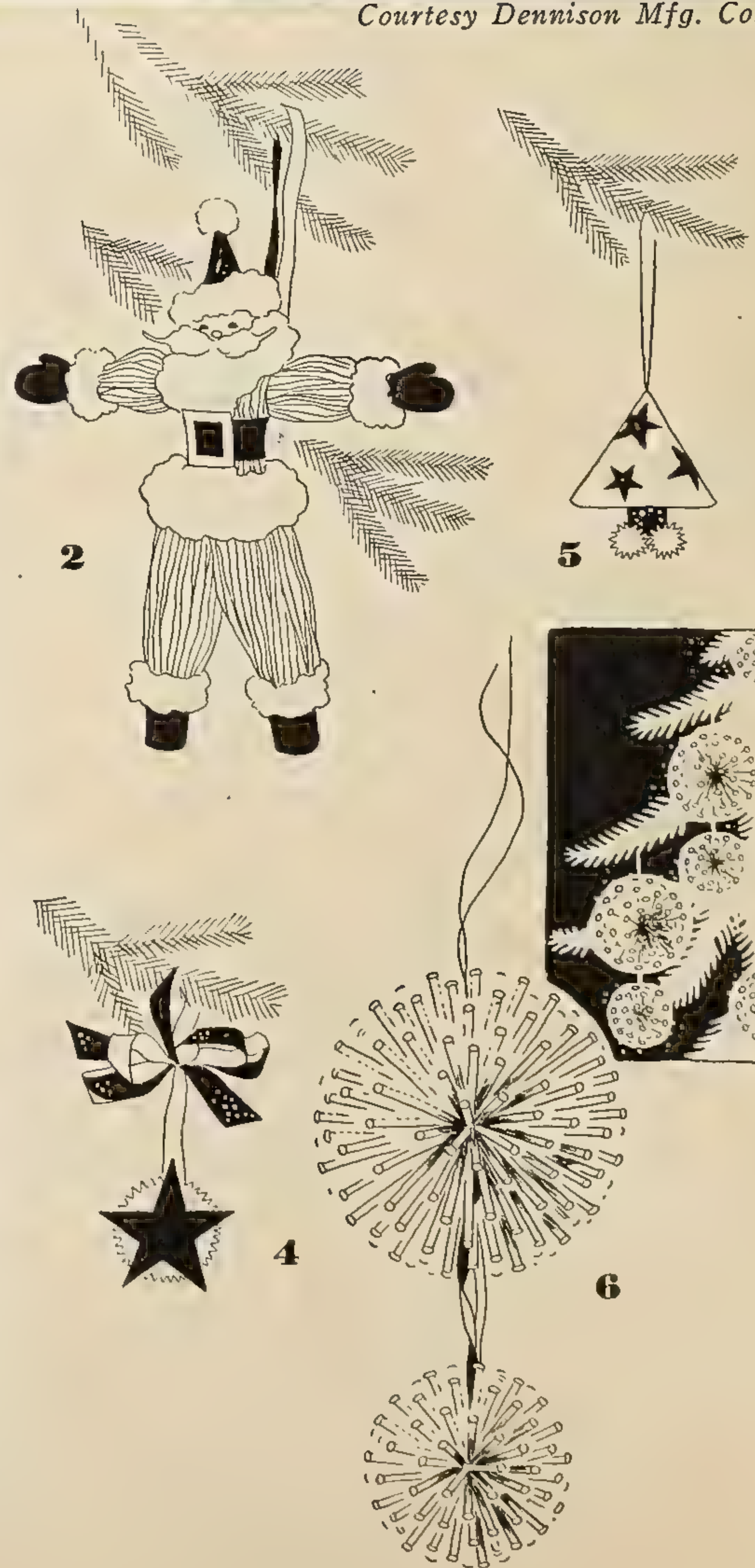


Courtesy Dennison Mfg. Co.

Start Now for a More Festive Yuletide

Don't you realize that it will be here before you know it! What will? Why Christmas of course. And it's none too soon to start planning and plotting for those important little things that pay such valuable dividends. We mean artistic gift wrappings, merry holiday decorations for your hearthside and gay trimmings to hang on the Tree.

You can get started immediately by simply filling in and mailing to us the coupon on the opposite page. In return, we'll send you, promptly and without cost, a detailed description of how to make (1) the wistful little angels and (2) the jovial Santa you see pictured here. There are so many different ways you can use them to decorate your home. For instance, let the angels spread glad tidings in a duet on the mantel, in a solo on each window cord or in mixed chorus with other décor on the dinner table. And you can put Saint Nick on the outermost limb of the tree. The older children will just love to make these figures, but they may find it even more fun and lots easier to fashion the tree ornament and package decorations shown on this page. These are made out of such familiar things as cellophane glassips, sealing wax, notarial seals, gummed labels and stars and both transparent and colored Scotch tape, all of which you can easily pick up at the stationery and gift counters of your local variety store. Get started now! Don't forget to mail the coupon on the opposite page for the instructions for the angels, Santa and gift wrappings. For the other decorations pictured here, follow the



BY MARJORIE DEEN

directions below. You can't go wrong, especially with these cute Dennison sketches to guide you.

CLOWN'S HEAD (3)

Use a metal-rimmed tag for the head, and red and black gummed dots for the eyes and nose; red lawyers' seals form the mouth and cheeks. For neck ruff, fold two large notarial seals in half and fasten to head. Decorate with bow of silver ribbon. For the hat roll a notarial seal around your finger and join edges together. Slip a loop with a knot through hat before fastening it to head.

STAR ORNAMENT (4)

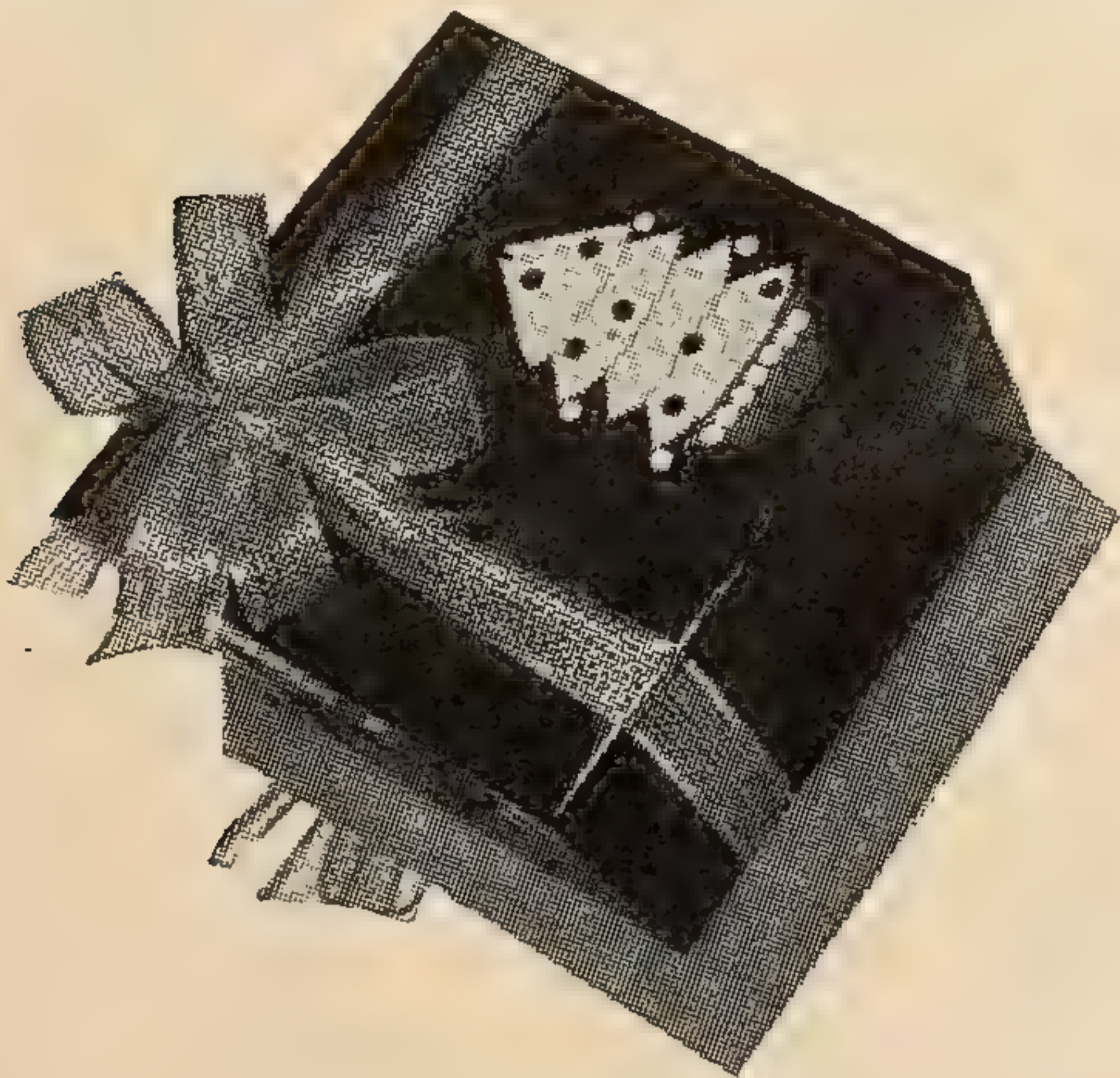
Place a length of silver ribbon between two notarial seals. Moisten two large gummed or silver stars and place one on each side of seal. Decorate loop with a bow of silver ribbon or cellophane. Make flocks of these single units for the tree; or fashion them into long garlands to loop over the branches or from one side of a window to the other.

MINIATURE TREES (5)

Make each tree out of a large colored tag (they are available in several colors). Measure up from the bottom three-quarters of an inch and draw a horizontal line from side to side. Measure in three quarters of an inch from each side and draw two vertical lines from the horizontal line to the lower edge of the tag. Cut out the two corner squares, thus formed, leaving the small center strip to form the trunk of the tree. Now draw a diagonal line from the center of tag, above the trunk, to both outer edges of the horizontal line. Score these lines with the point of the scissors and bend sides back to form a triangle. Fasten sides together in back with transparent Scotch tape. Decorate front with gold stars and use gold seals for tree base.

GLASSIP POMPONS (6)

Cut 25 glassips into three-inch sections. Top both ends with sealing wax—white wax on blue, red or other colored sippers, blue, silver or gold wax on the colorless sippers. Group the wax-tipped glassips together, ends even, and wind spool wire twice around the center. Pull hard on wire, fasten firmly with a twist and knot. As you pull on the wire, the glassips will spread out into a pompon. Leave an end of surplus wire for a loop of ribbon.



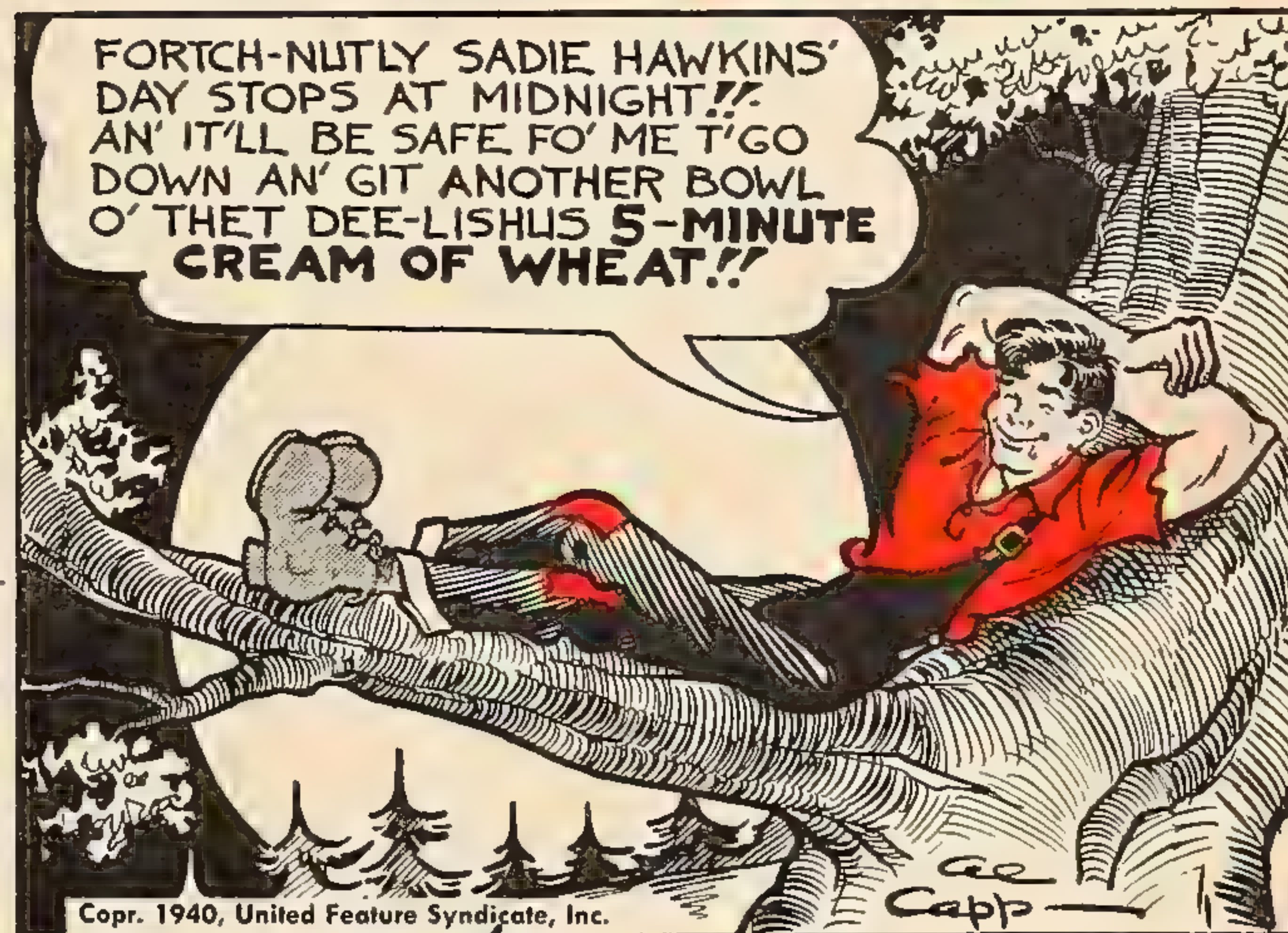
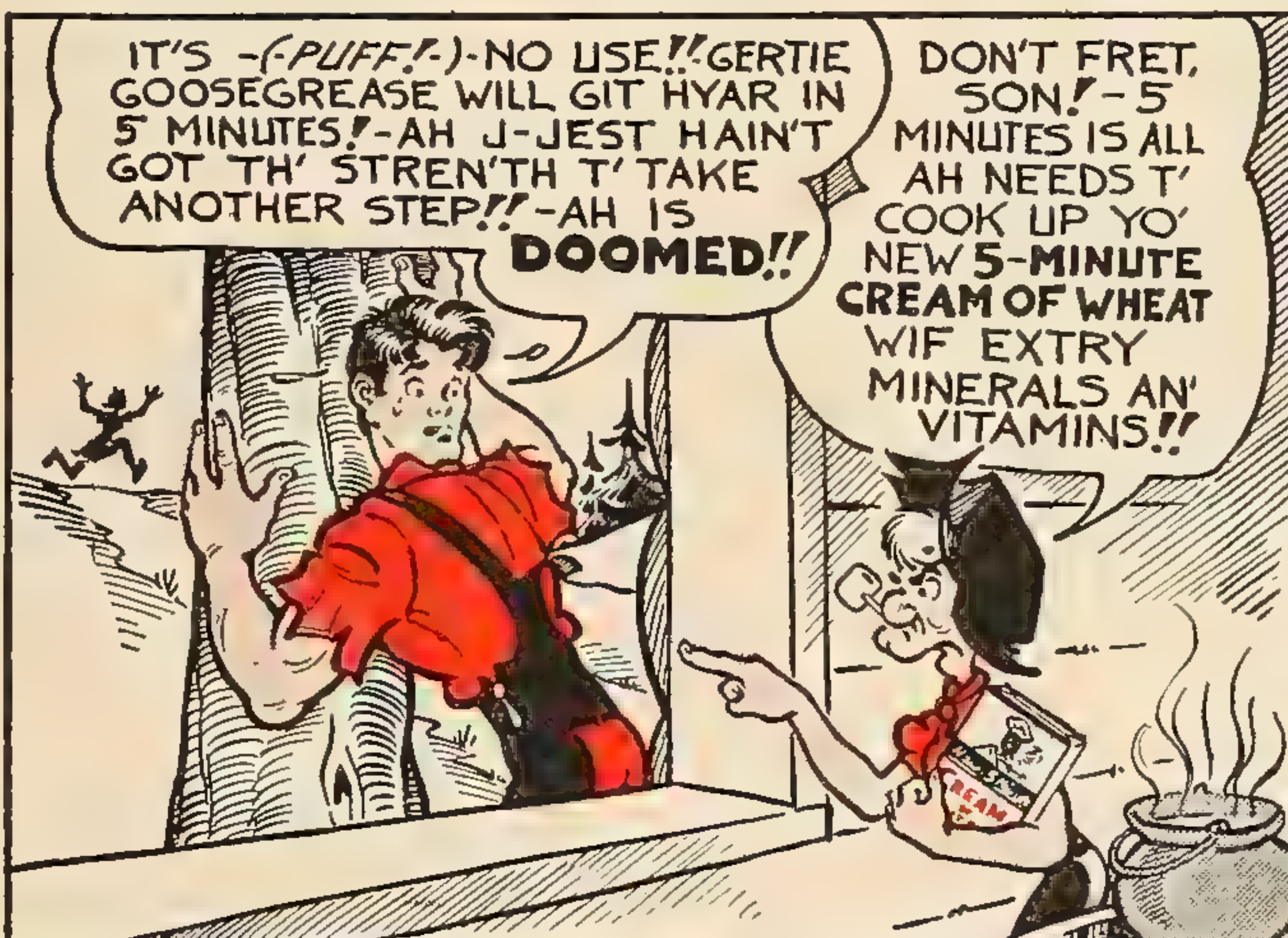
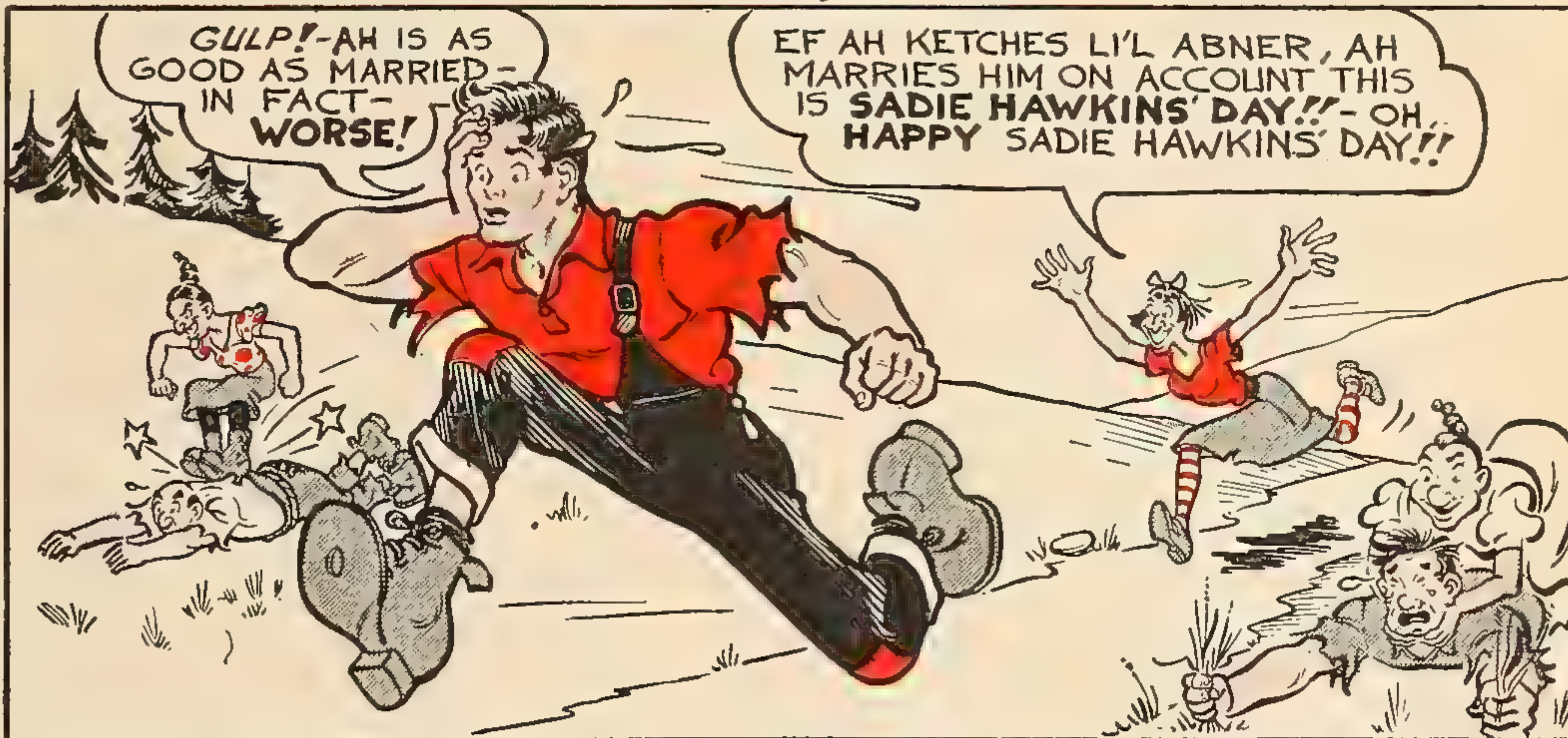
HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free directions for making Santa Claus, Christmas Angels and fancy packages as illustrated.

Name
Address (Street, Number)
City State
(Paste coupon on postcard)

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



ALL CHILLUN THRIVES ON NEW 5-MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT!! JEST LIKE MAH CHILE, NAME OF LI'L ABNER!!-AN' IT'S COMPLETELY DIGESTIBLE AFTER ONLY 5-MINUTES OF BOILING-EVEN FOR BABIES!

GROWN-UPS TOO, LOVE THE RICHER, WHEATIER FLAVOR OF NEW 5-MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT... NEED THE EXTRA MINERALS AND VITAMIN B₁

NOW 2 KINDS

"NEW 5-MINUTE" AND "REGULAR" CREAM of WHEAT

MIXED-UP BY
MAKE-UP? . . . JUST

Be Yourself..
Be Natural!



ARE you going wild trying to find YOUR OWN shade of lipstick among the thousands of shades on the market? Use TANGEE NATURAL...actually the lipstick of a thousand shades...for Tangee changes as you apply it to your lips, from orange in the stick, to the ONE shade of red JUST RIGHT for your skin-coloring! For perfect make-up harmony, match your lips with Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Creme or Compact Rouge.

You'll find Tangee Natural helps END THAT PAINTED LOOK. And, once you've applied Tangee, the special cream base will keep your lips smooth and soft for hours and hours!



TANGEE
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"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE
MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co. Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

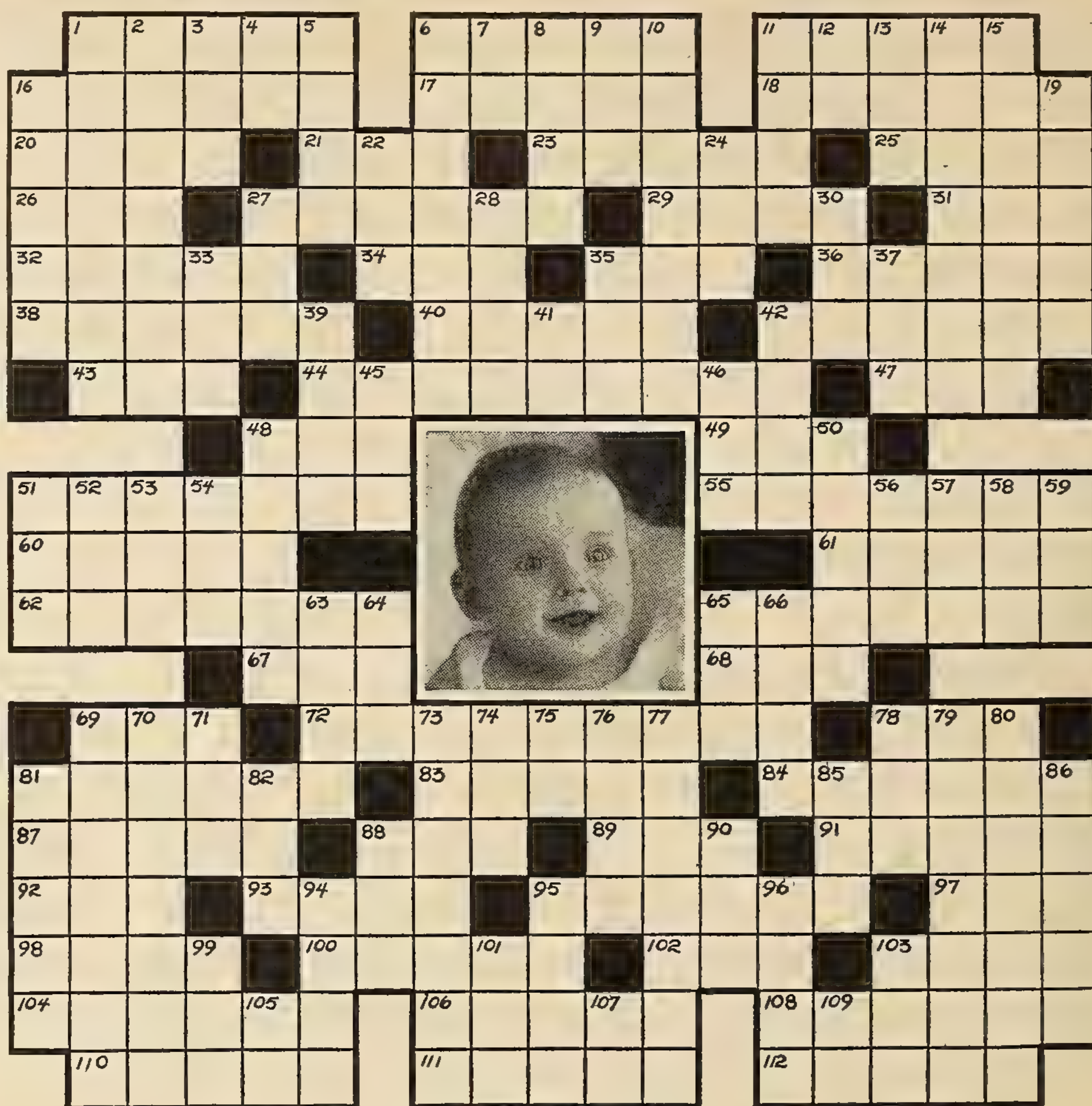
☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

Name _____
(Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ MM120

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 83

ACROSS

1. Hero of "Boom Town"
6. Dominant feature
11. Male lead of "Little Bit Of Heaven"
16. Michael -----
17. Femme in "Dance, Girl, Dance"
18. He stars in "The Californian"
20. Instrument Anita Louise plays
21. Shirley Temple's birthmonth: abbr.
23. Countess in "Escape"
25. Malt beverages
26. V--- Zorina
27. Actress in "Lucky Partners"
29. ---- Brooks
31. Jack --- ie
32. "Lillian Russell"
34. Star of "I Married Adventure"
35. Fondle
36. Girl in "Brigham Young"
38. Right of holding
40. Duchess in "All This, And Heaven Too"
42. Dennis Morgan's former name
43. Fix firmly
44. Wife of Tyrone Power
47. Organ of hearing
48. Three: prefix
49. B--- Lugosi
51. Heroine in "Virginia"
55. Star of "Wyoming"
60. One of the arch-angels
61. Star of "Diamond Frontier"
62. Overhanging
65. Femme lead of "Flowing Gold"
67. With Colbert in "Arise My Love"
68. Poetic for "evening"
69. Birthmonth of 72 across: abbr.
72. Popular actress pictured above
78. Sheep
81. Who starred in "Dr. Syn?"
83. William Powell's wife
84. Comic in "When The Daltons Rode"
87. Stems
88. A little child
89. High explosive: abbr.
91. Open country
92. Mad girl in "They Drive By Night"
93. Star of first "Way Of All Flesh"
95. First name of our star
97. Bud Abbott's comic partner
98. She's fun in "Pride And Prejudice"
100. Hint
102. Gr--- Garbo
103. Encircle
104. Veteran in "Dr. Kildare Goes Home"
106. Employer
108. "Information, -----"
110. Sea eagles
111. Icelandic poems
112. World War battlefield

DOWN

1. "The Great Dictator"
2. Opposite "Foreign Correspondent"
3. Lofty mountain
4. The "Nancy D---w" series
5. Evelyn ---- p
6. Spanish girl in "Rangers Of Fortune"
7. "---, Johnny, How You Can Love"
8. Zest
9. Stars meet at C---s
10. Wise-cracking comedienne
11. Hal Roach's sad comic
12. "The Great McGin--"
13. Constellation
14. He's in "Comin' Round The Mountain"
15. Bread mixer
16. Grain
19. Glacial ridge
22. For
24. Jessie --- thews
27. Hindu weight
28. --- Bryant
30. Unclaimed fan letters go here: abbr.
33. Director's call to end scenes
35. Buster Keaton's missile
37. Anger
39. Newcomer in "River's End"
41. Initials of a ventriloquist
42. Actor in "Girl From God's Country"
45. Nothing
46. "Dr. Kildare"
48. Sidney -----
50. "There's Magic In His Eyes" is his next
51. Mug
52. Exist
53. Dog, --- Tin Tin
54. Ann Sheridan's nickname
56. --- Chaney, Jr.
57. Aide-de-camp: abbr.
58. Letter in alphabet
59. "Forty Little Moth ---"
63. Scolds
64. Norse god of war
65. Edith --- lows
66. Actor: Phillip ----
69. Boy in "Swiss Family Robinson"
70. M-G-M dancing star
71. Command
73. Actor in "Turnabout"
74. Tiny insect
75. Southern state: abbr.
76. To the inside of
77. Falcons
78. Actress Arden
79. He's in "Those Were The Days"
80. Sanction
81. Elaine Barrie was called this
82. Compass point
85. Great dramatic actress
86. Musical exercise
88. RKO's new western hero
90. Small horse
94. Wire measures
95. He filmed North Pole scenes
96. A signal for soldiers
99. Girl's name
101. Cover
103. Jewel
105. "These Thr ---"
107. Actor in "Johnny Apollo": init.
109. Behold

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 11)

love story as well. You can't imagine Robinson in a romantic mood? Well, then, just look at him here in the scene where, as a young man, he is madly in love with Edna Best but is afraid to tell her so. You will want to take them both in your arms and hug them, they are so lovable.

Though the leads are in the hands of Robinson and Miss Best—and capable hands they are—much of the credit is due Albert Basserman, the 72-year-old gent who has been making a habit of running away with pictures; Eddie Albert, perfectly cast as Reuter's younger brother, a dreamy, flibberty-gibberty youngster who would rather write poetry than attend to business; Gene Lockhart, Otto Kruger, Nigel Bruce and Montagu Love. Directed by William Dieterle.—Warner Brothers.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: *The actors and actresses, on an exact reproduction of the Ford Theatre stage in Washington, speak their lines from "Our American Neighbors" just as they were delivered the night Lincoln was assassinated . . . Carrier pigeons used in the film knew how to fly one way only—home—so sets had to be reconstructed at their owner's ranch, duplicating those built at the Burbank studio . . . Largest set of the picture was the wild, wind-swept Irish coast, where laborers struggle to complete the last section of Reuter's private telegraph wire . . . Robinson's make-up, less elaborate than that used for "Dr. Ehrlich," still required an hour and a half to apply . . . In honor of his tenth anniversary of employment at Warners, the crew presented Director Dieterle with a bronze-covered book of off-stage and production stills from his old pictures.*

★★★ Spring Parade

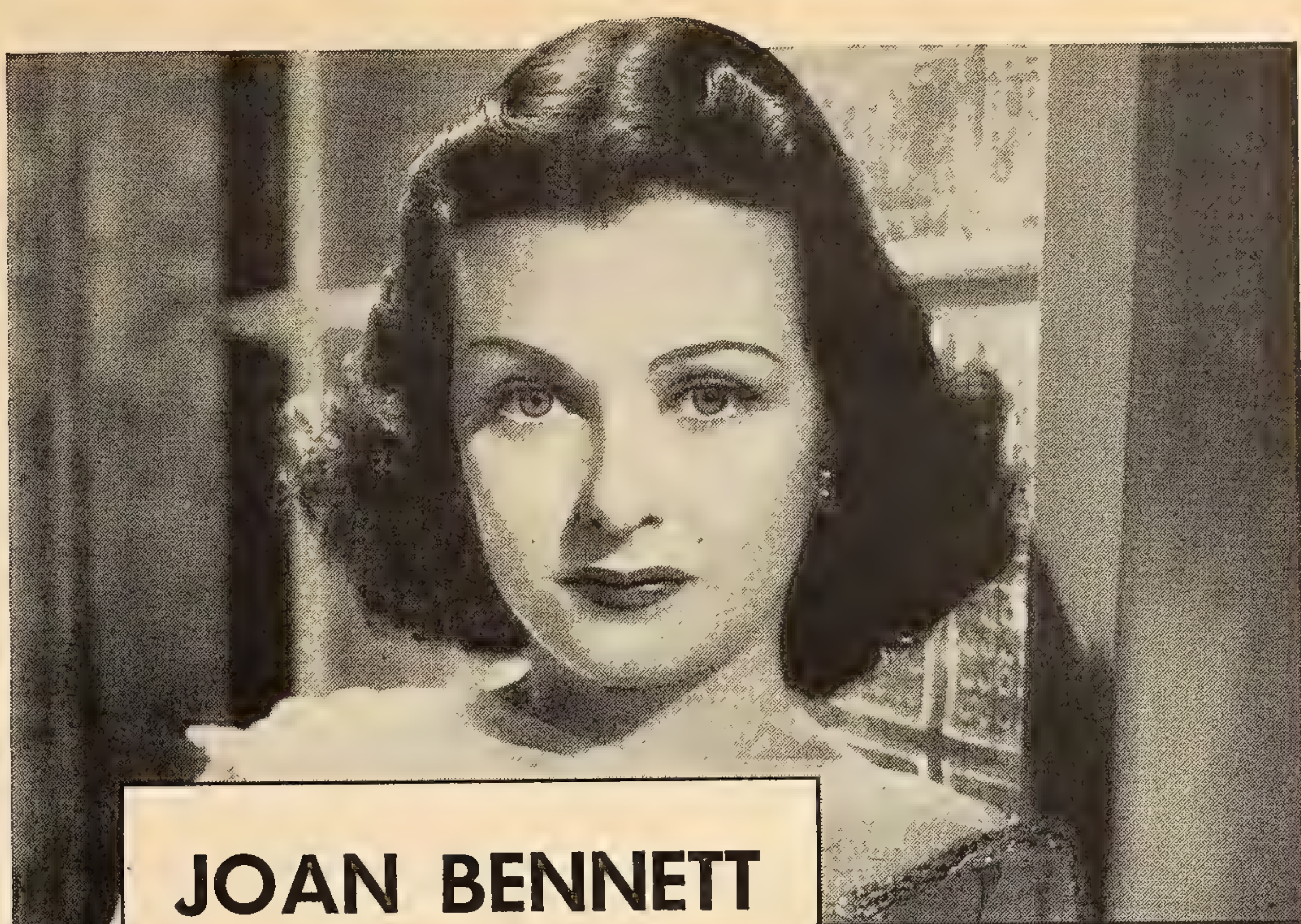
A few years ago this film would have led the field without any possible quibbling. It is Deanna Durbin's newest film and should rank right along with the marvelous septette that preceded it. But, unfortunately, it bumps up against a strange psychological factor. It is gay, happy, full of life and fun—but it is set in pre-war Vienna. Consequently, the gayer it gets, the more happiness and life it exudes, the sadder you feel, sitting there in the theatre knowing that that carefree, wonderful way of life is dead and gone.

Joe Pasternak, the magician of Universal City, produced it, and it has all the usual Pasternak touches; impeccable taste, charm, vivacity. But for once, I am afraid, Mr. Pasternak guessed wrong. There was no reason to transport Deanna to Vienna; she's a good American girl and there are plenty of good American stories that don't have that overtone of tragedy.

Having gotten all of which off our chest, let us proceed to an examination of the many things about this film which are excellent. The story is a scatter-brained little item about a peasant girl (Deanna) who falls in love with a soldier-drummer (Robert Cummings). His trouble is that he wants to be a composer but nobody will let him, and her trouble is that she is just a country-maid who can't get used to city ways. It is that last which saves the day for both of them, for Deanna, with refreshing disregard for convention, goes directly to

(Continued on page 17)

JOAN BENNETT IN THE EDW. SMALL FILM "THE SON OF MONTE CRISTO"



JOAN BENNETT

chooses the easy way

to alluring skin . . .

a Woodbury

Beauty Nightcap

Joan's hairdresser advises bedtime care with Woodbury Cold Cream, as told to

Louella Parsons

Noted Movie Columnist



1. Recently, Joan's hairdresser exclaimed, "At the hairline, your skin is dry as paper!" He advised a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap. Now at bedtime Joan cleanses with Woodbury Cold Cream. Pats on a light film to soften skin overnight.



2. As her hairdresser predicted, Joan's Woodbury Beauty Nightcap helps keep her skin like velvet. At a "kid party" some weeks later, Joan took the bow when a toast was raised "To the girl who looks as young as her 'get-up'."

Night Time is "Beauty Refreshment" Time

Your skin has its best chance to grow refreshed while you sleep. So every night at bedtime use 3-Way Woodbury Cold Cream. 1. It *cleanses* . . . safely. 2. It *lubricates*, releasing rich oils to soften dry

skin. 3. It gently *invigorates* the skin, cooling and refreshing as it cleanses. Get a jar of 3-Way Woodbury Cold Cream today! So little in cost . . . so much for your beauty! Only \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ a jar.



MAIL NOW FOR GENEROUS TUBE . . . FREE!
(Paste on Penny Postcard)

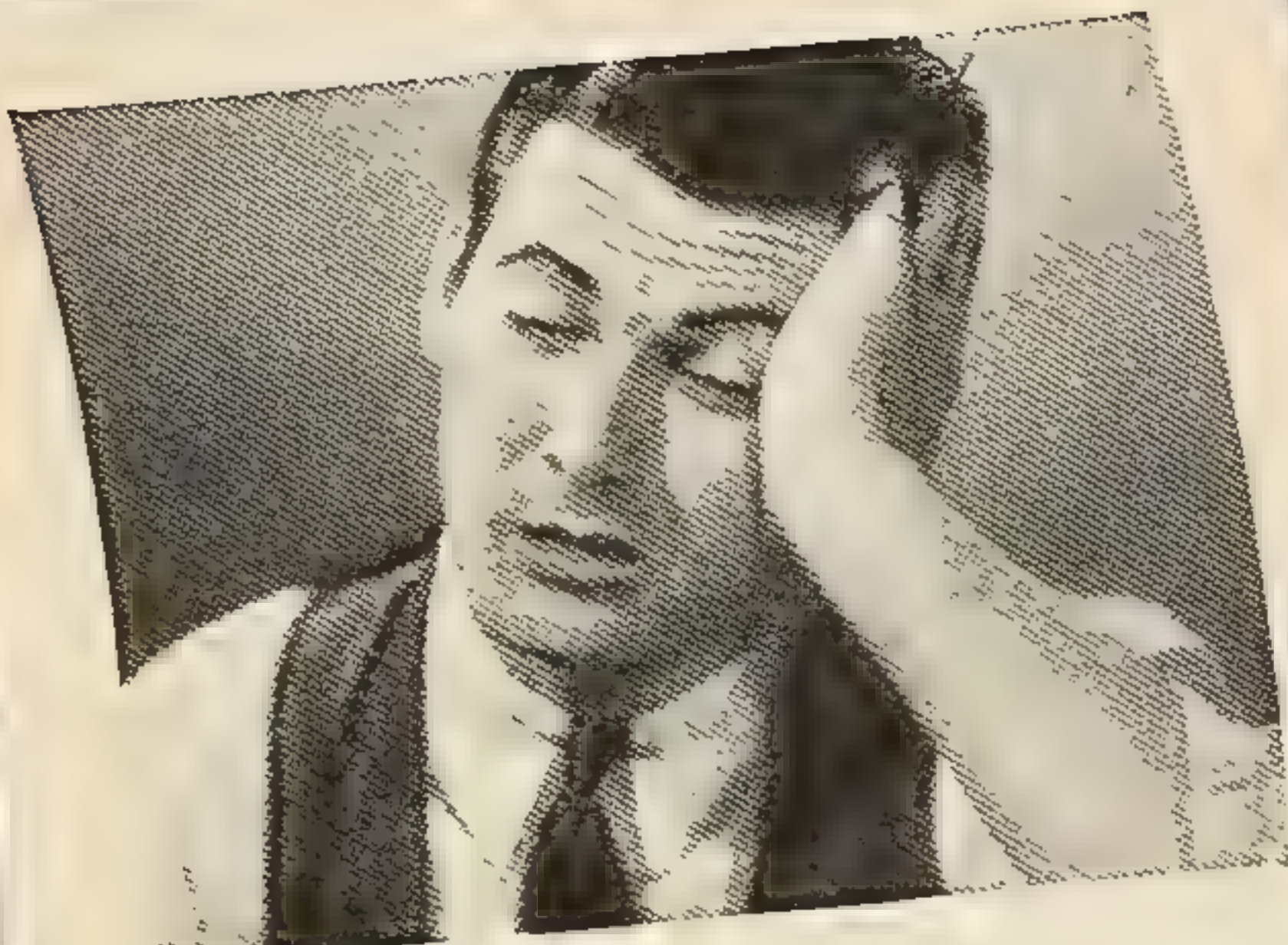
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6619 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

Please send me, *free and postpaid*, a generous-size tube of 3-Way Woodbury Cold Cream. Also 8 smart shades of exquisite Woodbury Powder.

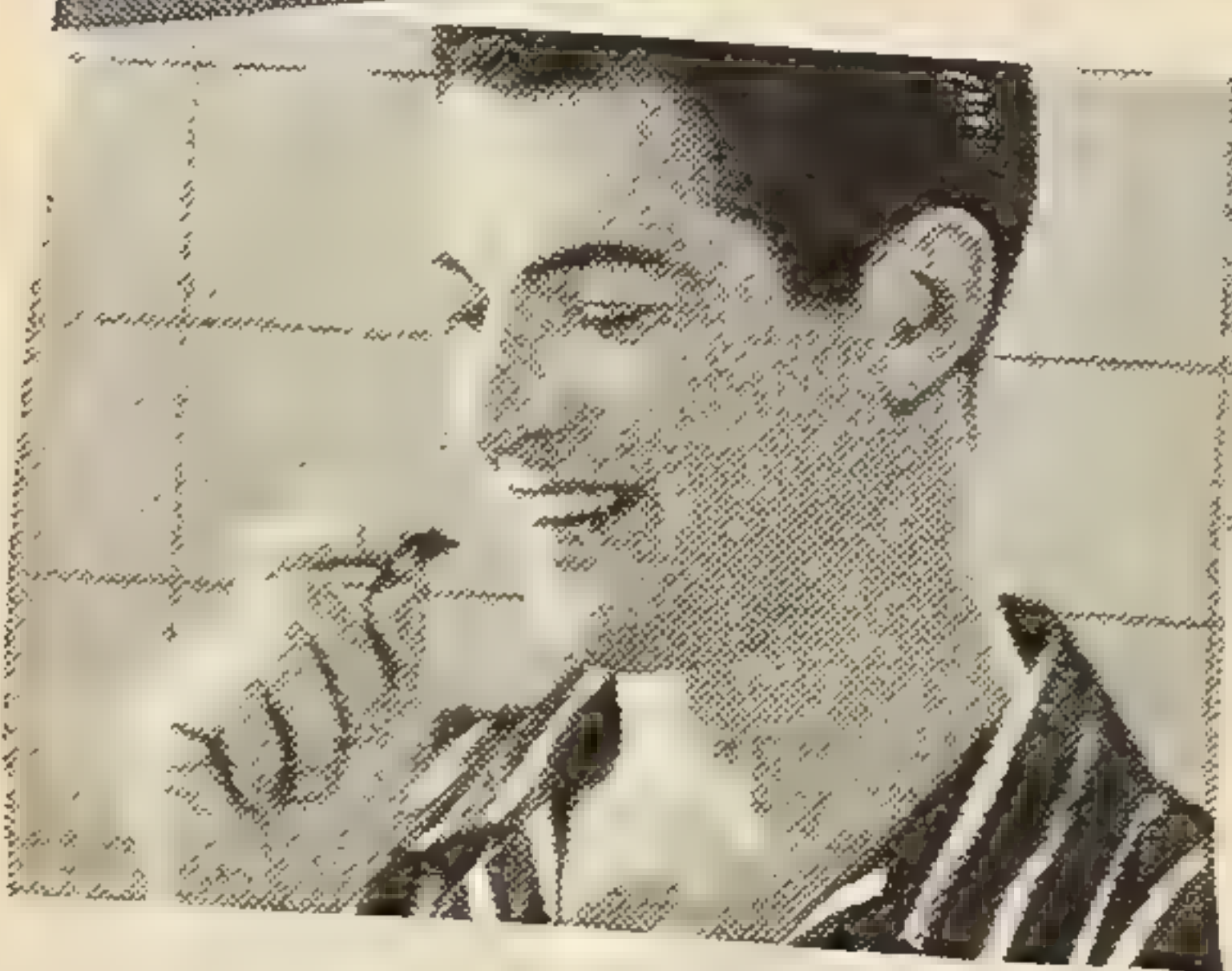
Name _____

Address _____

Mr. R--- makes a Confession



Almost got fired today. Boss caught me napping at my desk. The trouble is I need a laxative. But I hate to take the awful stuff.



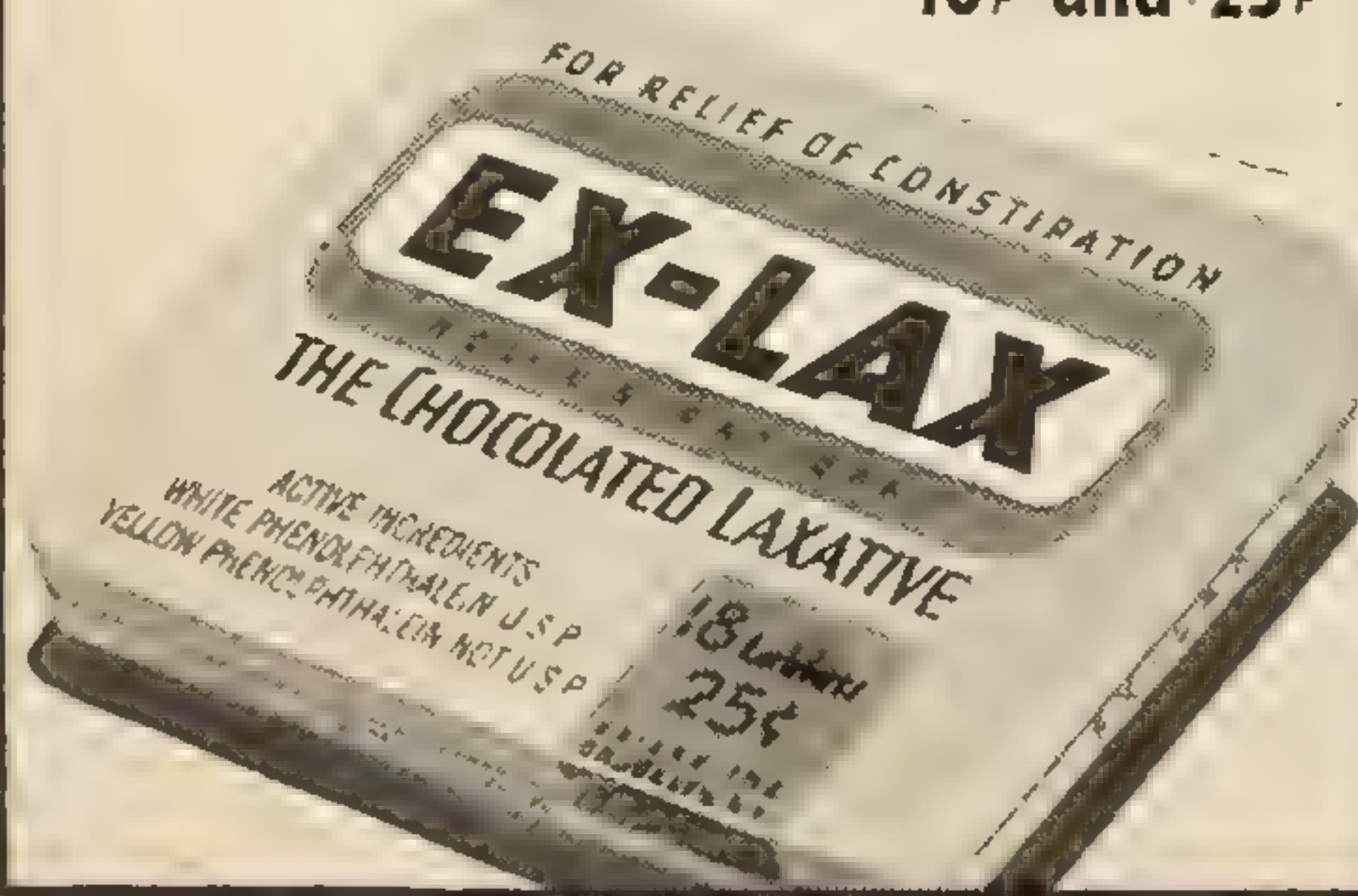
Tom told me to try Ex-Lax and I bought a box on my way home. Took some before turning in for the night. A cinch to take - it tastes just like chocolate!



Feel like a million this morning. Ex-Lax worked fine. Didn't upset me or keep me awake last night. Boy, watch me tear into my work today!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture

General
Rating

Abe Lincoln in Illinois (RKO).....C	4★
Alias the Deacon (Universal).....	2½★
All This, and Heaven Too (Warners).....	4★
And One Was Beautiful (M-G-M).....	2½★
Andy Hardy Meets Debutante (M-G-M).....	3★
Angel From Texas, An (Warners).....	2★
Anne of Windy Poplars (RKO).....	2★
*Argentine Nights (Universal).....	3★
Babies For Sale (Columbia).....	2½★
Bad Men of Carson City (Universal).....	2★
Beyond Tomorrow (RKO).....	2½★
Bill of Divorcement, A (RKO).....	3★
Biscuit Eater, The (Paramount).....	3★
Black Diamonds (Universal).....	2★
Blondie on a Budget (Columbia).....	2★
Boom Town (M-G-M).....	3½★
Boys from Syracuse, The (Universal).....	3★
Brigham Young—Frontiersman (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Brother Orchid (Warners).....	3★
Bruck Benny Rides Again (Paramount).....	3½★
Calling Philo Vance (Warners).....	2½★
Captain Is a Lady, The (M-G-M).....	2½★
Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
*Christmas in July (Paramount).....	3★
City for Conquest (Warners).....	3½★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount).....	2★
Courageous Dr. Christian, The (RKO).....	2★
Cowboy From Texas (Republic).....	2★
Cross Country Romance (RKO).....	2½★
Curtain Call (RKO).....	2½★
*Dance, Girl, Dance (RKO).....	2★
Dark Command (Republic).....	3★
Devil's Island (Warners).....	2½★
*Dispatch From Reuters, A (Warners).....	3½★
Dr. Christian Meets The Women (RKO).....	2★
Dr. Cyclops (Paramount).....C	3★
Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet (Warners).....	3½★
Dr. Kildare Goes Home (M-G-M).....	3★
Dr. Kildare's Strange Case (M-G-M).....	2½★
Doctor Takes A Wife, The (Columbia).....	3★
Earthbound (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Edison, the Man (M-G-M).....	3½★
Flight Angels (Warners).....	2½★
Florian (M-G-M).....	2½★
Flowing Gold (Warners).....	3★
Foreign Correspondent (United Artists).....	4★
Forty Little Mothers (M-G-M).....	2½★
Four Sons (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
French Without Tears (Paramount).....	2½★
Gambling on the High Seas (Warners).....	2½★
Ghost Breakers, The (Paramount).....	3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia).....	2½★
Hidden Gold (Paramount).....	2½★
Hired Wife (Universal).....	3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal).....	2½★
Hot Steel (Universal).....	2★
House of Seven Gables (Universal).....	2½★
Howards of Virginia, The (Columbia).....	3½★
I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby (Universal).....	2★
If I Had My Way (Universal).....C	3★
I Love You Again (M-G-M).....	3★
I Married Adventure (Columbia).....	3★
In Old Missouri (Republic).....	2★
Irene (RKO).....	3★
Island of Doomed Men (Columbia).....	2★
Isle of Destiny (RKO).....	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M).....	2★
It All Came True (Warners).....	2½★
I Was an Adventuress (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Johnny Apollo (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
La Conga Nights (Universal).....	2★
Ladies Must Live (Warners).....	2★
Lillian Russell (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Little Old New York (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Lone Wolf Meets A Lady, The (Columbia).....	2★
Lucky Cisco Kid (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Lucky Partners (RKO).....	3★
Mad Men of Europe (Columbia).....	2★
Mal He's Making Eyes At Me (Universal).....	2½★
Man I Married, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Man Who Talked Too Much, The (Warners).....	2½★
Maryland (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★

Picture

General
Rating

Men Against the Sky (RKO).....	3★
Midnight (Paramount).....	3★
Money and the Woman (Warners).....	2½★
Mortal Storm, The (M-G-M).....	4★
Mummy's Hand, The (Universal).....	2½★
Murder in the Air (Warners).....	2★
My Favorite Wife (RKO).....	3★
My Little Chickadee (Universal).....	2½★
My Love Came Back (Warners).....	3½★
My Son, My Son (United Artists).....	3½★
New Moon (M-G-M).....	3★
*North West Mounted Police (Paramount).....	3½★
Northwest Passage (M-G-M).....	4★
No Time for Comedy (Warners).....	3★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners).....	3★
One Crowded Night (RKO).....	2★
One Million B. C. (United Artists).....C	3★
Opened by Mistake (Paramount).....	2½★
Our Town (United Artists).....	4★
Outside 3-Mile Limit (Columbia).....	2½★
Out West With The Peppers (Columbia).....C	2★
Parole Fixer (Paramount).....	2½★
Passport to Alcatraz (Columbia).....	2★
Pastor Hall (United Artists).....	3½★
Phantom Raiders (M-G-M).....	2★
Pier 13 (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Pinocchio (RKO).....C	4★
Pioneers of the Frontier (Columbia).....	2★
Pop Always Pays (RKO).....	2½★
Prairie Boy (RKO).....	2★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M).....	3½★
Private Affairs (Universal).....	2½★
Public Deb No. 1 (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Quarterback, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount).....	3★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal).....	2★
Ramparts We Watch, The (March of Time-RKO).....	3½★
Rangers of Fortune (Paramount).....	3★
Rebecca (United Artists).....	4★
Rhythm on the River (Paramount).....	3½★
Road to Singapore, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Safari (Paramount).....	2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO).....	2½★
Saint Takes Over, The (RKO).....	2½★
Sandy Is a Lady (Universal).....C	2½★
Saturday's Children (Warners).....	2½★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners).....	3½★
Sidewalks of London (Paramount Release).....	3★
Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot (Republic).....	2★
Slightly Honorable (United Artists).....	3★
South of Pago Pago (United Artists).....	2½★
Strike Up the Band (M-G-M).....C	3½★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M).....	2½★
Susan and God (M-G-M).....	3½★
Swiss Family Robinson (RKO).....C	3★
Tear Gas Squad (Warners).....	2★
Their Drive by Night (Warners).....	3★
Those Were the Days (Paramount).....C	2½★
Three Faces West (Republic).....	3★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal).....C	3★
Thundering Frontier (Columbia).....	2★
'Til We Meet Again (Warners).....	3★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO).....C	3★
Torrid Zone (Warners).....	3★
Tower of London (Universal).....	2★
Turnabout (United Artists).....	3★
Twenty Mule Team (M-G-M).....	3★
Twenty-One Days Together (Columbia).....	3★
Two Girls on Broadway (M-G-M).....	2½★
Typhoon (Paramount).....	3★
Untamed (Paramount).....	2★
Vigil in the Night (RKO).....	3★
Waterloo Bridge (M-G-M).....	3½★
Way of All Flesh, The (Paramount).....	3★
*Western, The (United Artists).....	3★
We Who Are Young (M-G-M).....	3★
When the Daltons Rode (Universal).....	3★
Women in War (Republic).....	2½★
Women Without Names (Paramount).....	2½★
You Can't Fool Your Wife (RKO).....	2★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Young People (20th Century-Fox).....C	2½★
Young Tom Edison (M-G-M).....C	4★

(Continued from page 15)

the Emperor with her problems, and he is so kindly, sweet and understanding that everything turns out swell. (But here, too, Mr. Pasternak, just a word of reproach; there was no need to gush so much about what a lovely old gent the Emperor was; some of us can remember back twenty years or so, you know.)

Deanna is darling, of course. She grows histrionically with every film. Here she is a flirtatious and charming young vixen, with more poise, more appeal than ever before. And Cummings, opposite her, is an excellent choice, too. There are very few young men in town who can play a daft youngster quite as well as Bob.

Next acting bow goes to S. Z. Sakall, the Hungarian actor who was known in pre-Hitler Europe as one of the top players. He doggone near steals this film.

Anne Gwynne is another girl who is destined to go places. She reminds one a little of Marion Davies in her prime with that roguish twinkle in her eye. Her future depends on the kind of material she's given in the next few pictures.

There are a couple of lovely dance routines, some beautiful photography and four exciting songs, best of which is perhaps "It's Foolish But It's Fun." Directed by Henry Koster.—Universal.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: This is the eighth picture to star Deanna Durbin, all produced by Joe Pasternak . . . It is the fifth Durbin picture to be directed by Henry Koster . . . Three of the songs in the film were written by Robert Stolz, who made history with "Two Hearts in Three Quarter Time" . . . This is the first time Deanna has appeared in costume; also the first time she does any dancing to speak of; it took her (and 48 dancers) two weeks to learn the strenuous czardas dance which she does with Mischa Auer . . . The scenes inside Emperor Franz Josef's palace were made on the largest interior set ever constructed at Universal; 800 dress extras, garbed in authentic costumes of the period, are in this scene.

★★★ The Westerner

This is a swell, rip-roaring movie and you'll enjoy it. But here's a shock! Gary Cooper is the star—but Walter Brennan runs away with the acting honors in his
(Continued on page 87)



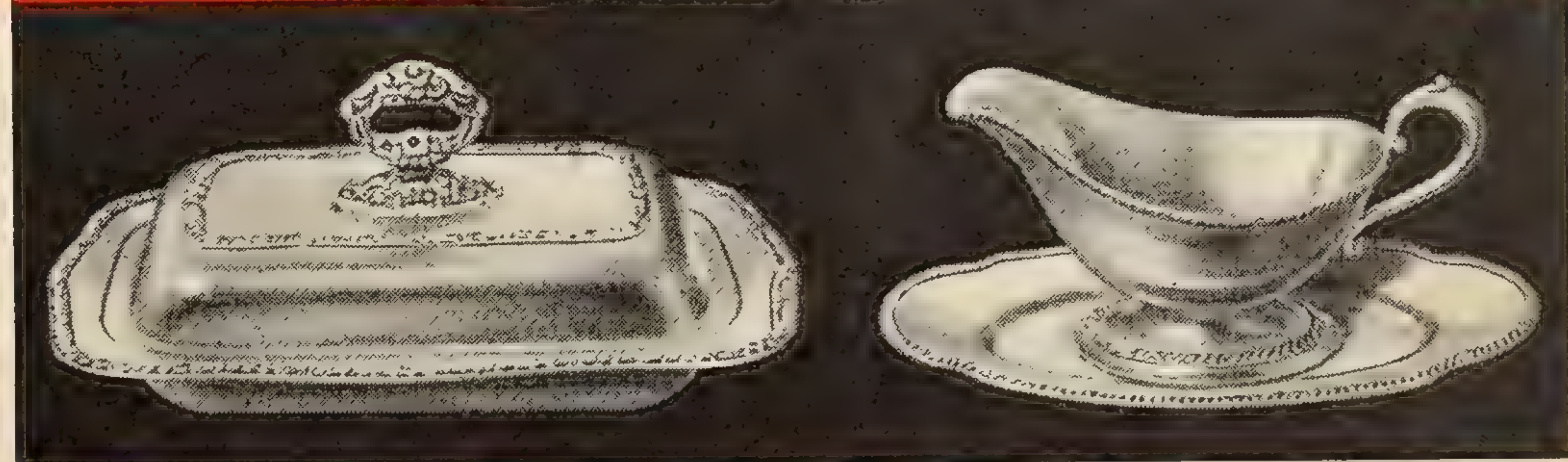
Sweet 'n' smooth are Nancy Kelly and Vera West's designs for "Caribbean Holiday," her latest stint.

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Exciting as never before . . . in the
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OF
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with
**LINDA
DARNELL**
and
BASIL RATHBONE

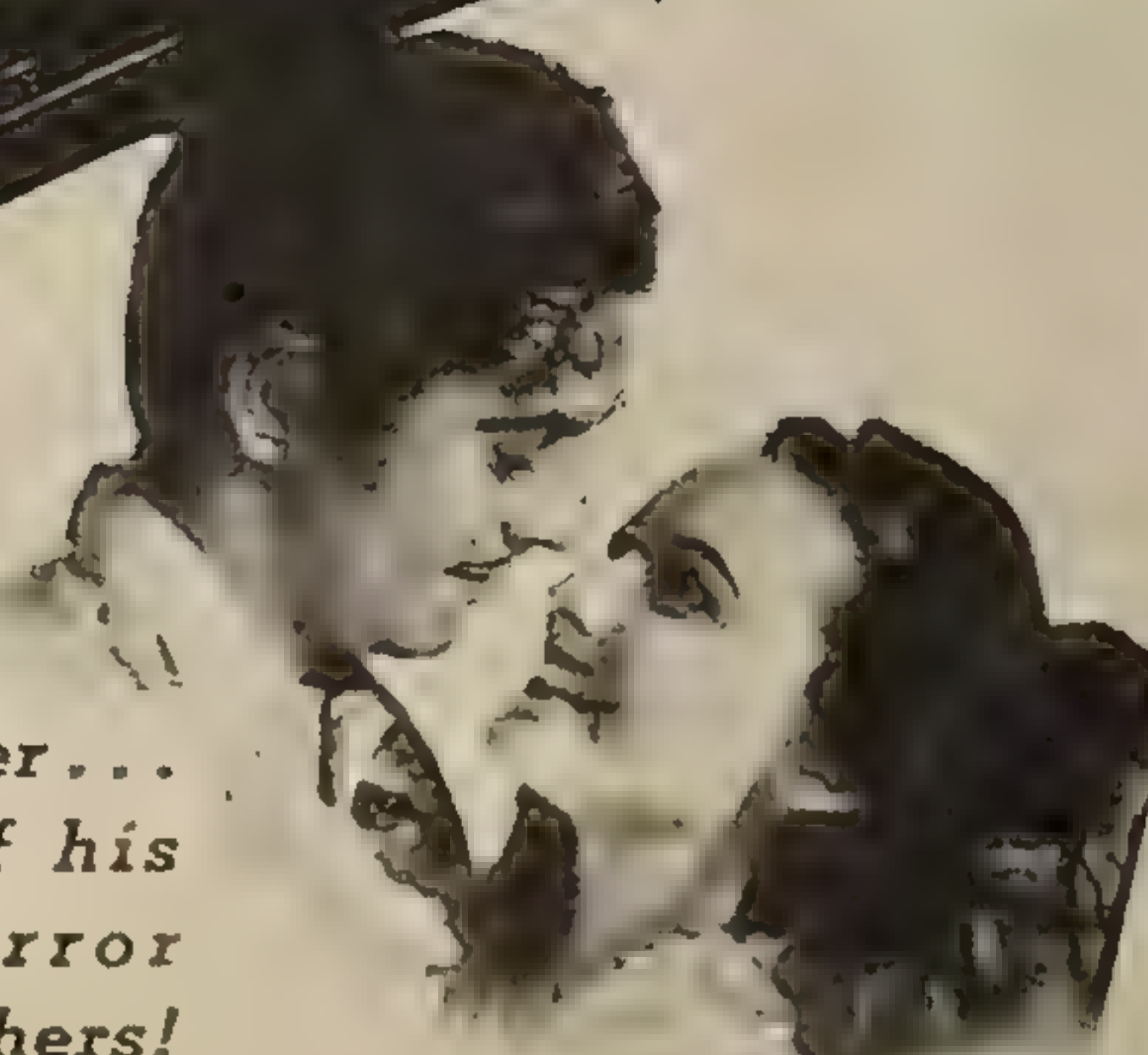
GALE SONDERGAARD • EUGENE
PALLETTE • J. EDWARD BROMBERG
ROBERT LOWERY • CHRIS-PIN MARTIN
MONTAGU LOVE • JANET BEECHER

Associate Producer RAYMOND GRIFFITH • Directed by
ROUBEN MAMOULIAN • Screen Play by John Taintor
Foote • Adaptation by Garrett Fort • Based on the story

"The Curse of Capistrano" by Johnston McCulley

A TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

*A masked adventurer . . .
the jagged mark of his
sword striking terror
into every heart but hers!*



WILLINGER



Myrna Loy

A fugitive from wisdom, Myrna's a fashion editor in M-G-M's romantic comedy, "Third Finger, Left Hand"

Gary Cooper

You'll love him in Paramount's "North West Mounted Police" — he's terrific in Technicolor!



Carole Lombard

She's a mail order bride in RKO's new comedy-drama, "They Knew What They Wanted"





Errol Flynn

At his swashbuckling best as Jeb Stuart in Warner's colorful,
pre-Civil War adventure story, "Santa Fe Trail"

HOLLYWOOD HEART TREATMENT!



Texas Ranger Gary Cooper gets his man, but loses his heart to Madeleine Carroll in "North West Mounted Police."



Exciting Paulette Goddard plays havoc with the heart of that gallant "Mountie" Robert Preston.



"Arise, my love, and fly away with me!" Ray Milland and Claudette Colbert, partners-in-love in Paramount's "Arise, My Love!"

Dear Joan--

Got your note about the difficulties you are having with Bill. That Reno-vation stuff is the bunk. I've a better idea. Take him to the moving pictures! Crazy? Not a bit of it. I've just glimpsed two of the most powerful demonstrations of the power of love even my experienced orbs have ever seen. First, Paramount's amazing new Cecil B. DeMille Technicolor drama of the big open spaces, "North West Mounted Police." The old master has managed to weave into his yarn about the gallant red coats not one but two of the most convincing love stories I've ever seen on the screen. Gary Cooper in his best, and I mean best, role to date and Preston Foster compete for the love of Madeleine Carroll in a romance that'll have Bill dewy-eyed. And Paulette Goddard and Robert Preston unravel a love story that would send an iceberg into thermostatic ecstasies.

If "North West Mounted Police" doesn't succeed in mellowing him, and I'm sure it will, you don't need to worry. Paramount's "Arise, My Love" is just about the answer to the lovelorn's prayer. Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland make this Mitch Leisen combination of the laughter of "Midnight," the heart appeal of "Farewell to Arms," into THE love picture of the decade. It's tender. It's titilating. It's terrific. Bill'll be holding your hand before the end of the first reel...kissing you by the fifth.

But you get the idea...so watch for these two great love pictures...collect Bill...and watch 'em knock Reno foolishness out of both your heads.


Yours helpfully,

Jillie

EXPOSING

weaknesses of
top ranking stars

Hollywood's most carefully guarded secrets are out as the men behind those megaphones tell you amazing truths!



Imagine Academy Award winning Paul Muni being a "problem actor!" According to Director Dieterle, he's too studied, too intense! What's more, he lacks an artist's imagination!

So you thought Joan Fontaine was a gorgeous genius! Well, like most stars, she's just a puppet, walking and talking exactly as her Svengali Alfred Hitchcock demands!

Director Al Hall was simply frantic. The cameras stood poised. The bit players and extras waited. The technicians hovered nervously.

For three hours the big scene in "Little Miss Marker" had been delayed. In this scene, Shirley Temple was supposed to burst into tears, which was simple enough except for one minor obstacle—Miss Temple wasn't in the mood.

"You've got to cry!" begged Director Hall for the two hundredth time.

"But I don't want to cry," replied Shirley brightly. "I feel happy."

Director Al Hall retired to a corner and, resembling Rodin's Thinker, brooded. In a moment he emerged, a sly smile on his face. An inspiration had been born. He asked Mrs. Temple what family possession Shirley liked most. Mrs. Temple mentioned the new car the family had recently bought. Director Hall smacked his lips.

Five minutes later the phone rang. Director Hall put the receiver to his ear and listened intently.

"What did you say, Mr. Temple?" he bellowed into the phone. "What? Your new car? Smashed to bits? Wrecked? In a ditch?"

Hall's quavering voice boomed through the quiet sound stage. He hung up the receiver and turned to Shirley. Her smile and dimples were gone. Her lips were tight. Tears welled in her brown eyes. Suddenly she sobbed, then began crying in earnest—and in that precious moment, Director Hall propelled her before the prepared cameras—and shot the scene!

After that historic example, if you still think that movie stars make the movies great, if you still suffer the illusion that Cary Grant or Vivien Leigh had more to do with the success of their last flicker than their *directors*, well, come with me, children, out of the valley of incredulity—and meet and listen to the men who really make the movies.

To begin with, meet that blubbering, lethargic ideamachine, that magician of mystery and suspense, soprano-voiced, 290-pound Alfred Hitchcock. Now meet him again. It always takes two introductions, there's so much of him.

While the great man settled himself into a chair like a dirigible easing into a hangar, we reviewed rapidly what we knew about him—that he was forty years old; that he'd started Herbert Marshall in pictures, saved Madeleine

Carroll from obscurity by putting her in "Thirty-Nine Steps," helped give Robert Donat a name, proved Joan Fontaine was an actress; that his only exercise was walking up flights of stairs; that he once sent four hundred smoked herring to a friend on her birthday; that he ate steak and ice cream together; and that, after consuming tea, he threw the empty cup over his shoulder because it amused everyone.

And now, sitting opposite us, Hitchcock gave, in tabloid form, his philosophy of picture-making.

"My technique? Why, all I try to do is tell a story," explained Hitchcock, rubbing his third chin thoughtfully.

But the Hitchcock trade-mark is familiar. In one picture, he sent his camera, in a single motion, down the staircase of a hotel, across the lobby, into the dining room—to finish with a close-up of a man's eyes! In his first success, "The Lodger," he had the camera follow a pair of white hands down bannisters, flight after flight, until those hands tightened around a woman's throat! At another time he got into a battle with Sylvia Sidney because she wanted to be seen in her big dramatic moment when she was to stab her husband, and Hitchcock decided to photograph only her fingers and the knife!

"Those are my favorite scenes, the ones I like most to make," Hitchcock admitted. "Best of all, I like to photograph a man's mind, all of his mental processes told purely through his expressions. I directed Edmund Gwenn, as the assassin, in just such a scene in 'Foreign Correspondent.'"

A cup of coffee materialized. Hitchcock downed it in a gulp and began speaking of personalities.

"I find it difficult to direct former stage stars. They're often very bad, because they think only of projecting their voices instead of facial expressions and pantomime. I should like very much to work with Spencer Tracy. I don't think he has any bad camera habits, and I think he could play any character on earth without too much directorial effort.

"And you know, I've learned your glamour girls here aren't so glamorous. Whenever I see them, they seem to be eating hot dogs. I remember working with Joan Fontaine. She was quite eccentric. Always seemed to be eating. A fine girl though. Brilliant future. (Continued on page 62)

BY IRVING WALLACE



According to Ben Hecht, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is ashamed of acting! He thinks it's just child's play, and has to swallow his pride before he can really give out!



The most maligned woman in Hollywood

Cary Grant said hotly, "If anybody's entitled to say anything about Katharine Hepburn, I am. I know what she's like, for I've made three pictures with her; this is my fourth. And I say she's the most maligned woman in Hollywood history! As an actress, she's a joy to work with. She's in there trying every minute. There isn't anything passive about her; she 'gives.' And as a person, she's real. There's no pretense about her. She's the most completely honest woman I've ever met."

Glowering darkly, Cary added, "The trouble is, people who know her don't write stories about her. The stories are all written by people who don't have the faintest idea what the girl's like, people who have never even met her."

It sounded as if he had the notion that writers had avoided meeting Hepburn for the past four or five years. Didn't he know that, as far as the Press was concerned, the lady was unapproachable?

"Tommyrot," said Cary.

It was barely possible that he was right and the Press wrong. Or that she had changed. So I asked for a Hepburn interview.

Back in her RKO days, such a request was greeted with morose head-shakings by the entire publicity department; the answer was that Hepburn talked only with God. M-G-M blithely took the request in stride. Sure, she'd talk. Just when, they didn't know. Maybe not till she finished "The Philadelphia Story," because she was working every day. But she'd talk.

And she did! What's more, she made a special trip into the studio to be interviewed—Hepburn, the unapproachable.

I had been warned that she was painfully shy and self-conscious with strangers. The warning was belied by her greeting: a cheery "hello," a straightforward handshake, a warm smile.

Until this meeting, I had seen her only at a distance. Consequently, I didn't know what to expect in a close-up, minus make-up. I found a tall girl, very slight, not given to curves. At least, the white slacks and white open-neck shirt she was wearing didn't reveal any. Her face was thin, ascetic and covered with freckles—unashamed, tomboyish freckles. Her hair, worn in a long loose bob, was dark auburn. Her eyes were either bluish-green or greenish-blue, and alert.

Watching Katharine as she talked, I thought of Cary's description: "She gives." Her face was expressive, not a mask. She spoke quickly, definitely, without hesitation. She left no doubt that she meant what she said.

I proffered her a cigarette. She started to take it, then noticed the brand, and said, "Thanks, but I think I'll have one of my own." This phenomenal Hepburn woman is definite even about what she smokes.

After our cigarettes were lighted, I told her that I was there to check up on—and, perhaps, correct—a few illusions of what she was like.

She laughed. (She has an odd, short laugh.) "That sounds ominous," she said. "It reminds me of a fan I once had. This boy developed a violent crush on me after seeing one of my pictures. To him, if to nobody else, I was Glamour Girl No. 1. He lived for the day when he could see me in person. And one day he did see me. Someone pointed me out to him. And what he said was, 'I don't know who that is, but it ain't Hepburn!'"

In other words, she never knew what reaction to expect from people when they learned the truth about her—but she was prepared for anything.

How did she explain her hermit tendencies? Was she "painfully shy," as rumored?

She frowned comically. "Call me anything but 'a shy actress.' Everyone's sick of the species. Shyness has been used to excuse too many sins. It has become the popular explanation for every kind of conduct. Everyone is becoming so shy, you don't know how they get on at all.

"My father says, 'I don't understand shyness in the young. None of my children ever wanted to go to a party unless they were going to be either a bride or a corpse.' And I'm afraid he's right.

"I'm not leary of other people. The explanation for me is I'm leary of myself. I get frightful nervous indigestion. Practically everything or anything can give it to me. But especially throngs of people. At parties I'm in agony. Maybe"—she laughed again—"maybe I'm terrified I'll be neither the bride nor the corpse.

"All this isn't something new with me. I've been cursed with it all my life. As a youngster, whenever (Continued on page 67)

She's daring! She's whacky!

But she's terrifically honest—

so when Hepburn dishes the

dirt, you can bet it's on the level

BY JAMES REID

Cesar Romero, 33, stunning and a magnificent dancer. Wonderful sense of humor.

Robert Preston, 23, sparkling conversationalist, good sport. A mighty fine catch.

Desi Arnaz, 25, typical glamour boy. Prosperous, gay. Divine Spanish accent.

HOLLYWOOD, that perennial cry-baby, is in the throes of the weeps again. Tears are flowing copiously and earnestly. It seems this time, that there just are not men enough to go around—either professionally or socially. Movie moguls, movie gals and the movie socialites are all in a panic. No men! And what are they going to do about it?

Well now, actually, the question is not what are they going to do about it, of course. First, the question is—how come? Is this something new? And if so, why?

Thinking about this for a moment, we realize that socially, the man market in Hollywood is considerably more complicated than it is in a normal city. A male star doesn't simply find a nice girl and marry her. When he starts his career he hasn't the money; when he has the money he can't find the girl—largely because he doesn't trust most of them. His pride prevents him from dating a star who earns more than he does, while he is on the road up. Once he has arrived, his snobbery prevents him from dating a girl who is beneath him.

Put yourself in the kid's position for a minute. His studio, his agent, his publicity man and his business manager all have something to say about his heart murmurs. And you, his fans, have a great deal to say about the girl he chooses to be seen with, too. Every time he buys a girl an ice cream soda he literally puts his career into jeopardy.

Hollywood prefers bachelors. But they must be good boys and not get into trouble or the newspapers. The result is that the marriageable men take refuge in a sort of implied engagement to a girl, or an engagement that implies eventual marriage. The ones who are married but are not working at it remain married legally in order to protect themselves from a too swift and ruinous re-marriage. Such tangled ties and vague but still threatening undercurrents surround every otherwise completely eligible man. You could safely say, in fact, without fear of contradiction that there are few really eligible bachelors in this movie town.

You don't believe it? Look at the list for a moment and study some of the outstanding cases.

Cary Grant: He has been rumored serious about Barbara Hutton. For years he kept Phyllis Brooks as a wall between himself and predatory females. He is definitely in the higher social brackets and not in the general run. He is also pretty usually a one-woman man.

Jack Carson: Just bursting through to success after his click in Ginger Rogers's new picture, "Lucky Partners," although he's been around a long time. Married to Kay St. Germaine. Screen future swell. Socially, nil, unless you want to invite the missus, too.

Richard Carlson: Matured, the quiet, intellectual type, getting a break in "Too Many Girls" and "The Howards of Virginia." Has not progressed as rapidly as he might have; maybe because he handpicks his roles and hopes to quit acting altogether as soon as he can get himself started as a director. Practically useless, socially. Served as a publicity escort once for Janet Gaynor. Had a short and swift romance with Ann Sheridan. Then married a New York model and settled down.

Vaughn Paul: Definitely a good marriage bet, on his way to becoming a Universal producer, but tied hook, line and sinker to Deanna Durbin.

Howard Hughes: Supposedly going to marry Ginger Rogers. Has escorted Gene Tierney and numerous others, including Madeleine Carroll, but is pretty cagey. Definitely not a guy a girl could call up in a pinch.

John Payne: Newly arrived in "Maryland" and "The Great Profile." Married to Anne Shirley and father of a baby daughter. His domestic tranquility, his well-bred intellectual personality, have kept him from overnight success. Now he's on the ascending path, a credit to the industry, but a total loss to lonesome gals.

Dennis O'Keefe: A good marriage bet, but almost exclusively the property of Steffi Duna.

Richard Greene: Tagged romantically by the English star Virginia Field, for more than a year. Then came the war

Hollywood's bachelor brigade is lovely to look at, but impossible to put in a marrying mood!

Bob Sterling, 24, ambitious, irresistible smile. Seldom dates for financial reasons.

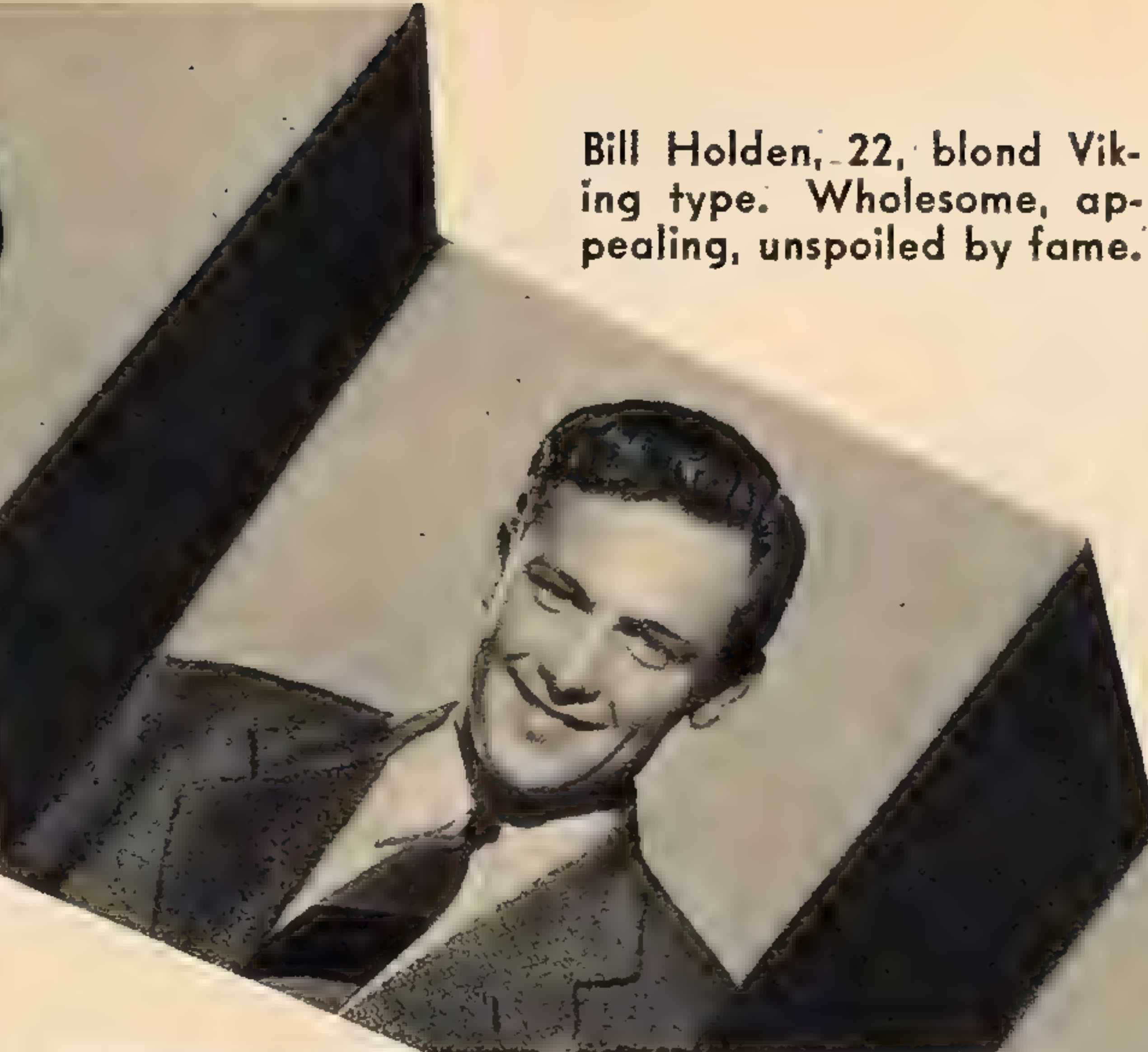


Jeff Lynn, 31, interested in almost everything, but hates night clubs. Good listener.

George Brent, 36, mature, intriguingly unpredictable. A confirmed cynic. Moody.



Bill Holden, 22, blond Viking type. Wholesome, appealing, unspoiled by fame.



Jimmy Stewart: Set for a high place in the film capital. Also seems to be set for marriage with Olivia de Havilland.

Laurence Olivier: A welcome addition to Hollywood from a screen-casting standpoint, but tagged by Vivien Leigh before he ever set foot in the place. Local girls didn't have a chance.

Bob Preston: A newcomer with box office appeal; flamed into romantic print with Dorothy Lamour; supposed to be engaged to Kay Feltus; future not really jelled yet. A possibility here for some smart girl who knows the ropes, but she'll have to be clever!

Dave Rose: A musical arranger with a good career ahead of him in pictures. Received considerable publicity through his marriage to and divorce from Martha Raye. Recently has been escorting Judy Garland. In the market for marriage.

Randolph Scott: Has a well-furnished niche in Hollywood's Hall of Fame, but legally married in spite of anything you may hear to the contrary.

Richard Ainley: Just arrived from Eastern Little Theatre. Exclusive property of Constance Bennett as this was being written. (These arrangements have a way of changing, you know.) Definitely unavailable for general escort service for the time being.

Gilbert Roland: Stock somewhat up cinematically at the moment. Severed from la Bennett. An accepted escort, but fairly choosy. He picks the gals, they don't pick him.

George Raft: *Still* married. After Norma Shearer, who has the courage to try to get (Continued on page 90)

The man hunt is on!

BY JAMES CARSON

Victor Mature, 28, sophisticated, a sinner of orchids. Southern accent. Conceited



Bill Lundigan, 26, shy, chivalrous, intelligent. Is definitely an idealist. Dimples!



Robert Wilcox, 31, flashy, glamorous. Has a vaguely sinister look. Philanderer.

Love and

**Here for the first time, you have
the real story behind the break-up
of the tempestuous Artie Shaws!**

BY HERBERT RADDEN



There was nothing wrong with the Lana Turner-Artie Shaw marriage, they say in Hollywood, that a good miracle wouldn't have cured. In a town where stars divorce so frequently that most of them have charge accounts in the divorce courts, this particular bust-up stood out like a sore thumb. What's more, it gave countless "I told you so-ers" a corroborative status they'd never had before. There was scarcely a soul in the film colony, at the time of the hectic elopement, who didn't foresee the marriage's early end, with guesses as to its duration ranging from two to six months.

But while everyone felt the break was inevitable, no one knew what would cause it. Few know even now! But before lining up the causes for the break, let's flash back to the events leading up to the wildest, most contradictory romance of any Hollywood year.

Lana and Artie met for the first time in 1939 during the filming of "Dancing Co-ed" when they immediately discovered they had something in common—an intense dislike for each other! To him, she was simply another "jitterbug chick" he'd heard or read about. To her, he was just a

Lana

Their Valentine's Day marriage got off to a gay start, but six months later Lana was tired of laughing at Artie's old jokes, wearing subdued colors (he hated red—her favorite), and being called "Turner" and "Carrots."



band leader with a head as large as a bass drum. Columnists generally made the most of this delightful feud, particularly since it wasn't studio manufactured.

Lana at the time was very happy with Gregson Bautzer, young Hollywood attorney. They were the most talked of, most photographed, most widely written about couple in town. They enjoyed doing the things they liked together, and maintained a sensible balance of night clubs, outdoor life and intellectual diversion. And, what was very important to both, they were extremely popular with the press and photographers covering the Hollywood front.

Artie, during the corresponding period, was cavorting around with Betty Grable (who carried torches in both hands when he eloped). When Shaw was not busy seeing Betty, he found time to make the word "jitterbug" synonymous with "moron," in appreciation of all that jitterbugs had done to put him where he was. As far as marrying into any popular press relationship, Shaw preferred being a bachelor.

To understand the next stage in the Shaw-Turner horror-scope, you must know the individuals. Those close

to him say that Shaw is one of the swellest persons you could ever meet—if you only have to meet him once! After that he's an act. Friends regard him as a would-be intellectual. In all matters concerning Shaw and society, Shaw gets first billing. If it's not given to him, he takes it. He is the ultimate in egotism; he likes good conversation, but to him good conversation begins and ends with Shaw. He's like the actor who said to a friend, "Oh, I've been talking about myself for hours. Let's talk about you now—what do *you* think of my pictures?"

Shaw has had a substantial education and is basically well-read. But when he's in the company of anyone with an admittedly inferior background—he is the first to take advantage. He delights in tantalizing such people by paving the way for them to say something insipid.

He hates corny musicians. He hates autograph seekers and won't sign his name to anything. It probably hurts him to sign his name to a check. Intimates say he does not have the first dollar he earned, but only because that large-type bill has since been withdrawn from circulation! In all business matters, he's (Continued on page 83)



Who said that crime doesn't

Celluloid Black Sheep Hum

words. for the road to ruin

Beware of a hubby with a hobby, says Mayo Methot. Last year she gave "The Bogeyman," as she calls Humph, a camera for a birthday-Christmas present (he was born Dec. 25, 1900) and he's been working her and Butch, the dog, overtime ever since!

Bad

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

"There must be a little guy somewhere named Yehudi, sort of watching out for me," says Humphrey Bogart, talking out of the corner of his mouth that's twisted upward in an ironic grin.

This is his explanation for his sudden rise to stardom after all these years. The Big Event takes place in "High Sierra," the picture over which Warners and Paul Muni parted company. Muni walked out. Bogie stepped in.

Now the wags are calling him Humphrey "Weisenfreund" (Muni's real name). Wig manufacturers and purveyors of false beards, egged on by pranksters, are sending him samples of their wares. Everyone's wondering if he's going to start stealing Muni's stuff.

The answer is no. The make-up department has greyed his black hair slightly at the temples, but otherwise his appearance is unchanged. He still looks like a hard citizen. He's still carrying the prop revolver he has carried since way back. In fact, he's still playing a killer. But this time, the role is the biggest, juiciest one in the picture—meaty enough for an Academy Award winner!

Bogie doesn't mind that they originally thought of it as "something different for Muni." All that matters to him is that they eventually got around to thinking of it as

something different for Bogart—a chance for bad boy to make good.

"An awful lot of things had to happen before I could get that role," he says. "But they did happen and that's why I think there must be a busy little man somewhere named Yehudi, who sort of plans things.

"Warners wanted me to go East and do six weeks of personal appearances with 'They Drive By Night.' I thought I ought to do it, just for practice. But Yehudi didn't think so. He made me haggle over terms. While I was still haggling, they sent George Raft instead. Then Muni walked out of 'High Sierra.' If George had been here, they would have given the role to him. As it was, they handed it to me.

"It's a funny thing about me," he mused. "Any time I think it's wise to do something, that turns out to be the one thing I shouldn't have done. The things I feel I *shouldn't* do always turn out for the best. It's been that way all my life. I'm getting around to the idea there's a pattern to it."

He shakes his head over the strange unreliability of his hunches.

"Why, I'm the guy who thought 'They Drive By Night'

pay, and the wages of sin is death?

phrey Bogart's making them eat their

has led him straight to stardom!



Boy Makes Good

would be a lousy picture and that the script for 'The Roaring Twenties' was no good!"

Mrs. Bogart (Mayo Methot), who's having lunch with us at the Lakeside Country Club, chimes in to say, "Warners ought to put Bogie on the advisory board that decides what stories would make good pictures. All the stories he doesn't like should be produced immediately."

"Yeah," says Bogie, appreciatively. "One time on the stage, I had a choice between a Joe Cook show and a little play called 'The Cradle-Snatchers.' My wisdom and my inclination said, 'Pick the Cook show. It has a big name for a star, it's a musical, and it will probably run a long time.' I still don't know why I picked the other. All I know is that the Cook show died on its tryout, never even got to Broadway, and 'The Cradle-Snatchers' ran two years."

"Another time, I hadn't worked all season. I said, 'I've got to get a little dough, if I want to go to Maine this summer.' So I stopped being fussy and took a role in a 'whodunit' mystery that I hoped nobody I knew would ever see me in. That's how much I thought of it. I played a heavy—something I'd never done before. I pulled wings off flies and led the audience to suspect I was the murderer. They didn't find out till the end of the third act that Rex

O'Malley was the guilty guy!" He grinned reminiscently.

"Arthur Hopkins, the producer, came to see somebody else in the show. He remembered me in it. A few months later, when he was getting ready to produce 'The Petrified Forest,' he sent for me. When I dropped into his office, Robert E. Sherwood—who wrote the play and who was a friend of mine—was there. Hopkins said to me, 'I've got a good role for you. A gangster role.' Sherwood spoke up and said, 'Why, you must be crazy. He doesn't fit that part at all! What he ought to do is the part of the football player.' They argued back and forth, and I thought Sherwood was right. I couldn't picture myself playing a gangster."

"So what happened? I made a hit as the gangster. When Warners bought the play, they hired me to repeat my role on the screen. That's how I happened to get into the movies. And I've been busy ever since. Typed as a bad guy, yes. But busy."

He knocks on the table, to call Yehudi's attention to the fact that he's appreciative. Then he turns his own attention to his lunch for a few minutes. When he's ready to talk again, he says:

"I wasn't even responsible for (Continued on page 70)

Confidentially yours...

Throwing some light on a beautiful subject—Linda Darnell

Scotch plaid coat would indicate a wee bonny lassie. Not so—Linda's pure French with Monette Elayse for middle names!

Bob Shaw makes the most of his privileged date—taking her to exclusive night spots and showering her with giant gardenias!



The other day, on the set of "Chad Hanna," Linda's mother and small brother and sister were busily occupied, keeping an eye on "Weedy!" Weedy is Linda's pet rooster, son of a pink-tinted Easter chick given her last Easter-tide by Ty Power, and he's making his acting debut in Linda's new film. Weedy's toe-nails and beak are lacquered with red nail enamel. He walks around Linda's house exactly like a pet dog or cat and he comes when you call his name. Linda also has three turtles of the native Texas variety which she has taught to swim fancy strokes in the bath-tub. She thinks it would be fun to be a lion trainer!

When she flew to Salt Lake City for the premiere of "Brigham Young," she had her first realization of what it means to be a star. 150,000 people were on the streets; 150,000 pairs of admiring eyes were focused



And ice cream it shall be. Caviar's desserts are Linda's ambition for the evening.

She really does paint! Far from being a mere dabbler, she does so well that her portraits decorate the homes of many stars.

BY JEANNE KARR

on her; frightening applause rang in her ears. The responsibility of stardom suddenly took form and shape. To keep faith with all these people, she thought, is a task not to be taken lightly.

Linda has never been kissed—off the screen. She believes that kissing a man is part of being engaged. "They all ask me to kiss them," she admits, "but I always say, 'Let's wait a couple of months and see how we feel then.' At the end of two or three months, I—well, I'm glad we didn't."

Her hobby is drawing, and Linda specializes in pastels. She did one of Peverell Marley, her cameraman, which Pev's wife has hanging in the Marley living-room. She did one of Tyrone, one of Walter Lang, who directed her in "Star Dust," and one of a cunning black and white cocker spaniel which has merited the high-

est praise from accredited artists.

The studio calls her "The Little Hays Office" because she is that particular about her clothes, her stills and the things she does. Modesty is her watchword. She recently taught Frank Swann a new jitterbug step, and the lessons were photographed for a magazine layout. Feeling that the step revealed more of one shapely young limb than was quite seemly, Linda "killed" the sitting. She is considerably perturbed because in her latest picture she has to wear a cotton frock without a petticoat!

Linda is scared to death of radio microphones. She doesn't like anything she can't see and touch, such as the unseen audience of the air. And she's also afraid of the dark. So that she won't have to come home to a darkened house, Linda always leaves the lights on in her bedroom.

Her mother's pet name for her is "Tweedles." She calls her mother "Mama." When you see her playing with the neighborhood children and their pets, you realize how young she is. Rabbits are her favorite pets but, ironically, they give her hay fever!

"A Dream Come More Than True" is the way Linda describes her year and a few months in California, for Hollywood has held no disillusionment for her. She never had to fight for good parts. Seven "plums" have been literally laid in her lap. Everyone has helped her and seemed eager to do it, she says. There have been no headaches, no hindrances. "It's been pure Heaven," Linda adds happily.

A home movie-making maniac, Linda cuts her pictures, develops them, prints them and processes them from start to finish herself. She spends more time behind the camera than in front of it while on the sets and on location trips. During the making of "The Mark of Zorro," Tyrone wanted to know whether he was starring in a Darryl Zanuck Production or in "Darnell Pictures, Inc!"

Pev Marley says she is the most flawlessly beautiful girl in pictures. Every angle is perfect. She couldn't look anything but beautiful, he says, even if she made faces.

Her full name is Linda Monette Eloyse Darnell. She was born in Dallas, Texas, on October 16, 1923 and is the third from youngest in a family of four girls and two boys. Linda claims, "Being one of a big family is wonderfully helpful. It certainly knocks conceit right out of you!" She is five feet, four and three-quarters inches tall, weighs 109 pounds, has night-black hair, brown brilliants for eyes, golden tan skin and tooth paste ad teeth. She's never had a permanent, never dyed her hair and never uses any make-up outside the studio. Not even lipstick. She doesn't need to, for Nature, prodigal with Linda, gave her naturally scarlet lips, too.

"I'd like to say one special thing to girls," she told me. "It's this: don't you believe that 'opportunity knocks but once.' It's not so. If you just keep your chin up and your ears pasted to the door, you'll hear opportunity knocking again and again." Linda, you know, had to come to Hollywood three times before she was asked to stay.

Reading in bed at night is her favorite indoor sport. She can't read
(Continued on page 85)

He hates parties, rhumbas and cocktails. A

died in the wool sour-puss? Far from it!

Just Bob Cummings, a guy with different ideas

who's found a new and thrilling way of life

Fun is where you

This is, let me sound the warning right at the start, a different kind of story because Robert Cummings is an unusual sort of fellow. He doesn't talk about any of the things that actors commonly discuss, but about flying, about conscription, about the fact that Hollywood is not a democracy, about his theory of how peace will come. In everything he said, there were overtones of a different perspective, a new awareness of what is important and what isn't.

We were lunching at Eaton's Ranch the day we talked, driving the few miles from the studio to the Ranch in Bob's dark red sports job (top down) which has, amazingly enough, the right-hand drive, English-wise.

"Made for the English market," Bob explained. "Now, of course, they're not shipping them over and

have a lot of them on their hands. Consequently, I was able to get this one for \$600 less than the regulation price." Smart? Yes. Very.

We lunched in the enclosed patio at Eaton's, and Bob, to my astonishment, ordered nothing but fresh fruits and vegetables!

"Ha," I said, "gastronomically abnormal, I see! I'm used to red-meat-eating actors. Bob Taylor always eats steak for luncheon; George Raft does, too; Clark Gable—"

Bob laughed. "I lead the clean life! Matter of fact, we are vegetarians, Viv and I," ("Viv" being Mrs. Robert Cummings, née Vivian Janis, these past five years) "except when we have guests. Then we join them over the fatted calf or barbecued beef, feeling like cannibals. And we're dyspeptic for days thereafter!

"We really do lead an abnormal life. We never go to night clubs except under pressure from the publicity department, and we only succumb to that a couple of times a year. Then we go to the Victor Hugo and have a whirl at doing a kind of a rhumba. We don't know what the inside of Chasen's looks like, or Ciro's. That's being abnormal, in Hollywood! We're not chummy with very many picture people. Most of our friends are fliers and my best friend out here is my lawyer and manager. I don't drink, ever. I smoke very seldom. We rarely go to the movies. We never go to the races or to the polo matches. We spend all of our spare time flying.

"Viv is as abnormal for a girl as I am for a man. She can't be persuaded to buy a piece of jewelry or even a new dress, except when actual necessity dictates. She'd rather spend her time making out a chart for our week-end trip. Just how much baggage we'll be carrying, how much time we'll spend here or there, exactly what minute of what hour we should be flying over this or that river or mountain range, visibility, ceiling, head winds and cloud conditions—all that sort of thing must be written down in easy, legible form



Bob says he has two pets, Spinach III, his plane, and Susie Q, a ring-tailed monkey.



"Viv," his wife, studies rushes from "Caribbean Holiday" and seems to approve!



Bob was once a caddy, grew to hate the sight of a club, but plays occasionally now.

find it

before taking off. That's fun for us. Flying somehow makes us realize how important time is, so that we who fly learn not to squander it on things that don't really matter to us.

"The fact that I am able to say 'us' about everything," Bob said gratefully, "is very significant. Only marriages based on mutual interest and understanding can work out successfully today. I was married once before, you know, to a little girl from my home town of Joplin, Missouri. She was very sweet, very young, but she'd never been far away from home and couldn't understand the theatre or its people. We had such a hard time, living in one room, no money, all that sort of thing, that in the end, with no malice on either side, she went home to her mother.

"But to return to the question of our abnormality. We are not blue stockings, recluses, intellectuals or any of the popular types that shun the pastimes of the younger set. It's just that our interests and pleasures lie in other directions.

"I suppose the fact is I have two careers, flying and acting. And one is as important to me as the other. I love bomb-sites, controllable propellers and my blind flying instruments as well as I do scripts, cameras, sound stages, make-up boxes and the sight of my name in electric lights. Funny thing, though," mused Bob, "when you're up there, ten or fifteen thousand feet high, seeing your name in electric lights just doesn't seem very important."

Bob's flying is no mere hobby. He has been at it for more than ten years and is a lieutenant in the Reserve Air Corps. He holds not only a pilot's license but one with Instructor's Rating, the only license of its kind to be held by an amateur pilot. He is, in addition, a licensed radio operator with a station in his own ship (a Cessna, four-passenger, cabin monoplane) complete with a radio transmitter and receiver.

"Flying," Bob was saying, "minimizes the importance of a lot of things. For example, I could become very annoyed with Hollywood; it's not a democracy but a



Took up flying right after Lindy's famous flight—when he was in his teens.

dictatorship. When you realize that the \$16.50 a day 'dress' extras wouldn't dream of associating with the \$5.00 a day 'crowd' extras, you know we live in a rigid caste system here.

"Not only that, but we are under control every second and have nothing to say about anything we do. Take my own case. If I go on the radio, I have to give 50% of what I make to the studio. If the studio doesn't want me to go on the air, I can't go on the air! The studio dictates the whole policy of my life. It can even tell me where to go evenings!

"I could work up a healthy little inferiority complex because Allan Jones, let's say, (he and Irene are good friends of ours) has a swimming pool, stables, a way of living I can't hope to compete with. This might make me miserable if greater causes and effects didn't remind me that it really doesn't matter too much.

"There are other bogeymen in Hollywood; one of them is the mistaken reputation we get of having great wealth. Salesmen of lots, bonds and diamond mines waylay you at every turn, and you have to learn to say 'no' in every language!

"Then there is the sure knowledge that when we're through in this business there is almost no other occupation open to us. Let me (Continued on page 78)

BRENDA MARSHALL was still new on the Warner Brothers lot when she entered the studio's Green Room one day for luncheon. Over there in the far corner she espied a shining white empty table. She seated herself and was ordering, when in came Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh who pulled up chairs to join her.

They were wonderful, Brenda found; treated her just like one of themselves! How nice and chummy of them, she thought, to come over and sit with me when they might have taken a less secluded table. And here I am an unknown and not even acquainted with them yet! After all the stories she'd heard, too, about stars and actors being uppity to strangers. Brenda felt warm and friendly all over.

Later, she learned she had barged in on Cagney's reserved table, the one at which he'd been taking lunch for years! Cagney and the others had been polite enough not to mention the fact that girls traditionally never sat at that particular table!

Brenda still blushes furiously whenever she thinks of the episode. But that was only one of many embarrassing moments in her rise to stardom! Becoming a star, she's learned, has taken its toll. It isn't all glory.

Take the evening she attended a Warner's preview, for instance. On the way out of the theatre, she signed her name to fifteen or twenty autograph albums pushed into her hands. This was fun, being recognized and asked to sign your name, better by far than ordering about the natives on your father's plantation in the Philippines.

A moment later, dismay suffused her. She heard a fan shout, "There's Olivia de Havilland! Let's get her autograph." And immediately the fan, followed by two others, charged over to Brenda and held out autograph books!

Shortly after being placed under contract by the studio, Brenda received instructions to drop over to the photographic gallery for a sitting, her first on the lot.

Instantly, there flashed into her mind the glamorous portraits she'd seen of other players, in swanky evening gowns, smart afternoon and sports attire; exotic shots which spelled allurements and romance. She arrived at the gallery practically breathless at the prospect of turning into a glamour queen. This, she thought ecstatically, is the life!

Poor Brenda! She was put into some kitchen things, handed a pumpkin pie, and—horrors—was told to ride a turkey! All the studio wanted were a few Thanksgiving pictures, and not one solitary glamour pose was shot.

One evening during the run of "Espionage Agent," her initial picture, Brenda made a personal appearance in conjunction with the film at a beach town. Arriving home late from the studio, she barely had time to change and rush into a blue crêpe dress before a studio car called for her. She hastily pulled on an old coat and hurried out to the automobile, feeling far from smart.

But her horror and embarrassment knew no bounds when she stepped out onto the stage and discovered that in her hurry, she had put on her dress inside out!

Her young daughter was responsible for one of Brenda's more harrowing moments. She had taken the little girl for her first visit to the studio, where a dramatic scene from "The Sea Hawk" was being enacted before the camera. They stood in the background, but close enough so that the small one could see everything that went on.

During the rehearsal of the scene, the whole stage had been lighted, behind the cameras as well as on the set itself. When the actual "take" was called, however, only the set was illuminated, the other lights dimming.

Just as the players were swinging into action—Errol Flynn walking down the throne room to where Queen Elizabeth, in the person of Flora Robson, sat on the dais, and with all else dead quiet—Brenda's infant, terrified by the whole thing, gave a blood-curdling yell which carried over the entire stage. The "take" was completely ruined, and Brenda didn't linger on after the commotion died down.

One of Brenda's most embarrassing moments occurred during a visit to New York when, with a friend, she met Errol Flynn in a night club.

Now, she knew Errol only very slightly, but she did know she was to be his leading lady in "The Sea Hawk." What distressed her, however, and threw her into a perfect panic, was the fact that, when she saw him approaching her table, she didn't know whether it was proper to introduce him as Errol or as Mr. Flynn. She managed to mutter something unintelligible, Errol acknowledged the mumble-jumble graciously and all ended happily. But it was certainly a terrifying moment! (Continued on page 80)

HOLLYWOOD GANGS UP ON



**If you, too, are a puller of boners,
you'll appreciate these blushable
high spots of Brenda's career!**

Twenty-five-year-old Brenda claimed she was "through with men forever" when she filed suit for divorce, but Bill Holden (3 years her junior) has changed her mind!



BRENDA MARSHALL

BY WHITNEY WILLIAMS

"Half Pint" (that's Bill's name for her) is such a kid at heart, it's hard to believe she has a two-year-old daughter. She adores ice cream cones, picnics, low heels and hair ribbons, and admits she's afraid of the dark.

**It's a matter of give 'n' take in
thrills, as Hollywood's gay blades
turn out for this premiere on ice**

Ice



Irene Dunne beams now that husband Francis Griffin has given up his N. Y. practise. Up to now, he's been commuting to his Manhattan dentist's office!



Ronnie Reagan, who spends his spare moments modeling for the art students at U.C.L.A., played hookey for the occasion. The former sports announcer never misses an event like this—and he doesn't mind the autograph hunters a bit.



▲ Dancer George Murphy and wife take lessons in skating the light fantastic from the Follies retinue on opening night. Tempted to swap his dancing pumps for a pair of skates, George went around backstage after the performance was over to find out just exactly what the chances were.

A bleacher seat at the World Series may be somebody's idea of heaven, but we'll take a box at the Ice Follies for our money! Sonja Henie, who's no slouch on skates herself, enjoyed it so much she went practically nightly. So did the Harold Lloyds. And a certain Hollywood playboy fell so hard for one of the Folliettes, he attended forty consecutive performances!

On opening night, silver fox jackets and mink coats were a dime a dozen, and even the majority of sports jacket-loving males were resplendent in evening clothes. Jane Withers, who has more formals than Hedy Lamarr, was probably *the* fashion plate of the evening in a décolleté gown, a white fitted wrap and a huge camellia corsage.

During the intermission, almost everyone went outside to ogle and incidentally to thaw out numb tootsies. However, Bill Powell, feet wrapped in a blanket, stayed inside in a pseudo-sulk, because the skaters could do tricks he couldn't, and Jane Wyman—soon to become a mama—sat and ate peanuts and signed autograph books till the second half began. Part two, incredibly, was even better than part one. Comedians Frick and Frack rolled the customers in the aisles, and the finale had everyone yelling for encores.

Everyone, that is, but Cesar Romero, who could hardly wait for the whole thing to be over so that he could tear back stage and arrange for a few quick skating lessons. (From that cute little redhead, Evelyn Chandler, we betcha!)

By Jean Kinhead

Follies of 1941

Jeanette MacDonald and spouse, Gene Raymond, arrived half an hour late to watch the frozen frolics. Maybe they purposely snuck in under cover of darkness to hide Gene's newly-dyed coiffure. Since his movie comeback, ▼ he's been sporting jet black locks.



▲ Follies stars, Bess Ehrhardt's and Evelyn Chandler's explanations of "Arabian cartwheels" set Jane Withers to giggling. A whiz on her radio-equipped bike, Janie's a flop (and we do mean literally) on the ice.

Lewis Stone and ➤ his youthful wife No. 3, lovely Hazel Woof, roar at the antics of Comedians Frick and Frack. The Stones were in summer attire, but brought along a blanket for their feet.



Photos by Jules Buck



a DAY to remember

A girl who can talk herself out of a ticket for speeding is worth knowing, especially if she happens to be lovely Laraine Day!

A low slung coupé, red, slightly battered, with fenders twisted, bumpers askew streaks down the road like a flash of lightning, burning the concrete at eighty plus.

There's a shrill whistle as a motorcycle spins out of ambush!

A couple of miles and seconds later, the coupé pulls over to the side of the road, stops with a scream of breaks. The officer of the law mops his brow, leaps off his panting machine, a figure of furious determination. And then what happens? He deflates like a pricked balloon and puts the summons back in his pocket. He gulps, clears his throat, tries to deliver a few harsh words of warning, but ends by smiling fatuously at the young lady inside.

"You shouldn't ought to go that fast," he says apologetically. The young lady nods a mop of blonde curls in humble agreement.

"That's what everyone says."

"Well," the officer sees the innocent blue eyes, the black lashes waving hello. "Weee-el,—the next time,—" She smiles a "thank you," slips the car in gear and is gone.

"Whew!" The officer mops his brow again. What a looker, he thinks. And that smile! Wasn't there something familiar about that? Hasn't he seen her somewhere before?

Of course! He remembers now. He's seen her in the Kildare series as a student nurse; he's seen her in "My Son, My Son" as Maeve, a young actress; and in "Foreign Correspondent" as the girl Joel McCrea keeps afloat after the plane crash.

The lady, as you may have guessed, is none other than Laraine Day in her favorite role of speed demon. Miss Day, you see, is just naturally in a hurry. Speed is in her blood! She loves airplanes, and the dizzier and higher and faster they fly, the better. She pedals a bicycle like a householder rushing to save hearth and home from a three-alarm fire. And as a hiker, she'd make a swell cross-country track star! When Laraine and her twin brother, Lamar, set out for a cross-country walk of a quiet Sunday morning, there's no dawdling for them. They take it on the lam!

Speed is the keynote of her career. Remember that this Day dream is only nineteen years old, and you'll realize that she has been in a hurry ever since she was born. Just look at her! Not only does she rate a juicy contract with Metro, but Maestros Small and Wanger bid for her services in gilt-edged pictures; Alfred Hitchcock says she's a wonder to direct, and the critics thumb the dictionary for fresh adjectives to do her justice.

She and Lamar were five years old when they decided, quite seriously and firmly, what work they intended to do in this world. Lamar said he was going to be a printer. Laraine said she was going to be an actress. Father and Mother Johnson—Johnson is Laraine's real name—took the statements with a grain of salt. Frankly they were not impressed. They figured that the twins, like other children, would change their ambitions with the seasons. But they didn't realize that Lamar and Laraine were such full-speed-ahead hellions! Here they are though! A couple of years this side of voting age, and both well launched on their careers; Lamar a master of type-setting, and Laraine a brilliant young actress with a terrific future!

Like the traffic cop, we mop our brow and say "Whew!"

Laraine did not spend her school days dreaming about her career. Quietly determined and bluntly practical, she started to prove her versatility in this acting business in

kindergarten. She was an angel in a Christmas play and one of the evil spirits in Pandora's Box. In grade school she was Cinderella, Beauty and The Knave of Hearts. In high school she earned all the dramatic club's best parts. Word flew around that a whizz of a young actress was knocking audiences for a loop at a high school in Los Angeles, and that's how Laraine got a crack at tiny parts with The Players Guild.

Count one, two, three, and there's Laraine leading lady of this professional group, while at the same time she keeps up her high school studies and fetches home straight A's so the parent Johnsons can't find cause for just complaint.

Cross two months off the calendar, and look who's here. A talent scout! Result? A couple of walk-ons, bit parts and then the Day was cast as Maeve in "My Son, My Son."

The studio sent Laraine a script at five-thirty of a Tuesday afternoon. Wednesday at nine A. M. she was plunging headlong into a tense scene with Brian Aherne. This was just her speed. She knew her lines cold. She'd figured out Maeve's character and reactions to a T. She played the part with assurance, warmth and deft eloquence. Overnight, Laraine was well on her way to picture stardom. No two ways about it, the girl is uncanny!

But don't, on any account, think of her as a "greasy grind," the graphic college term for a student who crams and works and frets and stews. Don't imagine that Laraine hasn't a second to give to anything but her work. Nothing could be farther from the truth. She can utilize minutes so fully, do things so quickly and so thoroughly, that she has more time for play and fun than anyone we know.

She manages to spend a good many hours a week lolling on the beach and playing in the ocean. She and Lamar take their sports seriously, and keep their swimming, tennis and golf up to scratch no matter how arduous their working schedules. Consequently, Laraine's skin is a bright nut brown and contrasts vividly with her sunny hair and her blue eyes; her figure is slender, strong and graceful, and there are never any unhappy dieting problems in her active, strenuous life.

Laraine eats, she'll tell you frankly, like a horse. Her favorite food is a big, juicy hamburger on a soft toasted roll. The "a" is a miracle of understatement, for Lamar says he once observed his little sister toss off eight of them, without batting an eye! "Of course," Laraine apologizes, "that was after an active day." And when Laraine calls a day active, you can bet your boots it was downright hysterical!

In the Johnson's large, casual house in Cheviot Hills, the ice box is always well stocked with hot dogs and hamburgers, ginger ale and milk. At almost any hour of the day or night, Laraine and Lamar are likely to show up with a group of their buddies in tow, all of them practically starving. Laraine rolls up her sleeves, greases the grill and goes to work. She piles the hamburgers high with onions, relish and catsup, and the group guzzles. Then they play games: hop scotch, charades, darts, ping pong, and a number of wild novelties they have invented. The Johnson parents are prepared for almost anything.

One night not long ago, for instance, the senior Johnsons were returning from the neighborhood theatre where they had gone to see one of Laraine's pictures—they refuse to attend previews, wait calmly for daughter's shows to come to them. As they approached their house they heard weird shrieks emanating from the interior. They opened the front door to find the place pitch (Continued on page 79)

A Skin that Men Adore

Whoever started that yarn about sleeping beauty didn't know much about modern girls. You've got to be awake, alive and alert these days, morning, noon and night—most of all at night. You may be a careerist all day long, but come evening, and the man in your life has a way of expecting to see you gay and glamorous, and if you don't look that way you certainly aren't going to feel it. That's a tall order, you may say, for a girl who's been cooking or typing or reciting lessons most of her day.

But if you want to persuade the man of the moment that you can be the girl of his dreams, it's well worth your while learning a beauty trick or two that will stand you in good stead come five o'clock of a winter's evening. And the happy truth is, it can be done. That has been demonstrated over and over by girls from coast to coast, and particularly by your favorite movie heroines. There's the lovely Joan Bennett, Paulette Goddard, Nan Grey, Jane Wyman, Claudette Colbert, Anne Shirley, Jean Arthur, Diana Lewis, Ida Lupino, Barbara Stanwyck and Joan Fontaine, for example, who are successful careerists by day, happy and beautiful wives at home.

Then don't forget the bright young members of the unmarried set who make Hollywood history from 9 to 5, are the life of the town by night and still manage to be sparkingly beautiful no matter when you see them. Mary Beth Hughes, Twentieth Century-Fox's engaging young star, Betty Grable, Mary Healy, Judy Garland, Peggy Moran, Rosalind Russell, Madeleine Carroll, Helen Parrish and Brenda Joyce are just a few who manage to be as distractingly lovely after five P. M. as they are conspicuously successful during "business" hours.

There is one big asset which these girls have in common, and which you, too, can have—and that is a clear, radiant, beautiful complexion. If, after long fatiguing hours of work in grease paint, under hot lights, subject to continual nervous strain and emotional tension, these lassies of the lenses can still look fresh and clean and lovely, we maintain that any girl anywhere can do the same.

If you work all day, a small but completely equipped kit full of complexion aids tucked away in a desk drawer or locker shelf will do the trick of erasing tired lines and that "working girl look" in time for that big date with your best boy friend. You may be a modern young realist who says to yourself some evenings, "Oh, I'm tired. If he really loves me, he won't care how I look." Well, all we know is what we've heard our beaux say on the subject and we'll pass that along for whatever it's worth. One man, perhaps more articulate than the rest, summed it up brutally but frankly when he said, "I don't know anything more abominably conceited than the girl who thinks that she can look like a scarecrow and still expect men to be devoted to her. Most men don't want their women to be elaborately turned out, but they do yearn for a charmingly feminine companion who shows by her good taste and grooming that she considers the feelings of the man who devotes his attentions to her." The consensus of opinion is that no young man wants to see his girl look wan and bedraggled. And in these days—and evenings—there's too much competition around for any girl to risk deliberately flying in the face of a yen as easily met as that one.

So in your desk or locker keep a cake of mild soap, a jar each of cleansing and foundation creams, a box of compressed cotton, a little bottle of fresh scented cologne or skin freshener, rouge, powder, lipstick and eye make-up. At the stroke of five, cleanse your skin as thoroughly as possible, first with soap and water, then with cream. A

finishing fillip with the cotton dipped in freshener gives you a sense of positive luxury. Now, on with your foundation, rouge, powder, lip stick and eye beautifiers and watch his eyes light up when you appear fresh and lovely. Dust and city soil make any girl appear uninteresting, but a clean, clear skin makes her look both gay and charming.

Of course, you have to know how to give your skin the basic home care it needs as well as the last minute emergency touches. It must be cleansed, stimulated and softened regularly if that final flourish is going to be effective. You see, a skin, to be beautiful, must be healthy, and to be healthy, it must be clean. A warm bath, topped off with a cold rinse, should be as regular as rations at your house. Keep a special cake of mild soap for your very own use. Bath salts, a long-handled brush or a friction mitt are helpful accessories, too. But at least be sure to use a thick, coarse wash cloth, for you can't have cleanliness without friction. Clean, heavy Turkish towels are also a decided bath and beauty aid. If you can follow your toweling by a brisk all-over rub-down with cologne or dusting powder, so much the better. Your skin is a hard-working organ of elimination, you know, besides being a protective sheath and a basic necessity for your (Continued on page 74)

BY CAROL CARTER





Mary Beth Hughes, 20th Century-Fox's beauteous new blonde starlet, guards her skin with creams and lotions, and breathes deeply to keep that sparkling glow of youth and good health.



The languorous age of Sleeping Beauty is past. You have to be alive, alert and awake these days—and evenings too!

**Our snooping snapster, Jules Buck, takes
hot to the trail of skylarking stars and
shoots 'em night-lifing in Hollywood lairs!**



Brian Aherne and Joan Fontaine are such fight enthusiasts, they're even staging them at home. Just lovers' quarrels, we hope!



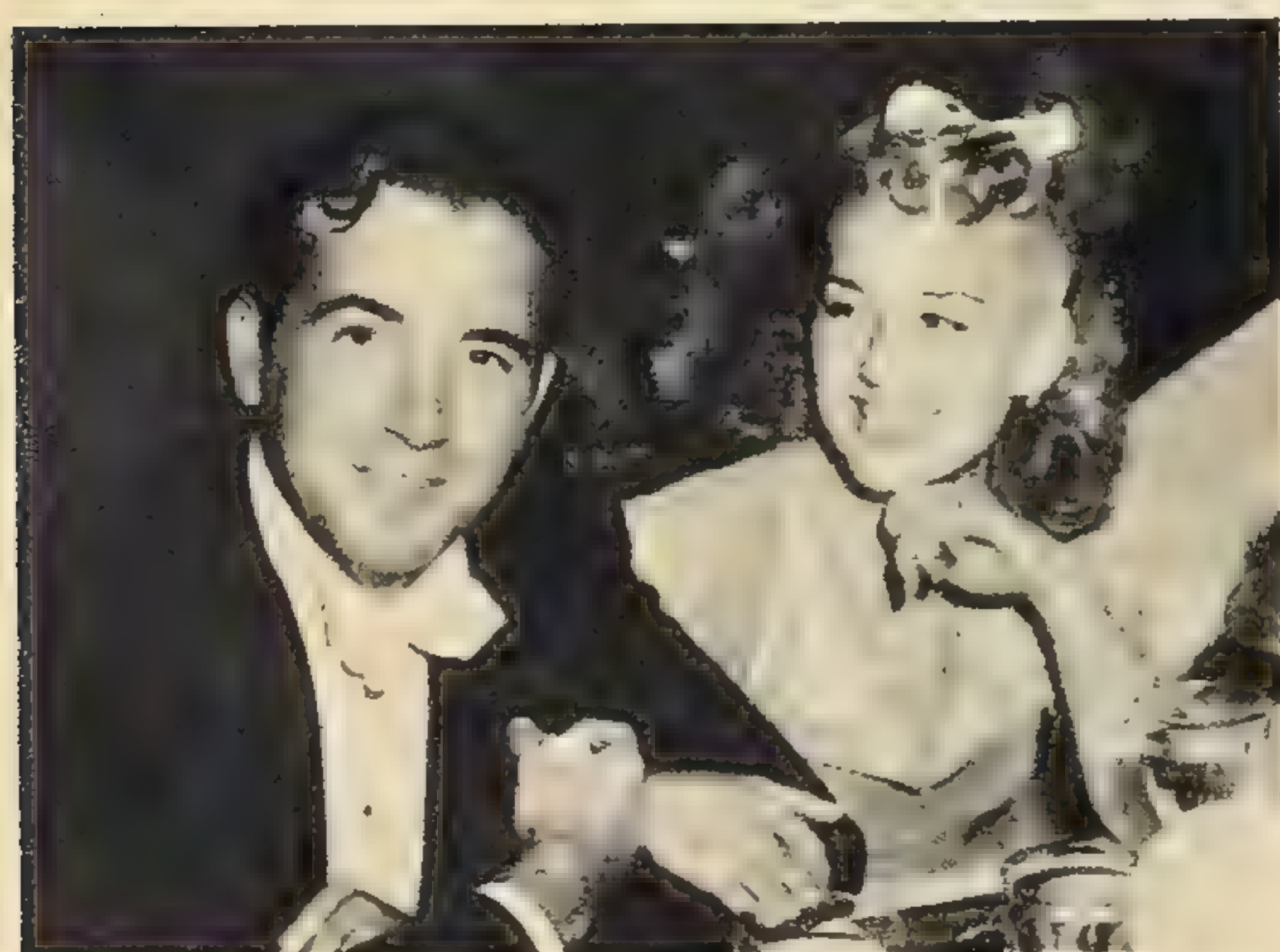
The Fred MacMurrays temporarily abandon their adopted adored one, 4-months-old Susan, to appear at another war-relief party.



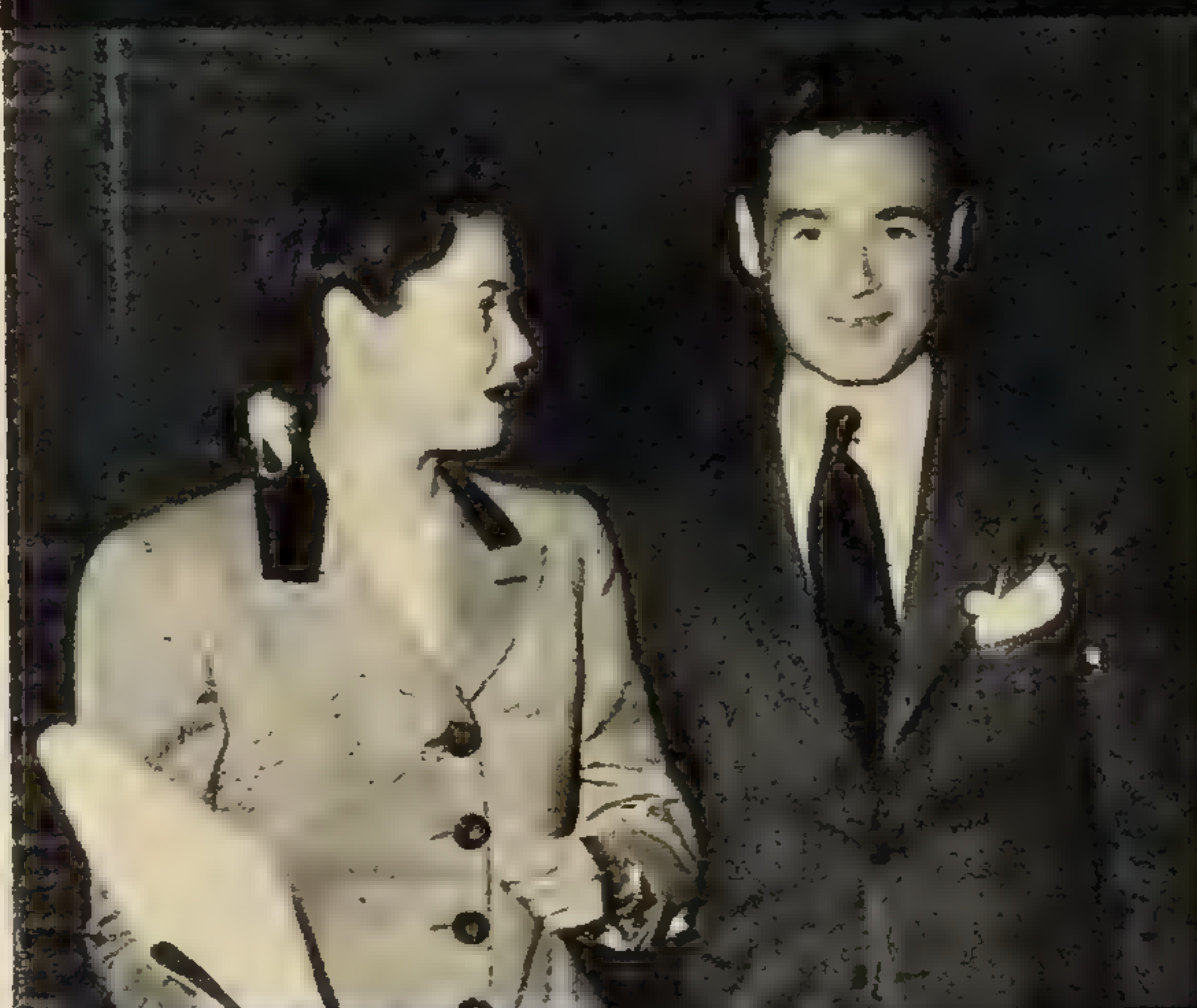
Table-hopping Roz Russell leaves escort Freddie Brisson to tweak the Montgomery chin at Ciro's.



Bob and Babs Taylor tear themselves away from their home on the range for a ballgame and Ciro's.



Now that John's completed his 2,500 flying hours, he and Mrs. Payne are buying a ranch from which they'll commute by plane.



Gene Tierney, who made such a hit in Broadway's "Male Animal," once-a-weeks with agent Barron Polen.



Fay Wray nabbed Al Hall on the Lucille Ball rebound, and it seems she's made a very happy substitute.



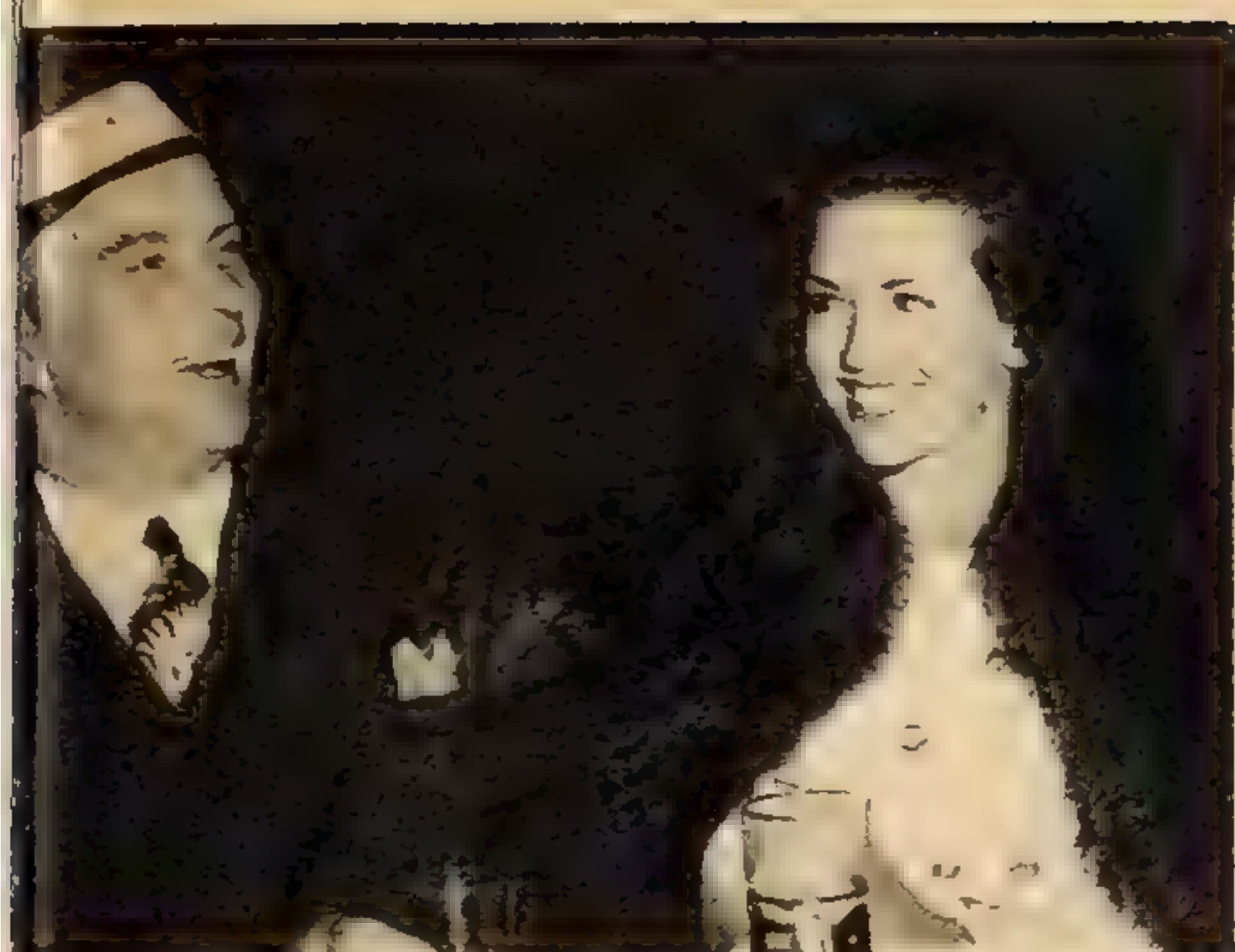
Buddy Rogers is congratulated by wife Mary and Elsa Maxwell on his decision to give up his band to direct and act in the movies.



Hollywood's No. 1 bachelor, Greg Bautzer, reportedly's giving up a cherished independence for L'Amour.



The Dick Hallidays took the marriage knot literally. No one's ever seen their hands unclasped.



Elusive Edgar Bergen, famous for Charlie McCarthy and impregnable bachelorhood, keeps current lady, Josephine Heller, guessing plenty.



Now that Gracie's presidential aspirations are in the past, she and George Burns relax and toast the Harry J. Browns' 7th anniversary.



Rog Pryor hears about Ann Sothern's latest yen—to sing in her next film! Her 250-lb. mother, a voice instructress, is the Coach.



Ginny Simms, Kay Kyser's girlfriend, expects big roles as a result of her nose-innovation.



While Chaplin's away, Goddard will play. Here she is dining at Ciro's with Director Litvak.



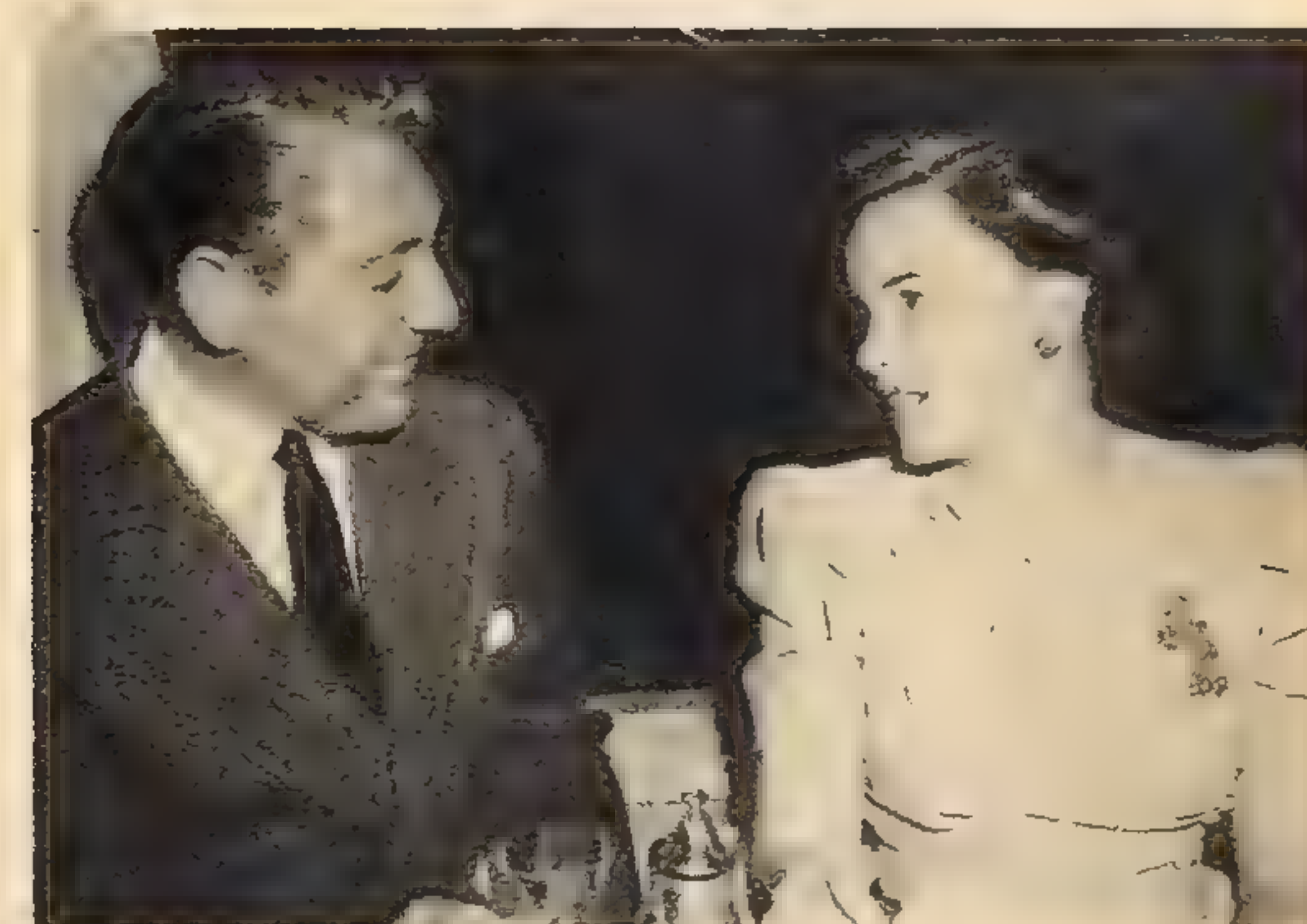
Alice Faye deserts Cesar Romero and dazzles Greer Garson with her egg-size sapphire ring and breath-taking diamond bracelet.



Solacer Peggy Moran cheers Joe Pasternak after a sad adieu to his Brooklyn fiancée at the airport.



Betty Grable is jubilant as she pinch-hits for absentee Lucille Ball, in the rumba with Desi Arnaz.



Rumor has it that Judy Garland and Dave Rose will make an altar trek any time now. They've been dating nightly for ages 'n' ages.



Ad-libber Fields does it again as he puckers lips to give Mrs. Spitz a peck of birthday wishes.



'Tis rumored the Bill Powells will soon be focusing their attention upon an adopted junior Powell.



'Tisn't just crêpe suzettes that makes the Herbert Marshalls beam. They're sparkling in expectancy of a Third Marshall sometime soon.

GOOD NEWS

BY SYLVIA KAHN

Chitchat to tickle your
funnybone and keep
you Hollywood-wise!

VIC(TORY FOR) MATURE

The Lana Turner-Vic Mature coupling is the hottest item in Hollywood's romantic fires, but we don't believe anyone's reported how it all began. For the records, then, here goes: Vic was at Ciro's with a party, one evening, when Lana, accompanied by her agent, came in and sat at a table near the men's "powder" room. Vic had never met Lana but, as soon as he spotted her, he realized two things—that she was a girl he'd have no trouble going for, and that he knew the man she was with. That was enough for Vic. He promptly jumped up from his own table and bee-lined for the "room." On the way there, however, and on the way back, he paused at the Turner table for a little chat with the agent and each time, with as much subtlety as a dive bomber, angled for an introduction to the beauteous Lana. No luck at all. However, that didn't discourage Mr. Mature! Ten minutes later and a dozen times after that, he repeated the routine—the Turner table, the "powder" room, the Turner table and home—but absolutely no dice. That night Lana and Vic went their separate ways, technically strangers. However, an honest man always finds a way. The following morning, Vic all but choked Lana's phone number out of a mutual friend and—well—just re-read our opening sentence!

FIT TO BE TRIED

Cutest twist to the Turner-Mature romance is the pair's "Mike-and-Ike-they-look-alike" gag. Lana and Vic, early in their "friendship," bought duplicate swim suits and play

clothes but, now that they know each other better, are expanding their wardrobes to include tailored suits made of identically the same fabrics and cut along similar lines—and there's no assurance they'll stop there. The other afternoon, we ankled into Gladys Parker's swank dressmaking establishment and came upon Lana clad in straight pins, basting stitches and something skin-hugging and décolleté which answers to the name of evening gown. You guessed it. We marched into the next dressing-room looking for Mr. Mature! He wasn't there, we are sorry to say, but the middle-aged woman who was, put us in our place by remarking sarcastically that we "might find him at Adrian's."

NAMES'LL NEVER HURT YOU!

Many men find Lucille Ball disturbing—but not in the same sense Orson Welles does. To Orson, Lucille's curves and appeal are as negligible as Elsie the Cow's. He'd be happy if he never laid eyes on the lady again, and is conscious of her only as the female who transformed him from a Plain Genius to a Mad Genius. Addressing the mighty Mr. Welles as "Stinky" one day, Lucille discovered it made him furious—and discovered, at the same time, that making Mr. Welles furious made her feel fine! Consequently, she now follows him all over the RKO lot, pounces on him in the commissary and even hunts for him when he ducks her, just to hurl her "pet" name and watch him squirm. Orson's begged her to stop, but Lucille's having too much fun and, unless something's done about it, Orson, who recently found himself laid up with a broken leg, may soon find himself laid up with apoplexy!



THE FABULOUS INVALID

But don't let Orson's allergy to unflattering nicknames disillusion you. He's really a very wonderful guy—as evidenced by his performance at Ciro's the other evening. Still "suffering" from that broken leg, Orson hobbled into the cafe, supported by crutches and Dolores Del Rio. Motioning for a waiter, he permitted himself to be helped across the room to his table, and lowered gently into his chair. Then, to the astonishment of everyone, he handed his crutches to the waiter, rose unassisted and, with Dolores on his arm, made a dash for the dance floor and a rhumba! And that isn't all! When he was ready to leave, he demanded the return of his crutches and, with face absolutely expressionless, he limped calmly across the dance floor, out the door and into the night.

HERE COMES THE GROOM!

Arleen Whelan probably knew it all along, but we've just learned that when the 26-year-old redhead eloped to Las Vegas with Alexander D'Arcy, her on-again-off-again heartbeat of many months standing, she took unto herself more than a mere male. She married the "world's best-dressed man!" The smooth and handsome Alex, a 31-year-old French-Egyptian, was handed the title recently by a noted Movietown designer who cites as proof, the actor's 130 suits, 61 pairs of shoes, 42 hats, 37 sports ensembles and a few hundred other assorted items. And, as though that were not enough, Arleen's groom is also known as "Hollywood's Numba One Rhumbamaniac!"

KNOCK BEFORE YOU LEAP

The funniest story to come out of Hollywood in a dog's age is the one Claudette Colbert's telling on herself. It's one of those embarrassing moment tales, but don't let that scare you. This one's different. . . . It all happened when Claudette's house was being redecorated for the winter. Claudette had moved down to the beach with some friends but, one day, agreed to pose for a magazine photographer in the garden of her own home. Forgetting there were people working in the building, she drove up to the house, let herself in with her personal key and went directly to her dressing-room, closing the door, behind her. Within a few minutes she had laid out a fresh costume and, after peeling off her clothes piece by piece, stood clad in—nothing. She was just about to slide into a negligée when the door opened and in strode a man! "He was there less than a moment," Claudette relates, "and I think he was even more scared than I. At any rate, he found his legs first and bolted like a shot. I found out later he was one of the house painters, but he never came back to finish his job! As far as I know, he's still running!" Away from what, may we ask?

HIS PLACE IN THE SUN

Anecdotes linking W. C. Fields with a certain beverage, referred to as scotch and soda, are slated for extinction. Fields has actually grown sensitive about them and about the legends which surround his stop-light nose. It's tough to believe, but we're convinced since we learned that the morning W. C. was scheduled to begin wardrobe fittings for

"The Bank Dick," he woke up with a flaming red schnoz and flatly refused to go to the studio! "I got this firecracker at the beach," he swore, "and I'm not going down there and let everyone say Fields was plastered before he even started!" P. S. Fittings were held up until the nose had returned to its own lovely pink.

JUDY DONNING ROSE-COLORED GLASSES?

M-G-M's bulging with the tender emotion these days, what with Lana and Vic, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, Norma Shearer and George Raft, and Mickey Rooney and Dolly Thom all apparently on the verge of something serious. The Metromancer closest to the altar, however, is little Judy Garland. Intimates insist that Judy and musician Dave Rose are so in love they can't see straight and that despite the objections of her advisers, Judy will become Mrs. Rose as soon as Dave's divorce becomes final in May. Of course, Judy's still very young and older people who want her to contradict her own heart have her slightly mixed up at the moment. Nevertheless, she and Dave are a bright pair and you can bet your bankroll that the matter will be wound up in whatever way makes them happiest.

CONSERVATIVE CROSBY

More important to a script writer than food is material for good gags—and Bing Crosby's script writers are starving! There's nothing funny about Bing anymore! For one thing, he's sold all but one of his thirty poky race horses which were always good for a

The exhibition of original movie costumes, sponsored by Mrs. Sylvia Fairbanks, is netting the British War Relief a shekel or two! The realistic wax masks were designed and donated free of charge by Katherine Stubergh, and you can ogle dozens of them for hours for a mere fifty cents! Among the most lifelike are those of Shirley Temple, (being cooed over here by Elsa Maxwell and Mrs. F.), Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford and Bette Davis.



GOOD NEWS

laugh and, for another thing, he's turned Beau Brummell! Yup, nightmare shirts and hats a milkman's nag would disdain will never again adorn Mr. Crosby! Last week a friend read a nasty crack about Bing's sloppy attire, clipped it and sent it to Bing with a note. Bing proved that he could take a hint, and the next morning he went out and bought himself an entirely new and very elegant wardrobe!

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

We're not trying to start a new influx of females to Hollywood's already overcrowded pastures, but we've just learned of a job in town that's good enough to lure many a young femme to the Cinema City. We're talking about waiting on tables at the Brown Derbys. Most visitors to the restaurants sympathize with the girls who serve them there, feeling they must be discontented with their lot and consumed with envy every time they plant a pork chop or a hot fudge sundae in front of a famous face. The laugh, of course, is on the visitors. The girls are perfectly well satisfied—and who wouldn't be, earning from \$60 to \$75 a week, *every* week! We're not kidding. Their basic salary combined with fat tips adds up to that sum and the only expenses they have in connection with their jobs are the costs of a weekly hair set and manicure which the Derby management insists upon, plus an average of at least three pairs of stockings a week, because they are asked never to serve at tables with as much as a single snag in their hose.

THE CORRECT THING

Emily Post, who has been telling befuddled folks for 10, these many years, not to eat peas with a knife or drink out of finger-bowls, would have fallen over in a faint had she been present at the home of the Chico Marxes one night last week. Chico, it appears, invited some friends over for a bite of supper and a game of gin-rummy, which was perfectly conventional. What wasn't conventional, though, was the sight of Mr. Marx ushering his assembled guests into the dining room at precisely the same moment Mrs. Marx was ushering herself out the front door, headed for the Brown Derby and *her* evening snack! The reason for this curious Hollywood etiquette? Mrs. M. is getting a divorce from Mr. M. and, though she still shares her husband's roof, she didn't want to be in his way at the party!

ANNIE KEEPS IT CLEAN

Remember when the Harvard "Lampoon's" nasty cracks about Ann Sheridan being the "least likely to succeed" spattered the front pages of the country? Well, one of the school's graduate students has just penned a humorous sequel to the incident. He's written to the star and asked permission to use her as the subject of his Ph.D. thesis! Annie has a hunch it's a gag but will nix the proposition personally, nevertheless. Says she slyly: "No Harvard man's going to drop a blot on *my* good name!"

DATA AND DISA

The engagement ring and wedding band Greg Bautzer purchased for Lana Turner are locked in his bank vault, awaiting Dotty Lamour's "Yes" . . . Mary Livingstone's new nose cost \$1,000 . . . "Love me, tolerate my cocker spaniel," says Constance Bennett who never turns up on a set without the beige-colored pup which reputedly set her back \$1,500 . . . Attention, Screen Actors Guild! The ranch home of Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck is in the movie business, too. It'll be the background for most of the Jane Withers picture, "Golden Hoofs" . . . Six-year-old Casey Johnson's stand-in in "Little Men" is a thirty-two-year-old midget who spends his leisure moments puffing away at a big, black cigar . . . Music-loving Eddie Albert owns well over two thousand phonograph records, and among them are many discs of French, Russian, Italian and Austrian

anything lively. But leave it to a Stooge! The following excerpts from Shemp's questionnaire will give you a hint of what Universal's up against. Q. Any of your ancestors or members of your family distinguished in any field of endeavor? A. My brother, Curly. He was the first in the family to get a divorce. Q. Are any of your children theatrically inclined? A. God forbid! Q. What is your educational background? A. I attended the Brooklyn Plumbers' College. Q. List degrees received. A. Third degree burns. Q. Describe highlights of your early youth. A. I'll need about eight more pages for that. Q. How do you keep in condition? A. By sleeping and acting nervous at fights.

NEGATIVELY SPEAKING

When Barbara Hutton was stricken with a siege of the flu recently, local photographers



John Barrymore recently immortalized his hands, feet and profile in cement at Grauman's Theatre.

He had planned to use a cast of his face for the dirty work, but Sid insisted upon the real McCoy.



folk songs . . . New High in Modernism: Herbert Marshall and his ex-frau, Edna Best, played opposite each other in a recent Hollywood production of Noel Coward's "Still Life" . . . The wedding bands that Bob Young and his wife wear are identical, except that hers is platinum and his is gold . . . Andrea Leeds is yanking all available strings in order to cancel her contracts with Sam Goldwyn. She and Bob are expecting an heir to the Howard fortune, and she'd like to retire from the screen forever and devote herself to wife-and-mothering . . . Laurence Olivier tied Vivien Leigh to him with a wedding band that's a half-inch wide!

FILM FUN

Shemp Howard, whackiest of the Three Stooges, was Universal-contracted the other day, and handed one of those form questionnaires which all newcomers fill out for publicity purposes. These questionnaires snoop as far into a player's personal life as the law allows, and seldom bring up

were overjoyed. They've nothing against Barbara—in fact, think she's a grand girl. But ever since she rode into the Hollywood scene, they've been unable to flash-bulb Cary Grant! Seems Barbara got her fill of candid cameras long before she cut her first tooth and has asked all the Hollywood lens hounds to snub her completely and train their little black boxes on Gloria Glamour, instead. The boys respect her wish but, since Cary seldom appears without her, shots of Grant at play are growing scarcer than peace on earth! Naturally, when Cary squired Virginia Field to an important movie the other night, the camera boys rushed at the pair only to find a new obstacle in their path of duty. Virginia, whose British fiancé Richard Greene—now seeing service overseas—is still very much on her mind, feared that her date with Cary might be misconstrued and refused to pose at his side! Not until agent Johnny Maschio and Lady Moore, who was visiting Barbara Hutton at the time, had been sandwiched between them, would she face the birdie!

ALLEN A PINCH-PENNY?

Fred Allen is a plain guy. Night clubs bore him and show-offs give him a pain in the neck, but there's not one Hollywood wise-acre who can understand that. The wags interpret Fred's passion for simple living as stinginess and, all through the Allens' Movietown stay, had a fun-poking field day because Fred and the Missus cold-shouldered Ciro's and lived in a small apartment where Mrs. Allen did all their cooking. When word leaked out that Fred, preparing to leave for the East, had smashed his knuckles trying to help an expressman get his trunk through the door, the quipsters roared themselves silly. Fred came through all this ribbing completely unruffled, but not unaware and, when he got to New York, he made up his mind to lay it on even thicker. Hustling ever to the radio station from which he broadcasts, he dug out the

rumor has it they'll be altarbound any moment, from a source close to Greer, we hear that whether or not Mr. Thau has any such idea, Miss Garson, who's still recuperating from a very unhappy marriage, has not!

SHORT SHOTS

Note to Ann Sheridan: A marine painting, presented to George Brent by Greta Garbo, is still hanging over George's mantelpiece . . . Katharine Stevens, who plays Ginger Rogers' friend in "Kitty Foyle," is the daughter of Sam Wood, who's directing the picture . . . Fred MacMurray gifted Cesar Romero with a watchdog, but the dog gets lonesome for Fred and keeps running back to the MacMurray home . . . Ex-child star, Mitzi Green, owns over 1,500 pictures of Jimmy Stewart and is plenty upset over the Olivia de Havilland menace . . . Australia has banned two Joan Crawford pictures,

vate projection room to view it with him. The picture had been running for about ten minutes when Goldwyn suddenly ordered it stopped. "It's terrible!" he bellowed. "It's all mixed up! I don't understand what it's all about! No one could understand what it's all about!" Wyler and Swerling promptly protested. The action was so smooth, they declared, even a child could follow it. But Goldwyn was stubborn. The picture must be changed. Wyler and Swerling bravely stuck to their guns. "Look, Mr. Goldwyn," they pleaded. "Here's your son. Let's ask him. Sam, did you understand the picture?" Young Sam snickered. "Of course I did," he said. "It's simple." Wyler and Swerling were relieved. "See, Mr. Goldwyn?" they said. "Even the kid understood it!" "What!" roared Goldwyn. "That makes it even worse! What are we doing now? Making pictures for children!"

STRANGE CARGO

Nothing in Hollywood's bag of tricks can get a raised eyebrow out of RKO's new Swedish importation, Miss Signe Hasso. Signe bid a temporary farewell to an engineer husband and a six-year-old son to take a crack at a U. S. movie career and, due to war conditions, arrived in the film capital by way of Russia and Japan. En route, she enjoyed every danger-fraught and unique adventure this frenzied world can offer and, as a consequence, finds Movietown antics mild, kindergarten stuff by comparison. What, after all, could top her Pacific crossing? According to Signe, she made the entire trip with an Oriental, male variety, as her cabinmate! The Japanese, it seems, think nothing of assigning a man and woman to the same stateroom and, when a slanty-eyed gent marched in and told Signe that the room she thought was her own was his, too, there was nothing she could do but grin and share it!

TAMING OF THE SHREW

Maybe it's true, and maybe it's not, but word's going round that fiery Miriam Hopkins has at last met her match. For years, Miriam's been known as one of the screen's most difficult actresses because she persists in directing her directors, but Kurt Bernhardt, who's megaphoning her "Lady With Red Hair," is said to have discovered how to humble her. After a single week of enduring his star's overbearance, Bernhardt strolled up to the belligerent Miss Hopkins with his salary check in hand. "Here," he said. "You take it. You earned it!" The sarcasm was not lost on Miss Hopkins. She gulped and stalked away, but we hear she's scrapped the dictatorial manner and has been obedient ever since.

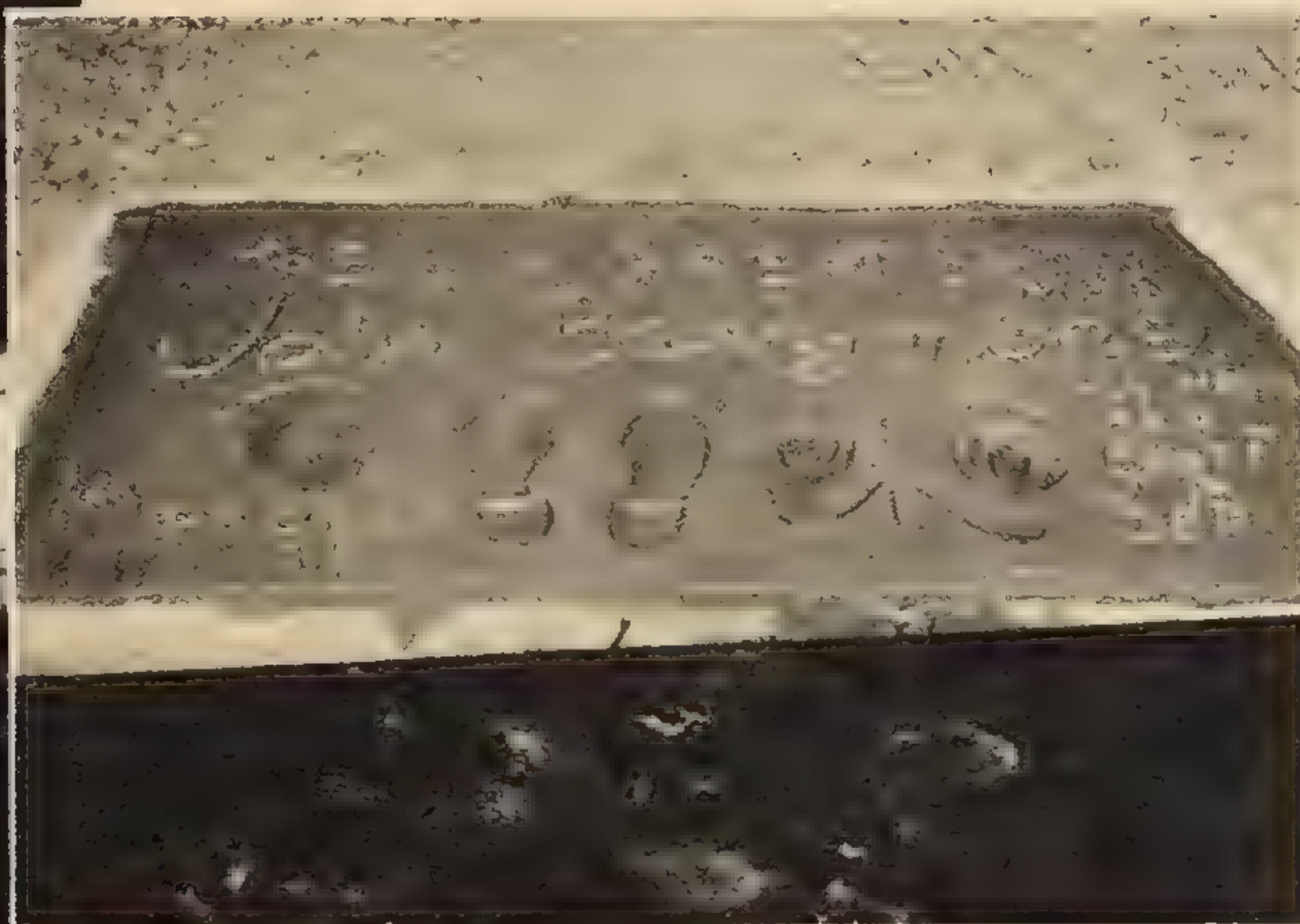
UNDERCOVER WORK

Hollywood's due for the shock of a decade when the divorce of a top-ranking director finally clears the courts. The reason behind the action is not his wife's "mental cruelty" as was charged, but a certain South of the Border spitfire who's dating another man heavily just to throw the gossips off the track! Among her friends, however, the spitfire's playing another game. She's betting cold cash she'll be the director's wife immediately after he's freed!

(Continued on page 75)



Mary Beth Hughes (his wife in "The Great Profile") made him beautiful as 2,000 fans cheered.



The finished product! John first signed his name "Jon," and had to do the whole thing over again.

station-owned story of his life and wrote the following addenda: "Regarding my marriage to Portland Hoffa, we had no extended honeymoon, but we did spend a few days in Waterbury, Connecticut, to make it seem longer!"

GREER'S MR. THAU

Can you conceive of any man escorting a beautiful film star to the theatre, and then smuggling her out a side door to prevent people from seeing him with her? Seems kind of strange, in fact, slightly on the screwy side, doesn't it? But that's exactly what publicity-shy Benny Thau does when he dates Greer Garson. Thau, as you may know, is the man Greer's name's been linked with so persistently, of late. He's a small person, fortyish, acting assistant to Louis B. Mayer and nephew of Metro's president Nicholas Schenck. Greer's known him about three years—ever since the evening he and Mayer wandered into a London theatre and beheld her, for the first time, in a play called "Old Music." And, though

"Strange Cargo" and "Susan and God." No reason's been given . . . Students enrolled for the art and composition courses at Hollywood High's night school have Olympe Bradna for a classmate . . . They're featuring a new sandwich in the 20th Century-Fox commissary, called a "Jack Oakie." Its ingredients are ham and limburger . . . Just about every star in Hollywood donates 1% of his salary to the Motion Picture Relief Fund . . . Dan Topping, Sonja Henie's groom who owns the Brooklyn Football Dodgers, is rumored to have a weekly income of \$15,000 . . . And have you heard Bob Hope's newest complaint? Says he: "I have so many bags under my eyes, my nose resembles a pack horse!"

GOLDWYN STORY

Now it can be told. Before Gary Cooper's "The Westerner" was released to the public, Producer Sam Goldwyn called for an immediate showing of the picture and summoned Director William Wyler, Writer Jo Swerling and his 14-year-old son, Sam, Jr., to his pri-

Another sensational best-seller has been nabbed by the movies!

large amount of research was done for the film. Photographs of the exterior of the Philadelphia Bellevue-Stratford Hotel were made and sets were later reproduced from the photos; the original 21 Club in New York was used as the model for Giono's Speakeasy in which Kitty and Wynn met often; and the shabby Frankford house on Griscom Street in Philadelphia was reproduced exactly, down to the sun-baked yard in the front and the out-house in the back.

The casting of the female lead was not difficult since Producer Henderson had had Ginger Rogers in mind when he bought "Kitty Foyle," but the male leads caused the studio enough headaches to make an aspirin factory prosperous. Practically every male star in Hollywood was asked to play the role of Wynn, but because of other studio commitments all were forced to refuse the part. Dennis Morgan, Warner Brothers star, was finally borrowed after several days of dickering with his home studio. Morgan, who has played in several unimportant Warner films, gets his first chance to play a leading role in a top-budgeted picture. The role of Mark, the young interne, was given to James Craig, handsome six-footer who was last under contract to Universal, where he appeared in minor roles.

Strangely enough, the real lives of Morgan and Craig parallel those they play in "Kitty Foyle." Dennis really comes from a family of Wisconsin lumber kings, while Jim has worked as a truck driver, newspaper vendor and gasoline station attendant.

Katharine Stevens, who plays Kitty's roommate, has her first chance to sink her teeth into a good role. However, she has appeared in pictures before. When she was three years old, she had a small part in "Peck's Bad Boy," a picture directed by her father, Sam Wood. Upon graduation from high school, she changed her name (to avoid charges of cashing in on her father), played in summer stock, and eventually landed the role of understudy to Martha Scott in the Broadway production of "Our Town."

On the set, the technicians and crew are divided into two camps—Willkie boosters and Roosevelt boosters. Each group resents working with the other and both break into very frequent heated arguments to the annoyance of long-suffering Director Wood.



WALLACE in the New York Times Book Review
...is an... to... the... of... the...
Rose Felt in the New York Herald Tribune
...is... to... the... of... the...
CLYTON FARRMAN in the New York
...is... to... the... of... the...
LEVIN GARNETT in the New York Sun
...is... to... the... of... the...
ARTHUR MURPHY in the New York Daily News
...is... to... the... of... the...
STANLEY NORTON in the Chicago Daily News
...is... to... the... of... the...



Dennis Morgan and Ginger were pals from the start, as both have a wide mischievous streak!

Ginger chats with Jim Craig—said to be a cross between Jimmy Stewart and Cary Grant!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY'S novel, "Kitty Foyle," was published in November, 1939. In December it was bought by RKO at a cost of \$50,000. By February, 1940, 100,000 copies of the book had been sold and to date, more than 250,000 people have paid \$2.50 to read about the adventures of the white collar girl, Kitty Foyle.

The script, which took three months to prepare, was written by Dalton Trumbo, himself a novelist and author of the best-seller, "Johnny Got His Gun," and Donald Ogden Stewart, well-known screen writer. To make the screen play pure enough to pass the Will Hays Office the story had to be changed in part. The picture opens showing Kitty in New York, unable to decide between a marriage with Mark, a young interne played by James Craig, or a life as mistress to Wynnewood Stratford VI (Dennis Morgan). The film then cuts back to Philadelphia, showing Kitty when she

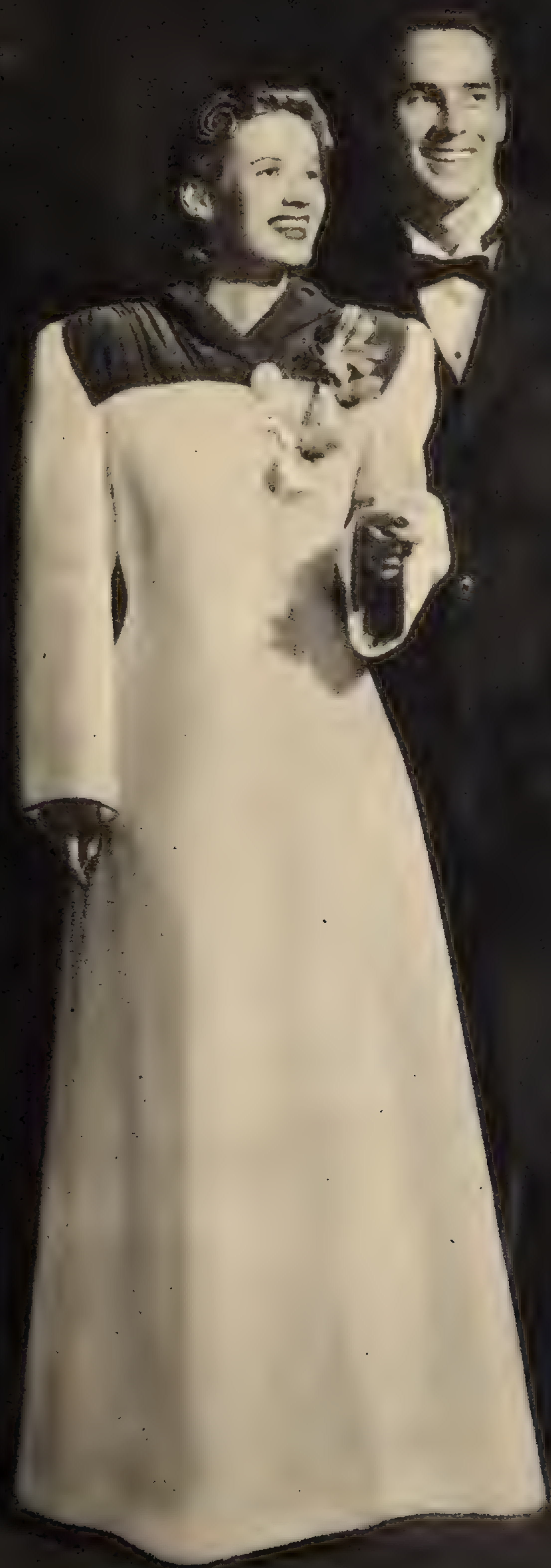
was fifteen and takes her through her love affair with Wynn and her career in New York, ending with her decision to marry Mark.

To portray Kitty at the age of fifteen, the wardrobe department outfitted Ginger Rogers in a blue middie and black cotton stockings and the make-up department plaited her hair (golden red for this picture) into long braids, tied by bows. The rest of her wardrobe consists of clothes that any stenographer or secretary might own. Only expensive gown that Ginger wears is an evening dress fashioned of gold lamé imported from France at a cost of \$24 dollars a yard. Because the material used in the gown was the last of its kind to come out of war-torn France, Bonwit Teller, exclusive New York store, wired the studio asking for it. RKO refused to yield the cloth, preferring to gown their star in it.

To assure authenticity of the sets, a

NIGHT *and* DAY FASHIONS

PIERRE'S



Bright green or red velveteen adds a dash of glamour and glory to yoke and hood. The crisp rayon taffeta lining is matched in the same gay tones. \$19.95. Lord & Taylor's second floor. New York.

Christmas Style Scene for a Good Girl

"good morning"
pajamas

rain dear

compact as
all get out

mittens for
muchness

two times

"make believe
I land" a
fur coat

hankies
for show

holly jewelry
in holiday
spirit

gift in the bag

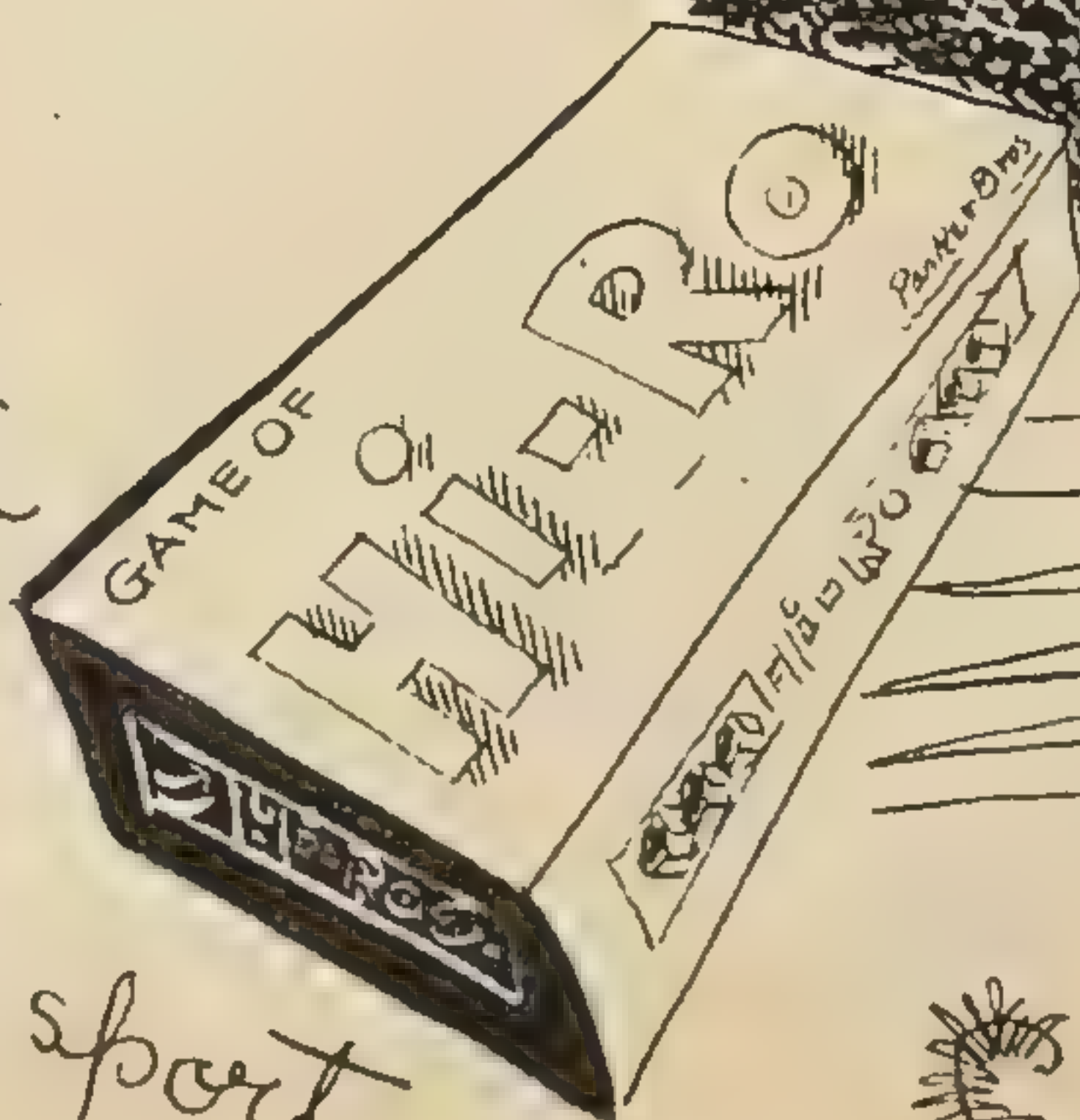
cut a figure in
bare-knee socks

honey bear slippers
of teddy bear cloth

"Thanks for a lovely
evening" dress

a game sport

MERCHANDISE
INFORMATION
PAGE 73



L. Charlick

**ALL DRESSED UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS
TREE... AND HEADING OUT IN HOODS!**



LEADING lady dazzles her public in a charming formal taffeta with pin-point waist. Rhinestones sparkle flirtatiously on straps and pockets. Sizes 9-17. \$10.95. Saks at 34. New York.

White angel goes glamorously to dinner in rayon jersey . . . multi-colored sequins stud the halo hood. Sizes 10-18. \$7.95. Ohrbach's. New York.

Late dater in her party-going wrap . . . white galyak fur-cloth top, velvet skirt. A charmer and a warmer. Sizes 10-18. \$14.95. At Stern's. New York.

Ginny: Real fur! How do you do it on your budget?

Gay: One coat for day, dress and eve actually saves money.



Ginny: How are you getting along in there?

Gay: Swell! I'm only taking my wear-to-everything sueded jersey.



Ginny: Don't you look sweet as sugar.

Gay: Ducky is the word. My rumpus coat is "Weather Sealed" by Impregnole.



Short and sweet! The fur jacket you've always craved and thought you couldn't afford, at a believe-it-or-not price. Skunk-dyed or sable-dyed Opossum. Sizes 12-20. Only \$38. At I. J. Fox, New York.

Rise and shine at the office in this sueded rayon jersey—with self buttons and buttonholes all over the place! Heavenly colors, too! All for \$3.98 in sizes 12-18. Sold at McCreery, New York.

Who's just a fair weather friend? Your rumpus coat frolics with you rain or shine. Water-repellent cotton gabardine, red collar and hood lining, zipper pocket. Sizes 12-20. \$4.94. Macy's, New York.

and **G** add up to stay under *Seventy-five dollars*



Gay: For once I'm satisfied with the way I look. This dress has everything—good style, keen lines and looks so expensive!

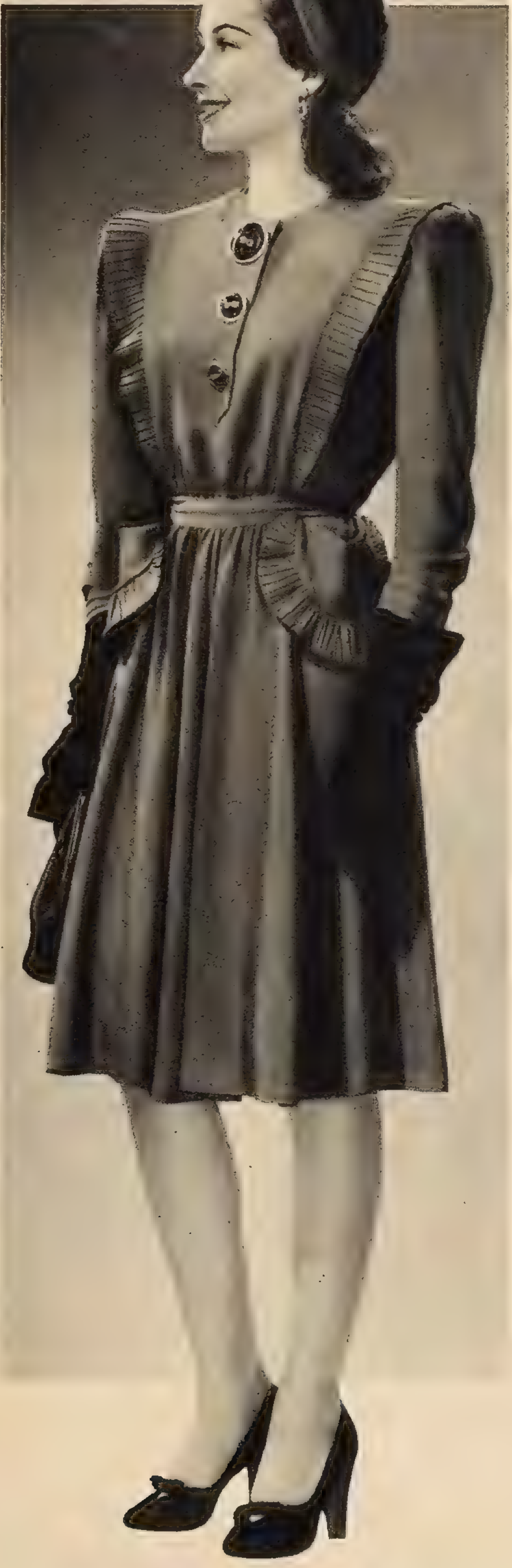


Like an expensive English classic with its impeccable tailoring, soft wool and cashmere jersey, ribboned cardigan front. A natural for year 'round wear. Sizes 10-20. \$7.95. Lord & Taylor, New York.



Ginny: I wish I could find a dress like my summer Pinafores.

Gay: I saw a Fall Pinafore dress that would be darling on you.



P. stands for pinafore frock, pleated ruffs 'n' pockets a-plenty. In other words, Perfection! Delicious shades of crêpe, contrasting graduated buttons. Sizes 9-17. \$10.95. McCreery's New York.



Butch: What an evening dress! I love it.

Ginny: It's day-time, too, when I wear a short skirt.



Wait till he sees you in this! The all-important gold-embroidered dinner blouse, startling in scarlet with black skirt. Blouse sizes 32-38. \$3.98. Skirt sizes 12-18. \$3.98. Franklin Simon, New York.



PRETTY PENNY is mighty busy these days scouting for extra special Xmas values! She calls them "nifty-gifties" and she'll have lots more next month.



DASHAWAY

... for daytime

Ask for football colors in this casual and thoroughly grand Year Rounder of fleece-finished felt. \$1.99. Available at Gimbel Bros.



POMPONS

... for madcaps

Puff-balls go to your head making a witty hand-crocheted wool yarn hat. Adjustable for all sizes. \$2.95 at Bloomingdale's.

RINGS

... and earrings

New! These silver loyalty rings for friendship. Nice! These decorative plated beauties for pretty ears. \$1 each. Saks at 34.



BOWKNOTS

... and flutterbys

Tiny glamorous novelties made of ribbon, lace and flowers. Bow'n earring set \$1.39; posy comb 47c; butterfly 94c. Macy's.



MAGIC

... for misses

Yankette, a slip that becomes *your* length by a yank at a thread. Crown-tested Seraceta rayon. \$1.69. James McCreery.



A MUFF

... for stuff

To protect your paws and hold all of your gadgets. Surprise! It's a pocket-book, too. Persian fur fabric on cloth. \$3 at Gimbel's.

LINES

... for waistlines

Stunning stone-studded gold or silver mesh belt. \$1.95. Macy's. Daytime suedester with tiny ring trim. \$1.00 at Altman's.



CLASS

... for classmates

Kayser's glove "Good News" and Joyce's bucko oxford "Knave" ensemble for campus or sports. Glove \$1. Kayser Shops.





**It's fun to match-mate
your wits and needles!**

7205—Don a cute crochet-bordered apron and set your table with table mats and matching glass jackets.

9159—Keep your closet up to snuff with custom-made hangers and sachets.

9168—This crocheted satin case is as swish as your best hankie inside.

Send in the coupon below with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Instructions are absolutely free.

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Kindly send, at no cost to me:

Directions for No. 7205.....

Directions for Nos. 9159-9168.....

I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope

Name

Street

City..... State.....

Use your heads! Use your hands! What your needlework needs is more imagination. Crocheting is all very fine and delicate and ladylike just by its lonesome, but hooking it to ideas like the ones above is positively a stroke of genius! But you don't have to be a genius to do it, it's that easy! And good news to you career girls, you can accomplish all this in your spare moments on your spare change.

In whipping up a firelight supper on holiday eves, add a note of whimsy to your background

with a crash apron and table mats, both trimmed with a crochet pattern that matches the glasses' "jackets." Just watch this sparkling combination whet your guests' appetites! They're simple to make and bound to impress the ultra ultra of visiting notables.

To solve that problem of the gift for "the girl who has everything," sharpen your wits 'n' needles and give her a bit of fact and fancy—a crocheted handkerchief case with dress hangers to match. They're everlastingly useful, and she'll love owning 'em!

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH "VIRGINIA"

Hollywood comes to the serene old South and produces this vivid, romantic love story



▲ Madeleine's not peering at Fred MacMurray's molars—she's helping him with his make-up. It must be absolutely perfect, for this film's in Technicolor.

Just stepped out ➤ of a bandbox? No, a trailer—which served Madeleine Carroll as a dressing-room on the set of "Virginia."



◀ Turn about is fair play! Miss Carroll, looking like the 20th Century instead of the 18th, turns the lenses on a bevy of syndicate photographers, who obligingly give her an inviting "cheesecake"—leg picture to you.



◀ Marie Wilson, known for long eyelashes and humorous parts, plays her most serious role to date—a comedy part with an undertone of seriousness. This marks her comeback after a two-year absence from films.

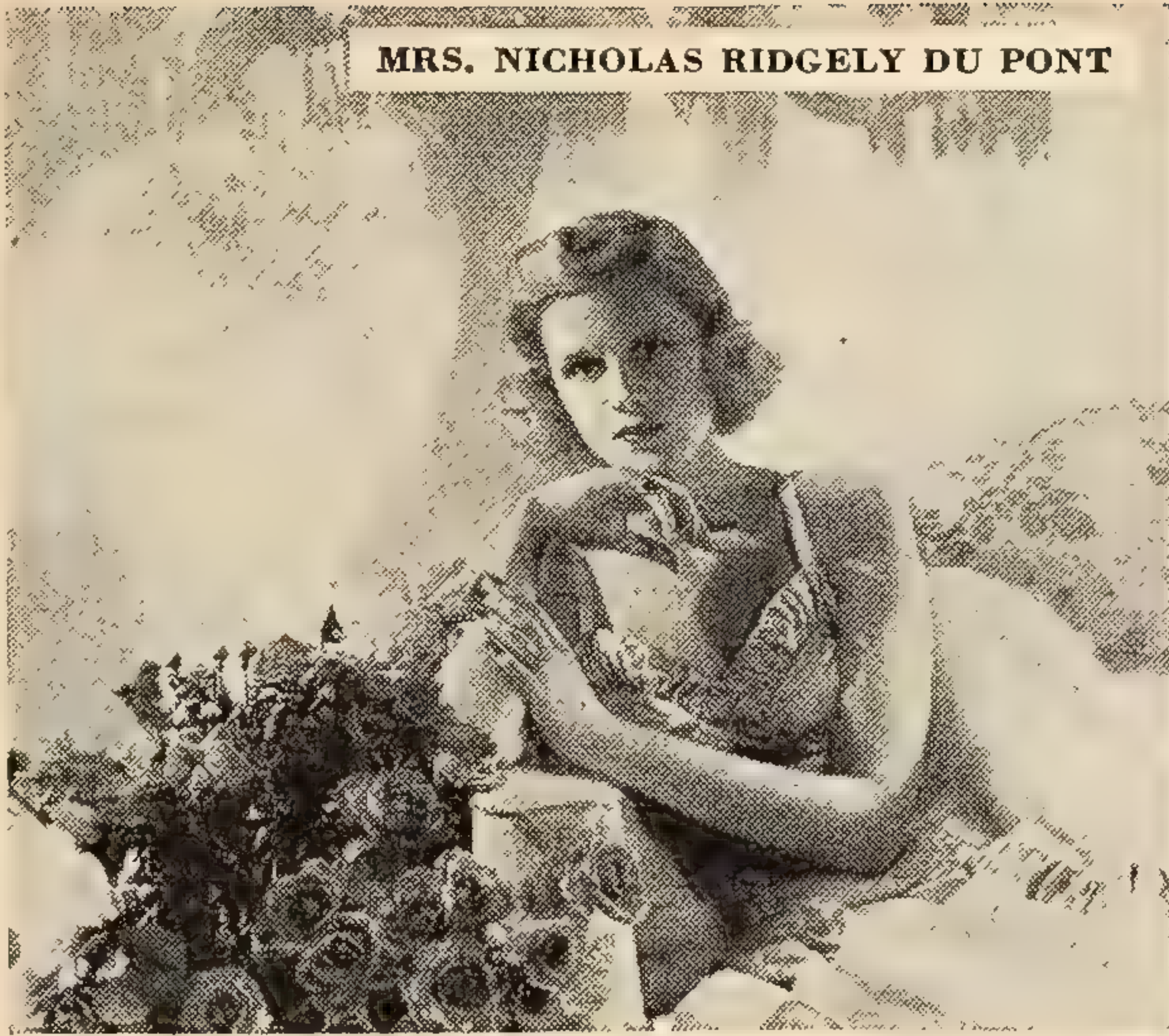


On the set of "Virginia," the cast ate, lived ▲ and acted outdoors. In bad weather, covered sets were used. Here's Carolyn Lee (the only cast member who didn't lose pounds on location) taking a snack in the sunlight between scenes.

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III



MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT



MRS. EUGENE DU PONT, III



MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.



AMERICAN GIRL 1941

Eyes bright as stars . . . Hair brushed to shining . . . Cheeks—clean, fresh, sweet as a newly flowered rose . . . Attire trim as a uniform, or—a benison of grace and soft enchantment.

Thus stands our American Girl. Eager. Spirited. Swift to serve as today's swift events demand.

That jewel brightness is part of her unchanging tradition of high health and personal beauty.

In her primer of true breeding are five flaming requisites to the care of her face, the treasured edicts long laid down by Pond's:—

BATHE the face lavishly with luscious Pond's Cold Cream. *Spank* its fragrant unctuousness into the skin of face and throat. Spank for 3 full minutes—even five. This swift and obedient cream mixes with the dried, dead surface cells, dirt and make-up on your skin, softening and setting them free.

WIPE OFF all this softened debris with the caressing absorbency of Pond's Tissues. With it you have removed some of the softened tops of blackheads—rendered it easier for little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

SPANK again with fresh fingerfuls of gracious Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with Pond's Tissues. This spanking enhances

both the cleansing and the softening. Your skin emerges from it infinitely refreshed. Lines seem softened. Pores seem finer.

COOL with the faint, intriguing astringence of Pond's Skin Freshener.

MASK your whole face, for one full minute, with a blissful coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This delectable cream has as one of its chief missions in life the duty of dispersing remaining harsh particles, chappings, aftermath of exposure. When you wipe it off, it leaves a perceptible mat finish. Then with what enchantment your powder goes on. How surprisingly it holds.

Perform this Pond's ritual in full once daily—before retiring or during the day. And again in abbreviated form as your skin and make-up need freshening. Guard your skin's tender look and feel, as do so many members of America's most distinguished families—with Pond's. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond's.

GIVE-AWAY for the thrifty minded—FREE (for a limited period) a tempting supply of Pond's authoritative hand lotion, DANYA, with each purchase of the medium-size Pond's Cold Cream. Both for the price of cream! At beauty counters everywhere.

BOTH FOR THE PRICE OF CREAM

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MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III . . . MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT . . . MRS. EUGENE DU PONT, III . . . MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR. . . members of the brilliant family whose aristocratic heritage, whose vast and varied industries, are almost an American legend. All have for years followed the Pond's ritual

EXPOSING WEAKNESSES OF TOP RANKING STARS

(Continued from page 25)

Another fine one is this Laraine Day. She'll go far. She has a good range, a retentive memory. I can go over the script with her, mention a pause in a certain bit of dialogue and a week later, when we get to that dialogue, she'll remember the pause!

"I'd call Robert Donat the easiest man I've ever worked with. His Mr. Chips was mere child's play. Why, once on the stage in London, I saw him enact, in successive scenes, a lad of eighteen and an old man of eighty! Match that!"

Returning to his own methods, Hitchcock said that he mapped out the movies he directed entirely in advance; made quick pencil sketches of each scene and never deviated from his original plan. He revealed how he got the most out of his players. He indulged in trickery!

THERE was the time, in "Thirty-Nine Steps," when Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat were to be handcuffed and devote hours to dragging each other up and down hills, over meadows—and even spend a night at an inn.

To make matters even more interesting, they didn't know each other. They came to the set one morning at nine and Hitchcock, in his own amiable manner, introduced them and immediately handcuffed them together. Neither had had breakfast. Neither was exactly the chummy type. Yet Hitchcock kept them shackled for two hours.

"Take these darn handcuffs off!" wailed Madeleine.

"Can't," sighed Hitchcock. "Lost the key."

After four hours, the handcuffed stars hated each other, hated the world. Hitchcock turned to his cameraman. "Twirl 'em!" he shouted. The camera rolled. The scene was realistic. It created a sensation.

"You have to be tricky and sometimes even cruel," said Hitchcock. "In 'Foreign Correspondent,' there's that big scene where the airplane is shot down, and the players have to hang on to a wing in the water while the waves break over them. I never warned them when the waves were coming, and so their reactions were real. That \$160,000 scene took ten days to film! I knew that the stars would grumble about being in the water a week and a half, so I applied a little psychology. I hired a sixty-nine-year-old lady, Miss Gertrude Hoffman, to go into the water with the others. As long as a woman her age didn't complain, well, Joel McCrea and Laraine Day couldn't either. And the scene went off smoothly. Not bad, eh, what?"

Not bad at all. But, before leaving Mr. Hitchcock, we must repeat a story we recently heard about him.

It seems that a few weeks ago Hitchcock was lured to a swank dinner party. All of Movieland was there—producers, actors, relatives, everyone. After the coffee and dessert, the guests grouped off to play poker. Hitchcock, not being familiar with the game, promptly settled himself into a nearby easy chair and fell asleep.

After a couple of hours Mrs. Hitchcock came over and shook her husband until he opened his eyes.

"Wouldn't you like to go home, Alfred?" she asked.

"Oh, heavens no," murmured Hitchcock. "Why, that would be rude!"

Which, we feel, explains enough about

the pudgy Englishman—so that we can now go over to a white house on the side of a hill, and chat with a giant German.

The German, a self-educated, ex-shepherd named William Dieterle, slumped in his wicker chair and stared out over Burbank below and the Warner Brothers studio, where he had manufactured his great hits on Pasteur, Zola, Ehrlich and the Hunchback. We gazed upon Dieterle with respect. He had given the movies something more than pretty legs. He had given the movies brains.

Now, he straightened his lank, strong body and, speaking in a curious, slow mixture of Teutonic-accented English



Priscilla Lane, youngest and smallest of the Lanes, steals Santa's stuff. Imagine finding her under your tree!

and American slang, he analyzed some of the stars whose names he had made household words.

"The best actress I've ever worked with? Bette Davis. By far. She's so flexible, so intelligent, a thoroughbred who reacts to the most subtle of suggestions. Of course, she isn't perfect—she has nervous habits like fluttering her eyelids and clasping her hands, which must be watched.

"It is more difficult for me to select the best actor I've ever worked with. Most men, I find, are extremists. Either totally empty, with nothing to give, or too intellectual. Both types are difficult to work with.

"Perhaps Paul Muni comes closest to my ideal. However, I sometimes think he carries his thoroughness to extremes. I understand that for 'The Good Earth' he worked on a Chinese farm in California to get in the mood. I don't think such experiences are necessary to understand

a role. An artist's imagination should be sufficient.

"Very few people know it, but there are two Paul Munis. The one who, as Emile Zola, stands in front of the camera speaking and acting, and the other who stands behind himself constantly and critically whispering in his ear, 'No, no, Muni, that's not right. Zola wouldn't have done it that way. Try it again. Try it again.' This constant looking at himself as he acts, this too intellectual approach often hampers Muni.

"In fact, to keep him spontaneous, I often print the first take of his big scenes. I'll let you in on a secret. Remember the famous seven minutes speech Muni made to the jury in Zola? I put three cameras on him and told him to run through it. He did—but as usual—wasn't satisfied. I permitted him to do it over three or four times but, between us, I used the first take. It was the jerkiest—but the most natural. And now it's famous."

Dieterle, renowned for his eccentricity of directing pictures while wearing white gloves, now passed his big, bare hands over his semi-bald head, settled back and mentioned a fellow eccentric.

"Charles Laughton is the most eccentric person I have ever met," admitted Dieterle. "But in his case, it's an asset. Laughton, nervous, hyper-sensitive, is really a Feast for Freud, a 365 day experiment for a psychologist.

"He's full of unusual ideas about his scenes. And you have to hold the reins on him, or soon you find him not only acting in his pictures but also directing them. He never plays a scene the same way twice. And because the only time he relaxes is at rehearsals, I feel he often gives his best performances then when, unfortunately, the camera isn't looking.

"Laughton has one curious quirk. Whenever I approach him to begin a scene, he replies, 'I am not in the mood.' This, I learned, is not temperament, but fear. He actually has an inferiority complex about getting in front of the camera. He always thinks he just won't be good enough. Yet he's touched with genius

ONE more thing about him. Like Muni, he, too, believes he must feel and experience an emotion before he can portray it. When we were shooting the final scene of 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame,' Laughton was supposed to be on top of a 350-foot cathedral, looking down. Naturally, we intended to fake the shot, by shooting a close-up on the ground, with Laughton on a platform ten feet high. Well, before the scene, Laughton strolled up to me and said, 'Bill, I can't feel the scene. I've got to experience it. I've got to get up on top of that 350-foot cathedral for a few hours and get the feeling. Then you can fake it, after I'm in the mood.' I knew better than to argue with him. So Laughton began climbing up the 350-foot structure. A big eater, he had just completed an enormous lunch, and when he had climbed halfway up, I saw him waver, look down, sway—and suddenly he was ill to his stomach. We helped him down and put him on a cot. And take it from me, sir, Mr. Laughton didn't have to feel the scene that afternoon. He was happy to have it faked!"

William Dieterle, with ten years of guiding the professional emotions of Hollywood stars behind him, wound up the

(Continued on page 64)

I was petrified!

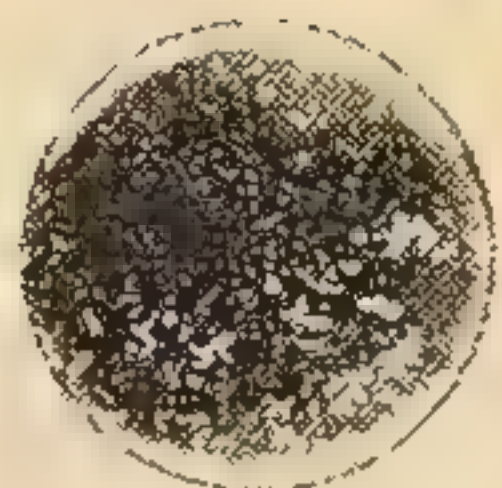


FROM across the room his eyes flashed a dare I could not accept! My heart responded! But I ran away. He must not see that dandruff kept me from being lovable. That was two months ago, before a beauty operator advised me to use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo each week. I discovered that beauty operators depend on the Fitch guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application, and on the evidence of the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval. They know that Fitch Shampoo reconditions dry, oily and normal hair, because it penetrates and cleanses the tiny hair openings. If you're worried about dull lifeless hair, and humiliated by dandruff, ask for a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at your favorite toilet goods counter, as I did. And I hope you have as good luck as I did — we're being married in June!

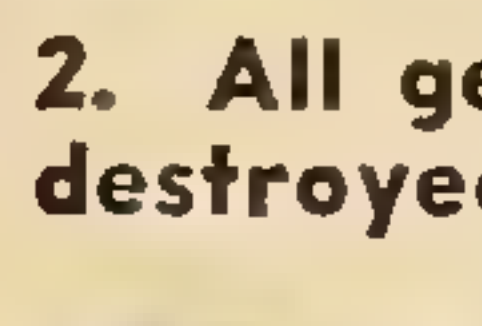


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3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural lustre of hair.



4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural lustre of the hair.

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interview by discussing actors in general.

"Many actors are difficult creatures, refusing to submerge themselves into a role. They fight for the lens, for close-ups. But many are gentlemen, and Edward G. Robinson is one of these. He's a great man who can take criticism well, but even he has one bad habit. In his portrayals of Ehrlich and Reuter he was like a thousand-armed Buddha, gesturing much too much. I told him about it, and he toned down.

"Personally, I like actors who will fight. I don't like people who 'yes' me and who are too easy to get along with. I need opposition to produce my best, and criticism keeps me on my toes.

"But all things considered, I love actors. They're crazy and harassed—but interesting."

At this point, he led us into his private study, walls lined with books printed in German, French and English. He showed us one of his working scripts—with pages upon pages of notations, scribbled out in advance, and an outline of the movement of the picture.

"This outline, however, is only a blueprint," explained Dieterle. "I try to keep my mind open to any new suggestions or inspirations that may come up. For example, that scene in Ehrlich where the blind boy gets his sight back, where the unfocused lens of the camera becomes clearer and clearer to show the return of his sight, was purely inspired. There are no special scenes I prefer to shoot. Because I love the complexity of life, I also love all types of scenes.

"My ambition," he concluded, "is to make the intelligent A pictures of today the ordinary and accepted B pictures of tomorrow. Then, at last I'll know we've advanced."

Having left the outspoken Mr. Dieterle among his books, we moved over to a huge sound stage at M-G-M, where two-fisted Woody Van Dyke was directing Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in "Bittersweet."

This was unusual, and we sensed it. After all, Woody Van Dyke, a marine who had shot a charging rhino in Africa, who had quelled a mutiny in Alaska, who had thrown Max Baer into a swimming pool—Woody Van Dyke directing a musical—well!

"I suppose it does seem crazy," Van Dyke confessed, when we pointed it out. "But hell, I've directed musicals before. Of course, I don't know a darn thing about music except the scale—you know, do-re-mi—but I've got an ear, I know what sounds good, so what the devil!"

Today, at the age of fifty-two, Woodbridge Strong Van Dyke, as he was originally christened, could look back upon an exciting, topsy-turvy career. He first became interested in dramatics at the age of five when he appeared in "Ruth, The Blind Girl." He was Ruth.

During his teens, Woody Van Dyke took an active part in politics, wandering up and down the Pacific coast giving fiery talks on Socialism. On three different occasions he was jailed as a radical. Finally, his famous uncle, Dr. John C. Van Dyke, of Rutgers University, hearing of his escapades, wrote to Seattle and asked relatives to stop Woody from ruining the renowned family name. Immediately, Woody's grandmother replied to the protesting uncle, "Dear John: You better let the kid alone with his radical ideas. When you were his age you had no ideas at all!"

Meeting Van Dyke, we realized that he hadn't changed since his youth. He was still a radical—in the sense that, in a city of pretensions, he had none. We had heard that once he was scheduled to do

some re-takes with Greta Garbo. He was warned that Garbo wasn't in the best of humor, and that he had better treat her with kid gloves. Whereupon Van Dyke breezed onto the set, spotted the great Garbo, clapped her on the back and exclaimed, "Hiya, kid!" (P.S. She loved him for it.)

"Aw, there's a lot of nonsense written about stars," Van Dyke told us, "and most of it is bosh. They're just regular folks. Take Wallace Beery. Before being assigned to one of his pictures, I was warned that he was tough to work with, that he wouldn't do a lick of labor on Sundays and that he liked to sleep until ten in the morning. So, the first day on location, I went up to him, stuck out my chin and said, 'Wally, we work seven days a week on this picture, and that includes Sundays. And we start in at seven-thirty in the morning. Does that suit you?' Beery grinned, 'Woody, that



Hedy Lamarr, victim of two unfortunate marriages, is beginning to think that dog is man's best friend.

suits me fine.' And after we'd had our understanding, there was never a better guy to work with."

Van Dyke nodded toward a big fellow wearing horn-rimmed spectacles. "Now Nelson Eddy over there is really easy to direct. That's because he's serious, only interested in singing. Though, when he gets too serious, I kid around with him and he relaxes. My favorite feminine star is Norma Shearer. She's like putty. Reacts to the slightest bit of direction.

"Part of a director's job is understanding peculiarities of the stars, no matter how minor. Take Bill Powell, for instance. I always call him a half hour before I need him, and then he shows up on time because, by the clock, he's always a half hour late. Jeanette MacDonald always takes coaxing to get on the set. She's invariably powdering.

"I think the biggest problem I ever

faced was Hedy Lamarr. After 'I Take This Woman' was shelved, she was at the crossroads of her career. I was scheduled to re-shoot the picture, and Hedy was a stickler. Directors didn't seem to be getting the most out of her. Finally, I figured it out. I learned that the trouble was they were giving her too much dialogue at once, and it confused her. You see, when Hedy reads or hears an English word, she thinks it out in German and then slowly translates it into English again. Too much dialogue gives her mental indigestion, so I fed her the stuff in small pieces—and she turned out swell!

"My credo is never to try to change the personality of a star. I let them all be themselves, remembering that's exactly what made them famous."

Studying this man of whipcord and steel, we remembered the picture that, overnight, lifted him to the summit of fame. It was "Trader Horn." M-G-M asked Van Dyke to lead a Hollywood expedition into the matted green of the Belgian Congo and there shoot the film. Taking thirty-eight white men and women, two hundred African blacks, ninety-two tons of luggage, fourteen small trucks, two seven-ton sound wagons and a nine-ton generator machine, Van Dyke traveled nine thousand miles through the heart of Africa! There, for twenty-five cents worth of salt and olive oil, he hired pygmies to turn thespian. There, he was acclaimed a great warrior because the natives found 250 human skulls in his trunks (not knowing they were cardboard skulls from the M-G-M prop department!)

"Trader Horn," of course, elevated Woody Van Dyke to the genius class, and "The Thin Man" series solidified his lofty reputation.

We asked Van Dyke how he worked.

I DON'T break down a script. Hell, I read it over once and forget about it. Then, when the picture starts, I walk on the set, look at the scene I'm supposed to shoot and shoot it. I'm prejudiced in favor of nice, sweet love scenes. I don't like risqué ones, because I never know how far to go with them. Whenever I make a borderline scene, I think of how the Parent Teachers' Association, my favorite organization, will look at it, and shoot accordingly. . . . Advice to those who want to be actors or directors? Simple enough. Figure out how you would naturally do a thing and then do it naturally some other way!"

For a session with another picture pilot, we invaded Columbia and found 47-year-old Ben Hecht, once labeled "Pagliacci of the Fire Escape," straddling the top of a ladder, chewing gum furiously, and guiding the emotions of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Rita Hayworth and Thomas Mitchell in a little thing called, "Before I Die."

This was Ben Hecht's fifth crack at directing an opus, his best previous effort having been a minor classic, "The Scoundrel" with a gent named Noel Coward. Hailed variously for authoring a book, "Erik Dorn," and a play, "The Front Page," Ben Hecht had also made a reputation by calling Hollywood the "Mecca of Moronity" and the "Palace of Platitude," and by writing this poem, with Charles MacArthur, for his picture, "Soak the Rich".

"We're the gents that wrote the yarn
And here's what it's about.
Class ideas don't mean a thing
When Love Kicks 'Em Out!"

We coaxed Ben Hecht, his moustache and his battered brown felt hat down from the directorial ladder, and led him

to a nearby chair. We asked him about personalities.

Hecht was curt, but colorful.

"Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is by far the best actor I've ever worked with in Hollywood. Why listen, he can take a scene cold, and in fifteen minutes he'll not only have it memorized, but he'll understand the character backwards. Also, he's the finest mimic in town, though no one realizes it. I'll tell you one inside fact about Fairbanks. It's his only fault. He's ashamed of acting! He thinks it's child's play, and he feels he has too much brains for this kind of hocus-pocus. But when he swallows his pride, he's magnificent.

"The only other person who'd compare with Fairbanks on the screen would be Noel Coward, who is really a synonym for polish."

At the time we saw Hecht, his antics had Columbia in a bit of an uproar. He had his picture nine days ahead of schedule, a thing unheard of; he persisted in playing the violin before crucial scenes; he insisted on insulting his players too. But—cardinal sin!—in an interview, he had called all producers nitwits. This prompted the studio owner, Mr. Cohn, to call Mr. Hecht on the carpet.

"What's the idea calling all producers nitwits?" he demanded. "I'm a producer."

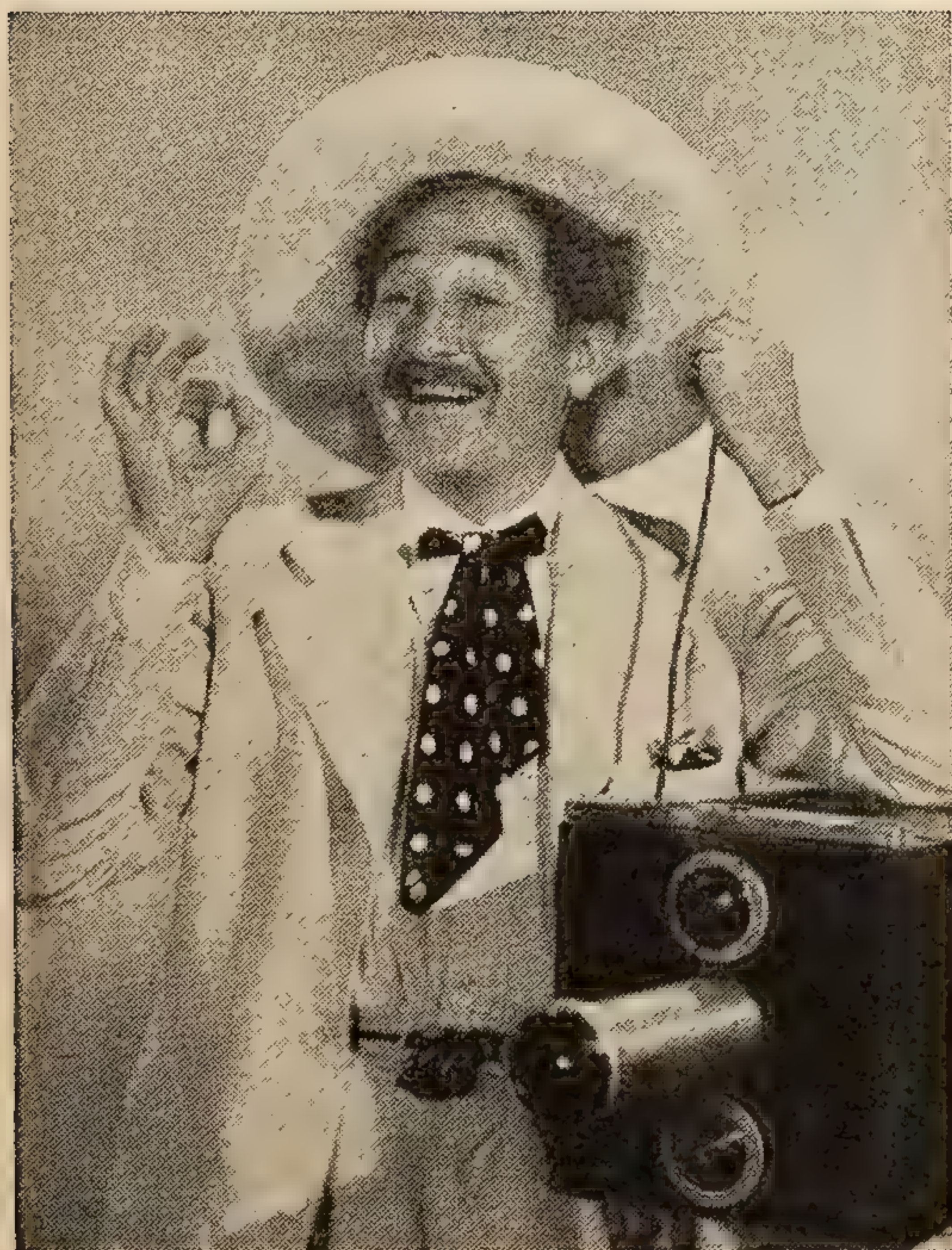
"Naw, you're not a producer," grunted Hecht, "you're a money-bag!"

And Hecht wheeled and left, returning to his violin, which gave rise to the now classical saying in Hollywood, "Hecht fiddles while Cohn burns!"

But back to the interview, and to a potpourri of exclusive Hechtisms:

"I don't believe in working on a script in advance. It ruins spontaneity. I work on a movie as if it were a play. Rehearse a scene cold and then shoot it. This makes performances more realistic . . . I don't believe in fancy close-ups and all the artistic trimmings. They detract . . . The only shots I don't like to direct are those involving extras, because they take too much time to organize. I believe in only two takes to keep a scene natural . . . I believe the big trouble with actors is that they are too insanely serious about their face-making . . . If you wish to be happy in Hollywood, you've got to have a sense of humor."

And having concluded his speech-making, Ben Hecht left us, left the picture itself in charge of his cameraman, and



Old smoothie Adolphe Menjou is a slap-happy comedian in his latest film—Hal Roach's side-splitting "Road Show."

Brunettes! answer these 3 questions and look your loveliest

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Shall I lighten my skin?

Shall I match it?

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It's simply a matter of this:

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Are you more stunning if your skin is a warm, rosy tone to dramatize your brunette coloring?

One of these effects you will choose as rightly yours. And Pond's has 3 superlative brunette shades to provide you with that desired effect.

A light cream shade, with a little pink in it—Rose Dawn. It is light enough to match fair-skinned brunettes. Slightly darker brunettes by the thousands use it to lighten and brighten their skin.

A deeper cream—Brunette-Rachel—but all cream and no pink. Countless

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wandered off to listen to some new Paul Robeson records.

Slightly in a daze, we decided to chat with one more director to prove our original point—that sense of direction is the most important single factor in celluloid production.

We went to Universal and visited Tay Garnett, a slight individual, bearing a resemblance to Roscoe Karns. With such successes as "One Way Passage," "Trade Winds," "Eternally Yours," and Marlene Dietrich's thrilling new picture—"Seven Sinners"—behind him, Garnett was in a talkative and mellow mood. He opened the top of his trick cane, propped himself on it and repeated our first query.

"How does it feel to be a movie director?" Garnett grinned. "It feels this way: years ago I was making 'Our Gang' comedies out at Hal Roach Studios. One day I was summoned off the set for a long telephone conversation, and when I returned I found the duskier member of 'Our Gang,' little Sunshine Sammy, sitting in my director's chair ordering the others around. I walked up to him, scratched his kinky head and said, 'Well, Sammy, I suppose you're going to be a director when you grow up?' Sunshine Sammy rolled his big black eyes, flashed his white teeth and snapped back, 'Shucks, no, Mr. Garnett, it's tough enough being colored!' . . . Which should answer your question."

We asked Tay Garnett about some of the stars he's worked with. He admitted that Bill Powell and Kay Francis were probably the most able and the most cooperative. "They work so hard and they're such nice people," was the way he put it. We pressed Garnett for more info.

He massaged his cheek thoughtfully and then spoke.

"I'm finding Marlene Dietrich good to work with. You know, she thinks it's bad luck to be late on a set, and as a consequence she's always hours early, just sitting around waiting. Jean Harlow used to be like that, too. I remember Ann Sothern for her violent enthusiasm over her job. She was almost through when I played a hunch and put her in 'Trade Winds'—which put her back among the stars. After the picture was released, she took an hour's drive to my place, burst in while I was asleep, shook me out of bed and exclaimed, 'Poppy, you did it; M-G-M just signed me to a new contract! I'm a star again!' There aren't many stars as appreciative."

We wondered if Garnett ever had to employ trickery to get the most out of his charges. Garnett admitted he did.

I REMEMBER directing a scene in which Joan Bennett was meant to look horrified. In the picture her sister was to have been killed or something like that. But Joan wasn't in the mood, and I couldn't make her register horror. Finally I applied the old gray matter. I got the camera rolling, zoomed it down for a close-up of her, and then screamed, 'Joan, I just heard, your daughter's been hit by a truck!' Her immediate reaction was a thing to behold, the horror on her face exactly what I wanted. It was a cruel lie, but necessary."

Turning the interview inward and speaking of himself, Garnett added:

"My ambition today is to make the best picture of the year every year. But I want to make each picture for the people, those who read movie magazines and not for the critics. I think Frank Capra is the one man in Hollywood today doing the proper job—mixing entertainment with worthwhile Americanism. He's not a preacher but a magician. My one am-

bition is to do a modern up-to-the-second movie on national defense."

A technician interrupted us and handed Garnett a tumbler bubbling with champagne. Garnett licked his lips. "This is Joe Pasternak's one eccentricity. At the start of each picture he opens a bottle of excellent champagne and insists that everyone from the prop boy to the star take a sip. Even being a director has its compensations."

And so there we have interviewed our five representative picture pilots. And in chatting with them, we have learned that a director must have the courage of a lion tamer, the nerves of a brain surgeon, the mentality of a mathematician.

FURTHERMORE, each director must be an individual with an independent mind. To prove how directors differ, we would like to show you how each of the five men we interviewed would attack one historic scene.

The Scene: William Tell has refused to bow to the tyrant Gessler's hat in the public square. For this crime, he has been arrested, and to save his life he must take bow and arrow and shoot an apple off his son's head. Now let each of the five directors film this famous scene.

Alfred Hitchcock: "I would shoot this without a word of dialogue. It would all be camera angles. I would show the confidence of the son in his father's aim. I would show the hands of the father, the eyes of the son, the apple itself. I would film William Tell inserting the arrow in the bow, slowly pulling the bow back. I would obtain suspense by having the arrow quiver up and down in the bow, unnerving the audience into feeling it was not being aimed right. And then, for the final shot, I would place my camera behind the boy's head, with the arrow driving toward the camera."

William Dieterle: "So much depends on who would play William Tell. I would direct Albert Basserman or Paul Muni or Spencer Tracy each differently. I think, on the stage and in acting, this scene has been wrecked by overplaying, by making William Tell a big hero instead of a mere human. I would handle it naively with Tell an easy-going peasant man. Will Rogers, in my opinion, would have been the perfect William Tell, a jolly, homey fellow. I don't think I'd want Paul Muni in the lead. He wouldn't be good. You see he just would never shoot the apple off his son's head, because he would think too much and never hit the apple. I would handle the entire story in folk-lore fashion, remembering that the big issue of the picture must be the Swiss fight for liberation, with this particular scene a dramatic highlight."

Woody Van Dyke: "Frankly, I don't know what I'd do with this scene until the minute I stepped on the set. I think, though, I'd make it grim and hardboiled."

Ben Hecht: "I would play the entire thing for comedy. Sure. After all, how can the shooting of an apple off someone's head possibly be serious? It's always struck me as extremely funny. Besides, I've always thought William Tell a lousy story, and you can quote me!"

Tay Garnett: "I don't think it should be played straight. I can only visualize it with 'Babe' Hardy, as William Tell, shooting the jumpy apple off Stan Laurel's noggin. That's my picture of the scene."

Which, citizens, gives you an idea of how five famous film physicians operate. And all of which, in summary, shows you how the men who do the dirty work think and toil.

Incidentally, do you still think actors do most of the work in making a movie?

THE MOST MALIGNED WOMAN IN HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 27)

I was invited out to dinner and wanted desperately to create an impression, I'd sit there tongue-tied with self-consciousness, physically unable to talk. Sooner or later I'd have to get away from the table, go somewhere and lie down. I'd be ill. I made up my mind then that I was going to find a kind of life for myself where I'd never have to go to dinner.

"People can't seem to understand how, if I really am self-conscious (which they doubt), I could become an actress. And I can't understand why they can't understand. It is the most natural thing in the world. Acting, I can get out of myself. No other profession offers me such an exciting way of escape."

She interrupted her rush of words to smile persuasively.

"Most people on the stage," she continued, "have a curious kind of self-consciousness. Playing a part, you have smart lines to say, or dramatic lines, or amusing lines—and you move around in a pink spotlight, which flatters you, glamorizes you. But when you step out of the spotlight, you're just an ordinary person. Your looks aren't spectacular, you play lousy tennis, and you don't say clever things. You have to have a colossal ego, or be a colossal ham, not to be self-conscious."

THERE were tales that she took acting more seriously than any other actress alive. How about those reports?

"I deny them," she said airily, crushing out her cigarette for emphasis. "I submit in evidence the fact that I limit my acting to stage and screen. I don't carry it over into private life. I relax after working hours."

"As a job, I take acting seriously, yes. There's no other job I'd rather do. There's a tremendous sense of excitement about it. And I'm hyper-critical of myself as an actress; that story is true. But I also give myself praise when I think I deserve it. When I watch something I've done, I'm very cold-blooded, very impersonal. Almost everyone is, who has terrific ideals, who cares desperately how a thing comes out, and how everybody comes out in it. I admit I care."

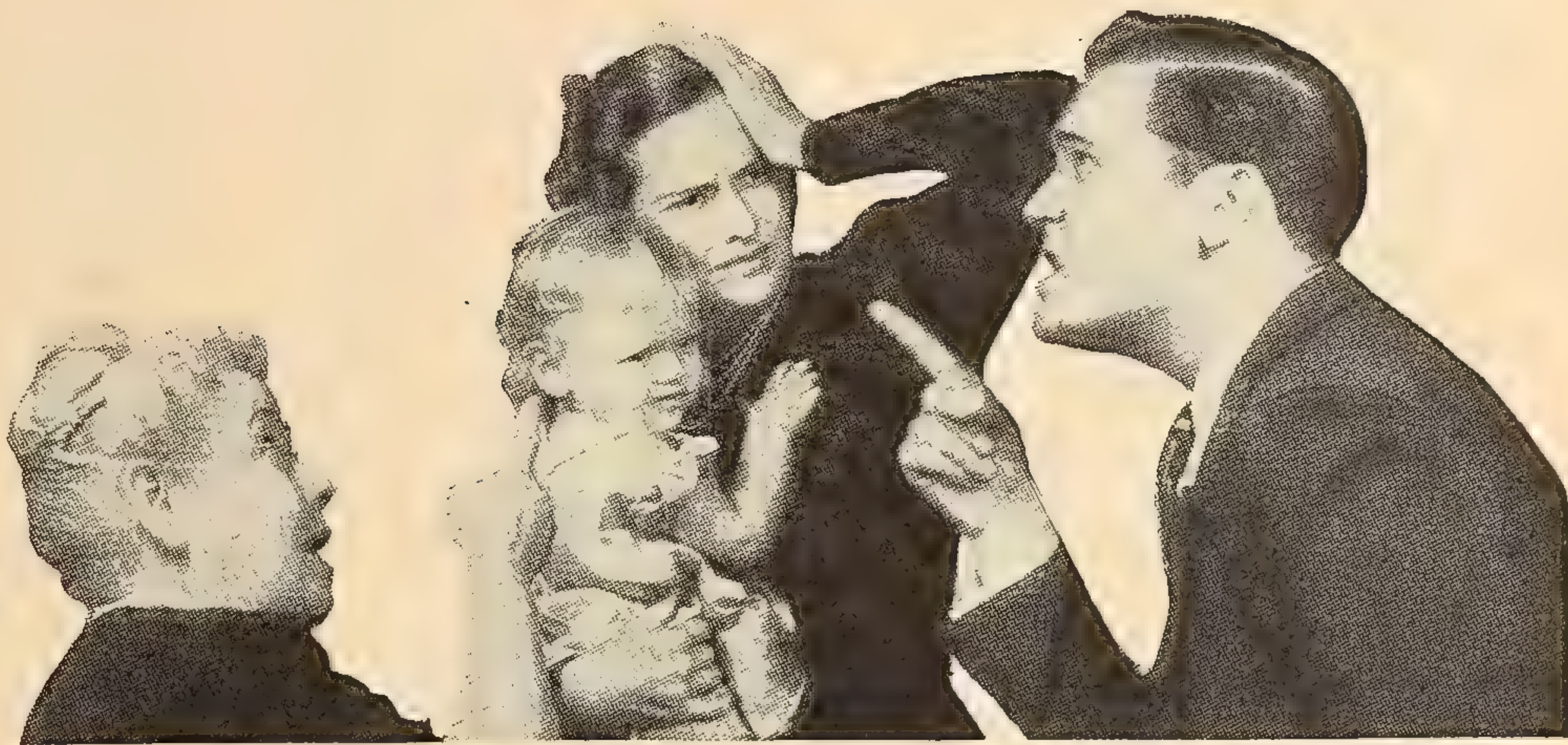
But she doesn't care to be a Glamour Girl, or she wouldn't wear slacks. Or would she?

"A Glamour Girl—with my long, scrawny neck?" she demanded. She shook her head. "I have definite ideas about what looks well on me and what doesn't, but glamour doesn't enter into it. Before I go into a scene, I try to look as well as I can; then I try to forget my appearance. Unless I'm comfortable, God spare everyone."

"As for my much-mentioned slacks"—she raised her eyebrows—"I just loathe wearing skirts. And I'm so uncomfortable in a short one, I can't think. I go mad. All rumors to the contrary, I don't have as many as most of the men out here. I have seven of these"—she indicated the outfit she was wearing—"and four slack suits. I did have only one but the Department of Sanitation objected." She paused, then added provocatively, "I have a street dress, too, believe it or not!"

There were two conflicting stories about her first descent on Hollywood. One had it that she lay awake nights, thinking of ways to get her name in print;

Between my husband and his mother ...I was going crazy!

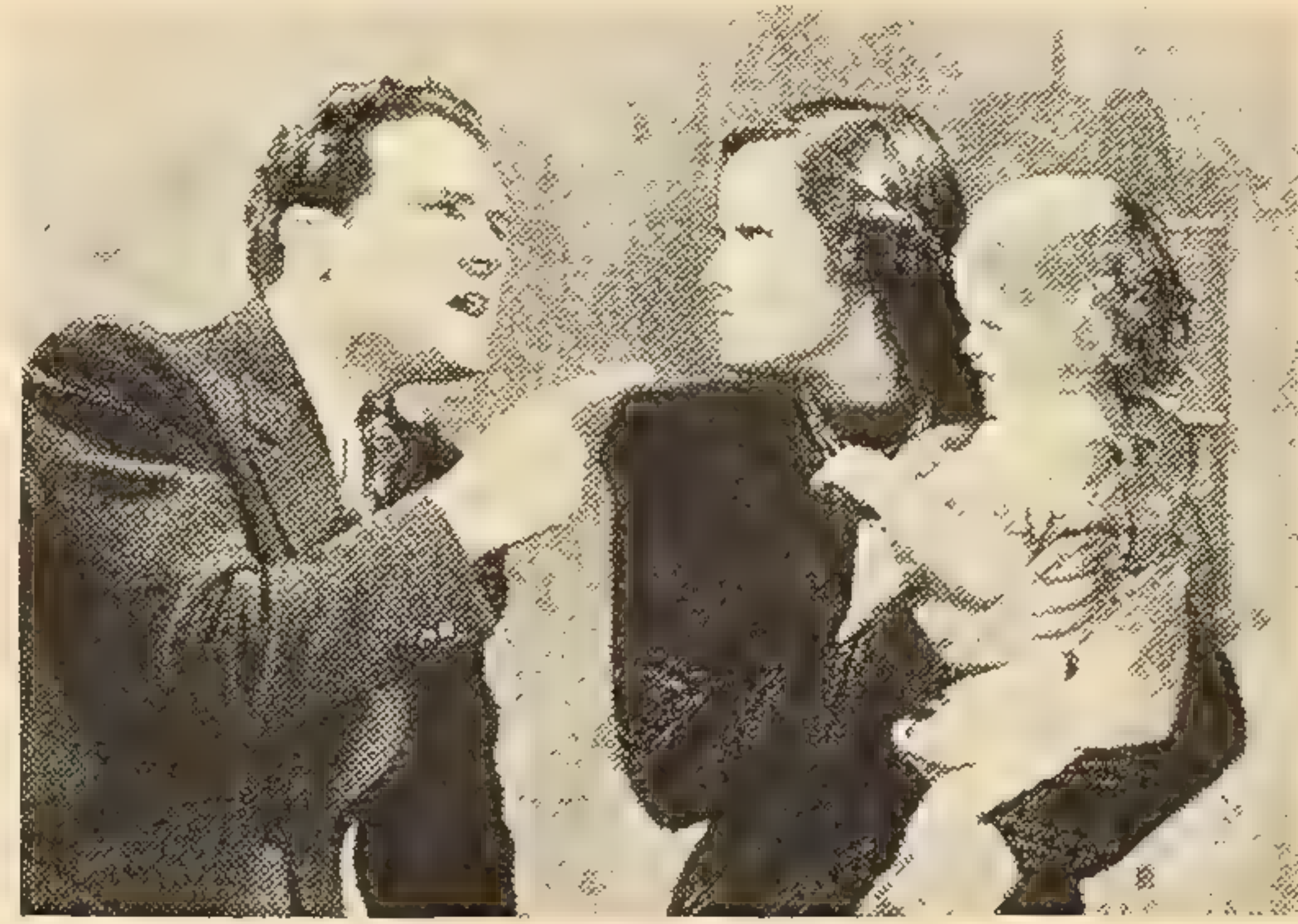


1. When Jim and I were married, and his mother came to live with us, I had my fingers crossed. His mother is full of old-

time ideas. We don't see eye to eye on lots of things. But we hit it off great and everything was swell till little Judy was born.



2. That's when the fireworks began! Morning, noon, and night my mother-in-law was fussing. "You'd think that child was a hot-house flower," she kept raging. "Special diapers—special foods—good glory, even a special laxative! That baby gets so mollicoddled, it's a crime."



3. Then Jim began to side in with her! Said his mother was bringing up babies before I was born! Boy—did I see red! Did I tell him! "This baby is my baby and she's going to be brought up the modern way. Nobody's going to tell me what to do for her except the doctor!"



4. Finally it got so bad, I had to do something to make mother stop stirring up trouble. "I don't want to hurt your feelings," I said, "but the doctor's orders are orders. He says a baby's system is delicate—you can't treat it like an adult's."



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6. "And golly, mother, you've seen how pesky Judy acts when she has to take any medicine. But she loves the swell taste of Fletcher's Castoria." Well, just then the baby smiled and settled it! We haven't had a squabble since.

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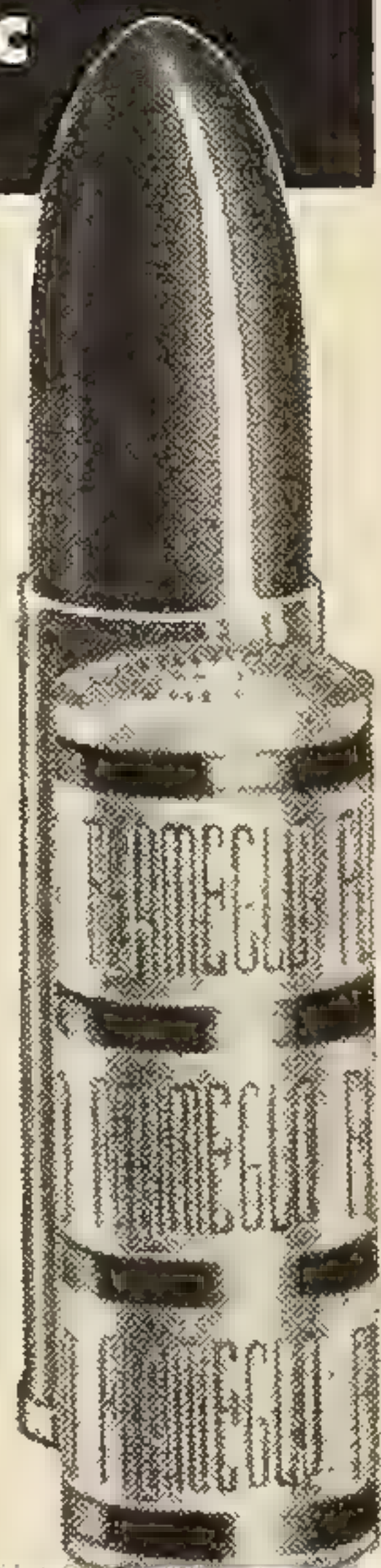
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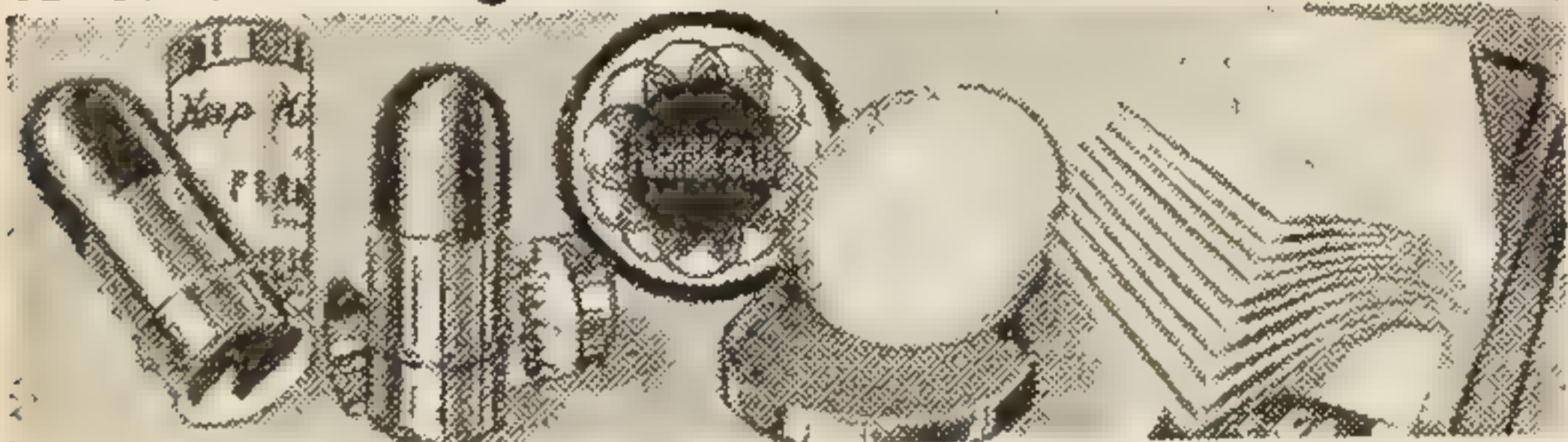
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the other, that she was emphatic about not wanting any publicity whatever. Which was correct?

"I wanted absolutely no ballyhoo," she said. "I didn't want the public to be told that a great creature had arrived when that great creature might very well lay an egg. Before I had started my first picture, RKO agreed not to mention me till it came out. And as soon as I finished my part, I headed for Europe. When the picture was previewed, nobody knew anything about me except that I was 'an heiress to \$17,000,000', a marvelous bit of misinformation. It made a friend of mine, who actually *was* wealthy, perfectly furious. She had never been credited with more than \$11,000,000, herself. Hollywood found it easy to believe I was an heiress. Only someone very rich would dare to dress as badly as I did, or look as horrible," she laughed.

Did she know in advance that she was going to do "A Bill of Divorcement," or was that first break a lucky accident?

"Oh, I knew what I was going to do all right. For two years I had been getting screen offers, and turning them down because they didn't promise me any specific part. I was holding out for a leading role. Or, at least, a very good part, one that would give me a chance to do something. That was very, very definitely arranged before I ever headed for Hollywood.

I HAD the best deal was ever given to an unknown. Only a very ignorant person would have done what I did. I asked for everything. And I was so definite about what I wanted, they were appalled. So I got everything. Now that I know more about the business, I too, am appalled by what I asked. And amazed that I got it."

Perhaps she didn't want any publicity before her first picture. But after it was a hit, didn't she do everything possible to convince people that she wasn't the usual type? Like wearing overalls to work. And sitting on studio curbstones, reading her mail.

She took time to light another cigarette before she answered. "I've been guilty of a lot of things," she said, "but one thing I can't be accused of is thinking up stunts to attract attention. I don't have the right kind of stomach for that sort of thing. Remember my nervous indigestion. Nothing brings it on so fast as a feeling of being conspicuous.

"But—there's a large amount of stubborn Yankee in me. If I'm criticized for doing something that seems natural to me, nothing can make me stop doing it—no matter how conspicuous it makes me, or how much bicarbonate of soda I have to swallow.

"It seemed natural to me to wear overalls to work. I had been doing it for years and nobody had ever criticized me for it. But now, suddenly, my overalls were horrible examples of what no girl should wear. So were my dungarees. They weren't 'feminine.' They were 'mannish,' 'affected' and 'ridiculous.' If I wanted to wear something in the line of trousers, why didn't I wear women's slacks? For the simple reason that women's slacks weren't comfortable. In those days they had crotches down to the knees. Now they're tailored like men's slacks. And every girl in her right mind wears them. I was simply ahead of the times.

"As for my sitting on curbs, that seemed natural, too. Studios don't put benches along their sidewalks. They aren't like college campuses. And I couldn't do all my sitting indoors. I had a two-by-four dressing-room guaranteed to give anybody claustrophobia. Not to

mention out and out melancholia.

"People who drove around in town cars, as if this were New York, accused me of putting on an act because I drove around in 'a truck.' That's what they called it. Now they all drive station wagons.

"The story went out that I was acting in my stocking feet. No explanation went with it, so people assumed there wasn't any. Here was more proof of the fact that Hepburn was a freak, if not a maniac. No one bothered to explain that I was five feet seven and had to do *something* to look shorter than my leading man."

When it first became apparent that she didn't intend to mingle with Hollywood society, she was accused of "trying to pull a Garbo." Did she resent that?

"No," she said bluntly. "It was nice to be compared to Garbo. It sort of hitched my wagon to a star. Even if the two of us couldn't be more different."

Didn't it ever occur to her that it might be smart politics to attend Hollywood parties?

"I didn't—and don't—have anything against Hollywood parties in particular. I just loathe all parties; whisking from one person to another, engaging in glassy-eyed conversation with people with whom I have nothing in common. And I don't believe in politics. I don't like people who aren't sincere, so why should I expect people to like me if I'm not sincere, myself? It isn't too difficult to be nice to people. But to be *calculatedly* nice is exhausting, and it has a horrible effect on you finally. If you set yourself to please others, God help you. You can't be true to yourself at the same time.

"I was perverse enough to think I might fall for the racket if I started listening to the flatterers and eager advisers. That explains why I was rather belligerent to people, when it would have done me more good to be sweet and helpless.

She laughed at a sudden thought.

THEY told me I should do this or that, because people expected it from Hepburn. One time I went to Catalina with a small group of friends in a motorboat. Just outside the breakwater at San Pedro the motor cut out and we started drifting. Nearby, the battleship Maryland was riding at anchor and we started drifting toward it. An officer shouted over, 'Don't come alongside.' We shouted back, 'We can't help ourselves.' He called back, 'Throw out your anchor.' We had an anchor, but no rope to attach to it. I conveyed that information to the officer. 'Don't you have a mechanic who could fix our motor?' I yelled. He came over, finally, in a small boat with an engineer and a mechanic. I wanted him to be impressed with our gratitude. So when I thanked him I added, 'I'm Katharine Hepburn.' He took one look at me—with no make-up and my hair done up. 'Yes,' he said, 'and I'm Greta Garbo.' That was the only time I ever tried to make my name do any good. And"—she smiled self-deprecatingly—"where did it get me?"

Heading for Catalina in a small motorboat wasn't the safest, surest way of getting there. But then, wasn't it true that she had never had a double in any picture, and had done every physically difficult stunt, herself, including that swimming rescue of Natalie Paley in "Sylvia Scarlett?"

"I don't know if I have a talent for acting," she said, "but I do have a talent for sports. I have a terrific urge for athletic exploits. It's a holdover from trying to keep up with a couple of brothers as a youngster. I had to prove that I could do anything they could. Now I have to prove—to myself, if to nobody else—that

I can do anything a double might. So far I've done all my stunts, myself. And I'm proud of it.

"But Natalie Paley was the courageous one, making that scene for 'Sylvia Scarlett.' She didn't know how to swim a stroke, yet she wouldn't hear of using a double. She trusted me to take care of her. Both of us had to go into the water fully dressed, and the water was the Pacific in November—freezing cold. The camera had just started turning when a big wave hit us and threw us both against a rock. She banged her head and was completely knocked out. I managed to get her part way to shore, and Cary Grant took her the rest of the way. When she came to, she said, 'Shall we try again?' That's my idea of courage."

How did she prepare for a role?

"It's a long process. I have the script on my mind for weeks, sometimes months. First I read it over once—quickly. I don't attempt to remember every scene accurately. I turn my imagination loose and try to picture what each scene should be like. I build up from my hazy recollection of what I've read. I do that until it's almost time to start work. Then I read the script slowly and carefully, and find out what each scene is really like. That way, I make myself super-conscious of what the author put into each scene; and once in a while I find I've thought of something that he hasn't. That's how I did 'Morning Glory,' 'Alice Adams' and 'Stage Door.'

SHE won the Academy Award for "Morning Glory." But what role had she enjoyed most?

Without a second's hesitation, she said, "Alice Adams." I had more of a hand in that than in any of the others. I feel as if I know her better than any other character I've ever played. For one thing, I grew up in a small city, just as she did. And for another, there are so many people like her—people who have a terrific desire to create impressions, who don't realize the importance of being comfortable. Girls exhaust themselves making conscious efforts to be terribly popular with men, and they exhaust the men too. They don't let men relax or give them a chance to know them as they honestly are."

What would she tell a young girl who wanted to be an actress?

"I'd tell her to remember that acting rules are made to be broken. No two people are alike and the rules which apply to me may be the very ones which she should ignore. I'd tell her that she can learn more about acting from directors than from actresses. And I'd tell her that the greatest asset is a well-developed sense of discernment. It's more important than a well-developed figure. Believe me! Beginners invariably get ninety per cent bad advice, and ten per cent good advice. It takes discernment to sort out what applies to you, personally, and what doesn't. The way most people start acting is by imitation—but it takes discernment to know what to imitate, and how much, and when."

Something most people, especially writers, couldn't understand was why she had avoided talking for publication for so long. What made her so allergic to interviews?

"The interviews," she said, quick as a flash. "The first ones. After 'A Bill of Divorcement,' as I said before, I went to Europe, and I went steerage. Why should I pay \$500 to throw up, first class—when I could go steerage and throw up for \$400 less? I was in Vienna when a cable caught up with me: 'Come back at once. You are a spectacular hit.' I had a hunch that I'd better come back first class, be-



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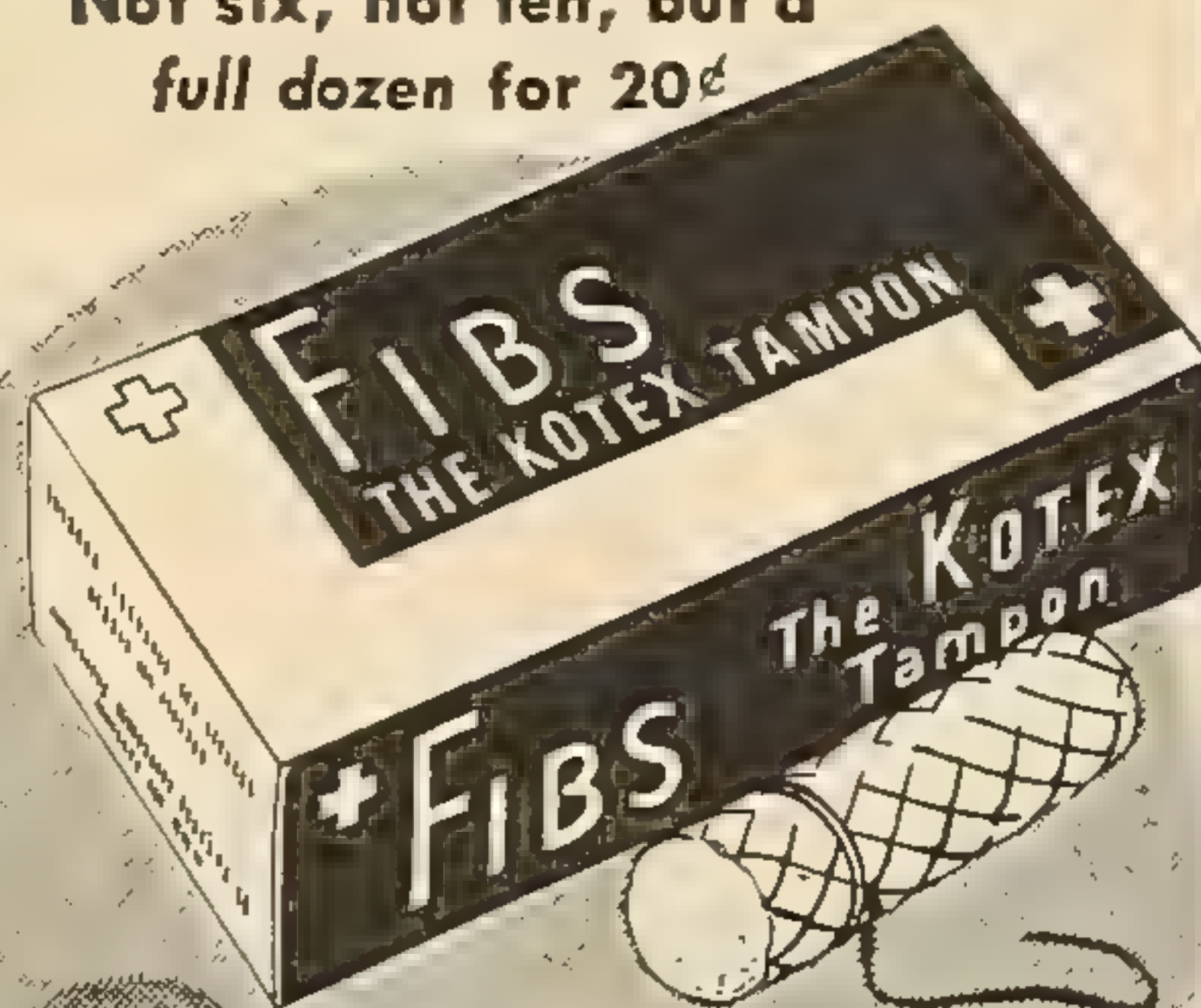
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cause if by any chance reporters met the boat and found me in steerage, it might be catastrophic. It's lucky I followed my hunch, for both reporters and photographers covered my arrival. I checked into a hotel and the place swarmed with interviewers. They asked questions that seemed to me to have no bearing on the fact that I was an actress, which was, presumably, their reason for interviewing me. How many times had I been married? How many children did I have? There was a facetious note in their questioning, so I put a facetious note in my answers. I might have said, 'I'm sorry, but I don't want to answer that,' and they would have thought, 'What a dreary girl!' So I replied humorously—or so I thought. I told one interviewer that I was a rabid old maid, and another that I had seven children. But they printed my answers dead seriously, with the result that I sounded as if I were just one jump from a lunatic asylum. When I reached Hollywood, I gave a few more interviews, and again I was misinterpreted. So I gave up for a while.

AND then I got in bad with the press because I wouldn't let them take my picture indiscriminately. I didn't mind at premières and other public functions. But when I was trying to be a

private individual, I loathed being made conspicuous, with flashlight bulbs attracting attention I didn't want. They didn't seem able to understand that, so I started running. And they didn't understand that. They said it was an act. After they said that, I couldn't stop running. The old Hepburn integrity was at stake."

Now that she had squelched all her critics with her tremendous success on the stage in "The Philadelphia Story," and had been welcomed back to Hollywood with open arms to do the screen version, what was she going to do next? Marry and retire? Or do another play?

"I'm going on the road for twelve weeks. After that, I have no definite commitments. I'm going to try to go back and forth between the stage and screen—combine the two. Change of scenery, I've always heard, does things for a person's vitality. And I place a high value on vitality."

But where are her ambitions leading her? What is her goal?

"I can't tell that," she said, smiling. "I know, but I can't talk about it. I'm afraid if I discuss my plans they'll never get accomplished. Just as a writer with plans for a story never gets it written if he tells it to someone else first. The element of surprise is gone."

That is Katharine Hepburn, 1940 A.D.

BAD BOY MAKES GOOD

(Continued from page 33)

my becoming an actor in the first place. That was Yehudi's doing, too.

"There wasn't a drop of theatrical blood in me. My father was a doctor and my mother was an artist. I never played theatre as a kid, and I didn't like boys who did. They were sissies. One time I portrayed Columbus in a school play, but I tripped on my sword and fell flat on my puss. They never asked me to act again.

"I remember being taken to the theatre just once. That one time, I saw Eva Tanguay and those legs—a rather frightening experience for a child. It might have marked me for life.

"We lived in New York. Next door lived William A. Brady, the theatrical producer. But we didn't know the Bradys, and they didn't know the Bogarts. We were typical New York neighbors—till one time Mr. Brady had a touch of ptomaine and called in my father. After that, I started playing with young Bill. Every day, from the time I was ten till I was about fifteen, we played together. Evenings we used to go over on Riverside Drive, where there was a lot of construction going on, and shoot the globes out of red lanterns with air rifles—which our families didn't know we had. We had secret hideouts for the guns, secret signals to warn each other of the approach of cops. That was the kind of fun I went for as a kid. Adventure stuff.

"When I was about fifteen, some escapade or other—I've forgotten which one—caught up with me. I was sent away to prep school, with the family devoutly hoping I'd be able to keep out of the Reformatory. I lasted there till I thought it would be a good idea to duck an assistant prof, a very unpopular gent, in a fountain. There was a whole gang of us in on the plot, but it was a dark night, and he didn't recognize anybody but me. The school asked me to leave. If that hadn't happened, maybe I wouldn't have joined the Navy. Or maybe I would have. Anyway, I did, and saw two years of war.

"When I came out of it I was eighteen, and I wanted a job; it didn't matter what kind. At young Bill's suggestion I asked his father for one, but he couldn't use me. I finally went to work in a brokerage house way downtown. But I got tired of getting up so early. Every few days I'd have Bill call up, imitate my father's voice, and tell them I was 'sick.' After a while they decided they didn't need me any more, and again I began hitting Mr. Brady for a job. He put me to work as an office boy and I worked up to stage manager.

I WENT on the stage the first time as a gag. I'd been kidding Neil Hamilton about the soft life of an actor. 'Acting doesn't look very hard to me,' I'd said. The funny thing—typical of Bogart—was that that was what I actually thought. The last night of the play, he dared me to go on in his place. I took the dare, and it was all a horrible fiasco. In one scene, an actor was supposed to be mad at me, and I thought he was really mad; he scared the hell out of me. It was the first time I had been face to face with actors at work. I didn't realize how convincing they could be!

"After that experience, I thought, 'Never again.' What changed my mind was finding out I'd never get rich as a stage manager. I was twenty and I wanted to get ahead in the world, so I went to Mr. Brady and told him my problem. He said, 'Why don't you become an actor? Actors earn good money.' So, to make a fortune, I became an actor."

He turns to Mayo. "Honey, do you know how long I've been trying to get enough money together for a boat?"

"Yes, dear," she sighs, as if the subject is very old-hat, indeed. "I know—years."

Sometime or other, couldn't he have muscled into the Front Office and said, in his most tight-lipped gangster manner, "I want more dough, or else!"

"Yeah," Bogie says, "but I wouldn't have scared anybody. I'm not a big name

—yet. Besides, I'm known as the guy who always squawks about roles, but never refuses to play one.

"That's for two reasons. I admit I'm no picker of what's good for me, and I don't believe in taking suspensions. When you go on suspension for refusing a role, you go out of circulation. And what usually happens when you go back? You get the same part in another picture.

"I've never forgotten a piece of advice Holbrook Blinn gave me when I was a young squirt and asked him how I could get a reputation as an actor. He said, 'Just keep working.' The idea is that if you're always busy, sometime somebody is going to get the idea that you must be good."

To keep busy, Bogie has had to make ten to fourteen pictures a year. ("It has been like doing one long picture with different characters walking in.") But it has started to pay dividends. It started, in fact, with "It All Came True." That was originally offered to George Raft—who decided he'd rather do "House Across the Bay." Looking around for a substitute actor, the studio wondered if Bogie wouldn't do.

"Yehudi—there's that man again—was right on hand that time. And he certainly was looking out for me when 'High Sierra' came up!"

In the picture, you'll see Humph doing several things he hasn't done before—for example, making violent love to Ida Lupino. He used to say that love-making was something he'd never be seen doing on the screen. Now he may have to eat his words.

HE asserts, "They won't make a Great Lover out of me if I can help it." However, there is evidence to support the contention that he has sex appeal. The Career Girls' Club of Hollywood recently voted him the actor they would most like to marry if they could!

He's also going to put up a fight against being a glamour boy, now that he's a star. "I'm allergic to glamour. It's all they can do to keep shoes on me. I have exactly three suits. It's my stand-in who has eighteen."

And stardom isn't going to make him more dignified—if he has anything to say about it. "Where's the fun in being dignified?" he demands. "Remember that old phrase 'going Hollywood?' What people meant was 'putting on false dignity.' That's gone out of fashion. A few years ago, everybody tried to be dignified, and everybody was bored stiff. Nobody dared to take a drink, nobody dared to do anything a producer might not like. Nowadays, if people don't like producers, they walk up and sock 'em on the nose. And they still have their jobs next day, too."

There isn't any danger, either, of his going "arty" now that he has taken over a role intended for Muni. Not so long ago, he was working with a young actress who will be nameless. She resented the speed with which the director was getting scenes on film. She finally said to Bogie, "Everything's going too fast. There's no time to work up a mood. And the picture will probably be a sensational success. . . . Sometime, wouldn't you like to do an artistic flop?" His answer was typical—a thunderous, "Gawd, NO!"

What is his goal in life?

"To own a boat. It doesn't have to be a big, super-colossal yacht. It can be just one size larger than a dinghy. After I get it, I suppose my goal will be to find time to use it.

"I don't have any great acting ambitions. I just want to do a good job, if possible. I bump into people on sets who have seventeen other things on their

Dear Diary Apr. 10th
Being a champion
cook doesn't pay,
I guess—My best
dishes went begging
to-night—Harry
"couldn't get home"
—as usual!

Dear Diary Apr. 12th
What does a gal
have to do these days
to "hold a husband"?
I'm applauded for
my looks, clothes and
disposition (by others)
but I'm getting
nowhere fast—
with Harry



Dear Diary Apr. 20th
Horrid suspicions
gnaw at my brain.
—Has some one
come between us—
or is it really
business that keeps
Harry away so
many evenings?

If her Diary could only talk back!

It would tell her of the
"ONE NEGLECT"
that mars many marriages . . .
Let "Lysol" help you avoid this

BEAUTY, brains, charm and good cooking should be enough to keep any husband captivated—but they aren't—as many "perfect" wives sorrowfully discover. Carelessness about feminine hygiene is something that even the most tolerant husbands find it hard to overlook. More women ought to use "Lysol" in their routine of intimate cleanliness. "Lysol" is cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal.

6 Special Features of "LYSOL"

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali. 2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical condi-

tions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). 3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs. 4—Economy . . . Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. 5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. 6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept—no matter how often it is uncorked.



Lysol
Disinfectant

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Send me free booklet, "War Against Germs," which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

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Address _____

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YOU NEED IT**

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ON THE BACK-

HAVING A BABY?

Regular medical care during pregnancy is vitally important. Your doctor can regulate diet to provide minerals, iron and vitamin content so essential to good teeth and sound physical development in the baby. Ask his advice on feeding infant.

HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE
AND NIPPLE
SAFER... because easier to clean
See Your
Doctor Regularly



**CRIME
AGAINST
BABY
FEET**



Don't let baby wear outgrown shoes. Baby feet grow so fast you *must* change to new shoes often. Baby doctors all over America tell mothers to buy Wee Walkers, those **CORRECT** baby shoes which cost so little. Infants' Wear Dept. of the following low-profit stores. Birth to shoe size 8.

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Metropolitan Chain Stores, Inc. Schulte-United Stores
I. Silver & Bros. F. & W. Grand
G. R. Kinney Company

WEE WALKER
Shoes

FREE: Baby foot measuring scale in pamphlet on fitting. Moran Shoe Co., Dept. M Carlyle, Ill.

WEE WALKERS for the wee walker

minds. They're thinking about how to get in better with the director, how to get more close-ups, or about some party tonight. A lot of people think I'm a stuffed shirt, think I don't have any fun because I don't party when I'm working. But I can't bat around at night lapping up champagne cocktails and do good work the next day. Which is the thing I want to do most. As far as I'm concerned, work is not just a dull interlude between parties."

He also suspects that a lot of people think he's a sour-puss. "They've seen me with my face set hard for gangster roles and don't stop to think that maybe there's a trick to setting it hard, and that I can unset it, too." He gives an exaggerated, toothsome grin to illustrate. "Anyway, even a sour-puss can have a sense of humor. That's what I liked about 'It All Came True.' It gave me a chance to prove it. Mind you, I'm no wit. I've got to have some very brilliant man write me devastating things to say. I'm no clown, but a lot of things strike me terribly funny."

ONE of the things is—that he has to work hard on the screen to prove he's tough and has to work hard off the screen to prove he isn't. "You should see me working in my garden when the photographers come around!" he says. "Somebody from some big garden magazine interviewed me at the studio one time, and I told him about the petunias I'd grown. 'Six feet tall,' I said. He said, thoroughly awed, 'Amazing!'"

Mayo interrupts to say, "I nearly died when he came home and told me what he'd said to the man. You know how close to the ground petunias grow!"

He wishes that some kind soul would assure the public that he doesn't say "dese" and "dose" except in the movies.

As a rule, he's easy-going, but he really boiled over when he was charged with

being a Communist. And he's still mad. "A screwball, who was branded by Dean Landis of Harvard Law School as a 'pathological liar,' told a Los Angeles County Grand Jury that I was a Communist. He named some other actors, too. Without even giving me a chance to deny the accusation, the politically ambitious District Attorney of Los Angeles made the charge public. It was the worst blow I have ever had in my life.

"I was fighting mad—determined to right this injustice. And in a hurry. I happened to see that Congressman Martin Dies, head of the Congressional committee investigating un-American activities, was in Los Angeles. I called him that night, told him the situation and asked him if he would give me an immediate hearing. At 10 o'clock the next morning I appeared before him, answered all his questions, and my business manager also took the stand and testified that I have never contributed any money to any political cause whatsoever.

"Congressman Dies not only exonerated me completely but he said that during his committee's three-year investigation of un-American activities, my name had never been mentioned. That's something. But I'm still burned that my whole future was jeopardized by one man's charge that I was a Communist—and that I had to request a hearing to clear myself. I consider myself a citizen of Los Angeles. I own a home here, and I maintain my mother in a home here, and my sister in another. I pay taxes like any other citizen. And I consider myself entitled to the same rights as any other citizen."

The home he refers to is on a little dead end street at the edge of Beverly Hills, just off Sunset Boulevard. He and Mayo call it "Sluggo Hollow." He's partial to the word "sluggo." It's one of his pet names for Mayo.

He also likes being interviewed. Says, "It's like being psychoanalyzed."



Just to hurry 1941 along, Baby Sandy dresses up to greet it weeks ahead of time. She has such a big future ahead of her that she'd just as soon skip the intervening years entirely!

CHRISTMAS TREE SUGGESTIONS

(Continued from page 54)



Pajamas

In plaid cotton flannelette by Kayser. Butcher-boy top may be worn as blouse with ski-trousers, too.

Compact

A Volupte snuff-box in black enamel adorned with a decorative horse.

Watches

Styled for men and women by Raleigh. Natural yellow rolled gold plate; non-tarnishable metal backs; jeweled movements.

Handkerchiefs

Hand-rolled, pure silk chiffon for evening. One is sequin-trimmed; the other has set-in velvet bows.

Slippers

Joyce wedgie mules in teddy-bear cloth. Pink, blue or white.

Hiro

Exciting new game for indoor sportsters and distracted hostesses.

Bag

Soft suede envelope by Wilder, with startling jeweled clasp. In black or brown.

Sweater

Gay "Swissie" cardigan, colorfully embroidered.

Evening Dress

Important dance frock in white rayon brocade with deep black velveteen flounce.

Socks

Knee-highs by Kayser, for winter sportswear. Of extra-heavy pure wool.

Jewelry

Martha Sleeper's new creation—"Holly Wreath"—in green and red light-as-air plastic. Bracelet, pin and necklace set.

Fur Jacket

Waist length with swirl sleeves. In skunk-dyed or sable-dyed Opossum.

Mittens

All wool made to look like hand-knits, by Wear-Right. In children's sizes, too.

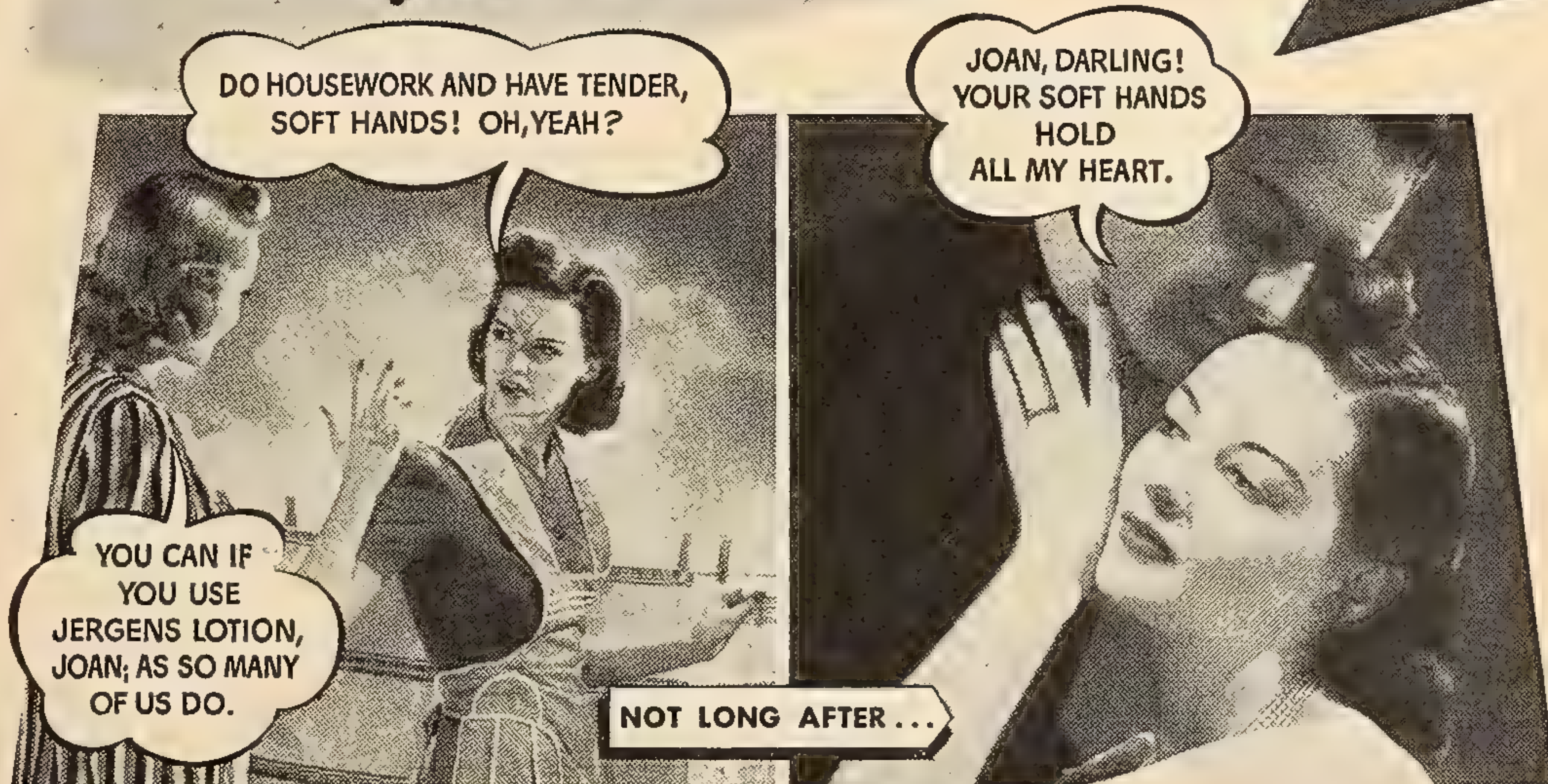
Umbrella

Waterproofed Celanese rayon taffeta in gay colors and handles.



*Arleen Whelan and George Montgomery—romantic featured players for 20th Century-Fox Films.

"When a woman loves ...
HANDS must be tenderly soft,
*says ARLEEN WHELAN**
(Lovely Hollywood Star)



How thousands of Adored Women help prevent unlovely Rough, Chapped HANDS

ADORABLE SOFT HANDS—every girl can keep them all her life! In spite of housework, constant use of water, or outdoor exposure, which cruelly rob your hand skin of its natural softening moisture. It's so easy to furnish new, beautifying moisture for your skin—with Jergens Lotion.

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FREE! YOUR CHANCE FOR LOVABLE HANDS

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(Paste on penny postcard, if you like)
The Andrew Jergens Company, 3718 Alfred Street,
Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)
Let me see how Jergens Lotion helps keep my hands
tenderly soft. Please send my purse-size bottle of
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RUN-R-STOP

Always carry RUN-R-STOP in purse. Comes in smart colored vanity. Just one drop of this amazing clear liquid stops runs and snags instantly, permanently—even in the new "nylon" stockings. It's the only product of its kind—a stocking life-saver. And it leaves no black marks after washing. Get it today at any drug, dept, shoe or 10c store—or send coin or stamps to

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Guaranteed as advertised by Good Housekeeping (15c each in Canada)

10c Complete, tube in vanity

Brush Away
Gray Hair
...and Look 10 Years Younger



● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

FOR DELICATE SKINS

EXTRA SOFT!
YET THEY COST NO MORE



Betty Lou
POWDER PUFFS
AT ALL 5-AND-10c STORES

A SKIN THAT MEN ADORE

(Continued from page 44)

beauty, so treat it with the kindness and care it really deserves.

In winter, winds and fluctuating temperatures—dry artificial heat one minute and damp blustery cold the next—water, soil, everything seems to conspire to roughen and redden your skin as well as to generally ruin its comfort. So arm yourself with a generous supply of rich emollient creams and lotions. Before and after every exposure protect your skin with a filmy application of one or the other. Use a foundation cream under your make-up and, at night, after a thorough cleansing, massage one of the richer creams into your face and neck.

KEEP a cream or lotion, not only on your dressing table, but also on the shelf above your kitchen sink, in the bath-room and at your place of business. Don't forget it when you go traveling, too. You need such beauty pick-ups more than ever when you get away from your old familiar brand of water, weather, food and sleeping habits.

Fine, fluffy, non-drying face powder is an important winter beauty accessory, too. Pat it on lightly—never rub it on as if it were so much lacquer.

And don't be tempted to leave off eating fresh fruits and vegetables just because they are a little harder to get in winter. There's nothing so disastrous to a beautiful complexion as a steady diet of heavy meats, starches, pastries and canned fare without a proper balance of fresh beans, tomatoes, oranges, apples and all the other vitamin-laden farm products that you can get your hands on. Sleep is a real ally to a lovely complexion, too, and so are copious quantities of drinking water, outdoor exercise, deep breathing and all the other health-promoting practises.

When you massage your face—and you should frequently—always use a lubricating cream and stroke up and out with deep, firm, rotary motions, never down or inward. But remember this, that wrinkles which come from worry, "nerves," poor circulation or even poor lighting cannot be erased by any amount of massaging. They must be attacked at a very different source. Relax, be gay, alert and active, both physically and mentally. Let your pet peeves and worries go and watch the subtle change that comes over your complexion. Never before in our history have we had such truly wonderful cosmetics to guard that first line of beauty's defense—our priceless complexions. But be sure you give your own an equal chance to profit by the application of these aids to nature. Then you will indeed have the kind of skin that men adore.

It's funny how a blot of ink is more conspicuous than all the clean paper that surrounds it and, similarly, how a rough, red hand will distract your attention from a face that may, in itself, be perfectly lovely. You won't ever have to worry about that, though, if you're smart enough to keep a jar of that remarkable Barrington Hand Cream on your dressing table and another at your place of business—whether that's an office, hospital, shop or just the kitchen sink. For Barrington is one hand cream that actually does more than its makers claim. It not only softens, whitens and protects your skin. Barrington really soothes rough, chapped, even cracked, hands—and works in double quick time,

too. Considering its consistent effectiveness we're constantly amazed at its modest price. Barrington Hand Cream is something to write home about any time of year—but, with the chapping season now getting into full swing, it's a simple necessity for skin health and beauty.

By the way, the makers of Barrington Hand Cream are now presenting an excellent new all-purpose face cream which not only cleanses but softens and protects, and can even be used as a make-up foundation. It is delightfully smooth and delicately fragrant. Although it is new to the market, this fine cream has been tried, tested and improved in the laboratory until its makers believe it to be practically perfect. Ask for Barrington All Purpose Face Cream the very next time you go shopping.

When your mother was a girl we'll bet two to one that she used—and got good results from—a remarkable deep pore cleanser called Pompeian Milk Massage Cream. Well, that same old beauty stand-by is still winning friends and influencing the younger generation. Made of 70% milk, this unusual cream brings dirt and grime simply rolling out of clogged-up pores, leaving your skin silken smooth and radiantly clean. Mother knew a thing or three about cleansing and protecting her complexion for, after all these years, we must agree that neither she—nor you—could make a wiser choice than this same delicately smooth, efficient cleanser still known as Pompeian Milk Massage Cream. Look for it in your neighborhood store and see if you aren't delighted with your discovery.

AFTER a winter's bath, did you ever give yourself a rub-down with Woodbury's Almond Rose Lotion? No? Then you have a real treat in store. All that dry, itchy skin that tingled for lack of moisture will become soft and velvety—and besides, the fresh, clean scent is too lovely and luxurious for words! Apply Woodbury's Almond Rose Lotion generously to arms, elbows, knees, heels and ankles and, of course, use it freely on face, neck and shoulders. Woodbury's Almond Rose Lotion smooths into your skin evenly, without a trace of stickiness, and its genuinely feminine fragrance will give your spirits a real lift. Its healing qualities will prevent that "wintry weathered" skin so unnecessarily uncomfortable. Don't say we never told you!

We are now about to let you in on something really different—and we think that you'll be as excited as we are about this new—of all things—cosmetic bracelet! Every girl likes to wear jewelry, but it isn't every pretty bracelet you find that can actually be put to work. Believe it or not, though, with a flick of your finger, this one can be transformed into a complete make-up kit! A turn of the band and there you have a lovely natural shade of powder, lipstick, rouge, three puffs and two mirrors—all concealed right inside one bracelet! The bracelet itself is very nicely designed and comes in a variety of colors to match your winter wardrobe. Such a decorative bit of costume jewelry is grand for dates, too, because it does away with stuffing your purse jam full with a lot of miscellaneous cosmetics. Oh, yes, and you can even buy refills. Would you like to know more about this cosmetic novelty? Your name and address on a penny postal will bring the good news post haste.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 51)

'TIL STUDIO US DO PART

Hollywood "know-it-alls" were appalled when Albert Basserman asked to be released from his Warner Bros. contract merely because the studio did not give his actress-wife a job. They branded him "ungrateful" because the Warners had offered him his first opportunity in this country and "impractical" because his working permit states he may be employed by no one but the Brothers while he's in the United States. But, curiously, no one tried to understand what lay behind his action. Not a soul stopped to consider that Basserman is 72 years old, that before coming to America he and his wife had worked together for more than a quarter of a century, and that, furthermore, he was not the first actor to take his stand on the side of loyalty. Charles Laughton, for example, refused to appear on a recent Bing Crosby broadcast unless Elsa Lanchester was invited to star on a subsequent program, and also asked that Miss Lanchester be signed for a picture at RKO before he'd put his signature on a contract of his own. Both Miss Lanchester and Mrs. Basserman are competent actresses and their husbands know it. And, knowing it, they have no desire to overshadow the women they love. To them, there are things more important than their own careers.

THE RETURN OF FRANK APPEAL

Sex appeal is booked for a return engagement in Hollywood. After several years of hiding behind such misnomers as "oomph" and "glamour," good old S. A. is staging a comeback in the person of gorgeous Veronica Lake. Blonde, blue-eyed, exactly twenty-one, Veronica is an Arthur Hornblow discovery and so pregnant with allure that Paramount, who refers to her role in "I Wanted Wings" as the "hottest spot" in films, admit they mean it in more ways than one! They've just one complaint to make about their new star. They charge she's interfering with the work of the men on the lot. Not that she means to, of course, but studio chieftains are up in arms because technicians, "props" and others spend too many business hours in the studio projection room, running off the celluloid-sizzling screen tests that landed Veronica a contract.

OAKIE'S JACK

A year ago, Hollywoodites used to get a few beers under their belts and sit around and wail for "poor Jack Oakie, a swell guy who can't get a break." But they're not wailing any more. Ever since word seeped out that he was great in "The Great Dictator," Oakie's been "hot." New jobs have been rolling at him and, at the moment, he's the highest paid person in the cast of "Tin Pan Alley!" True, Alice Faye's the star, but Alice earns only \$4,000 a week, or thereabouts, while Jack, who's contracted for six weeks, is doing his stuff for \$6,000 per. What's more, if his talents are required for two weeks over the contracted term, he'll be upped to \$7,500 and, if he's needed beyond the eight week period, he'll be paid \$9,000 weekly till the

I want every young mother to know...



About this **IMPROVED**
Vicks Way that Relieves Misery of
CHEST, COUGHING COLDS

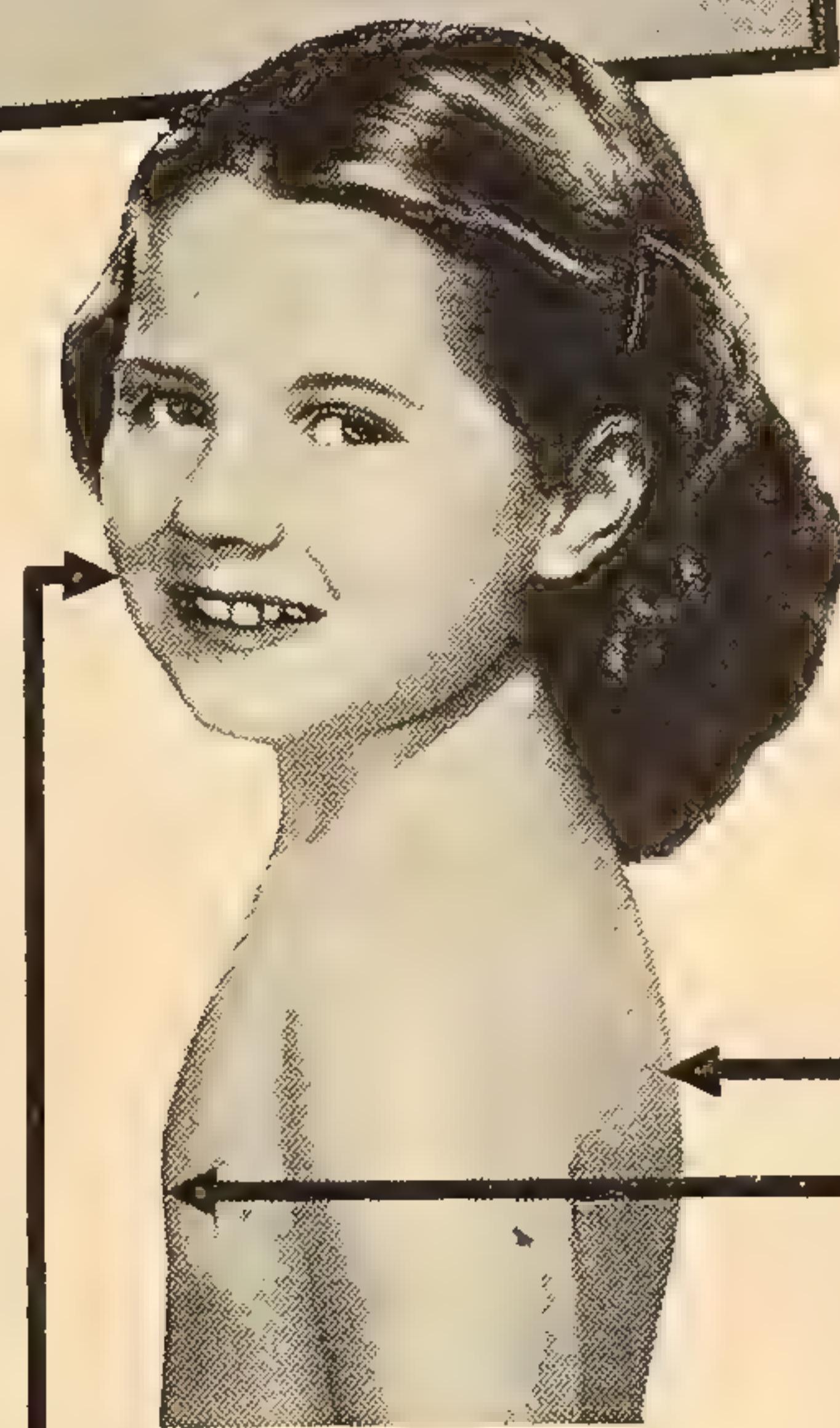
Now when your child is suffering with a cold, get right after misery... in a hurry... the improved Vicks way.

This wonderful treatment—perfected by Vicks staff of Doctors—is a better way to use time-tested Vicks VapoRub and make its valuable poultice-and-vapor action more effective. It's called the "VapoRub Massage" and it's remarkably simple, remarkably quick.

First massage Vicks VapoRub for 3 minutes on **IMPORTANT RIB-AREA OF BACK** as well as throat and chest. Spread a thick layer on chest, cover with warmed cloth. Then let this **MORE THOROUGH** treatment go to work!

It eases bronchial irritation, coughing, muscular tightness or soreness, helps break up local congestion in upper air passages, makes breathing easier... and so relieves the child's misery, relieves you of worry!

BE SURE! To get the benefits of this improved Vicks treatment use only genuine, time-tested Vicks VapoRub.



PENETRATES... deep into the air passages with soothing medicinal vapors, inhaled with every breath.

STIMULATES... surface of chest and back like a warming, comforting poultice or plaster.

picture's completed! Poor Jack Oakie! Why doesn't someone give that guy a break!

THIRD TIME THE CHARM?

The status of the Cary Grant-Barbara Hutton romance still has round-towners confused. They don't doubt that the pair are "gone" on each other but, remembering Barbara's two previous unhappy marital adventures, (the first is said to have ended with a settlement of \$2,000,000 on Prince Alexis Mdivani, and the second, in a settlement of \$1,500,000 on Baron Kurt Haugwitz von Reventlow who is still dissatisfied) they wonder if she'd contemplate another jump. Noncommittal Babs has only this to say: "Knowing Cary has been the biggest thrill of my life. He's the first man who ever showered me with candy, flowers and trinkets—without sending me a bill at the end of the month!"

COPS AND RIBBERS

The ribbing Gene Autry's taking these days is enough to drive a lesser man to drink. Gene's got it coming, though, for after playing-the rootin', tootin', shootin' hero of countless cowboy dramas he proved a miserable bust in a little drama of his own. Returning home late the other night, Gene stepped into his drawing room in time to see a lone robber slipping out a window with the most

valuable gun in the Autry collection clutched in his hand. And did the intrepid star, who has single-handedly routed scores of desperadoes, tear after the villain and, unassisted, bring him to justice? Nothing like it! Gene flew to the phone and called the cops! Probably figured they've got to earn a living, too.

MEET THE CHAMP

And speaking of Gene, did you know that "Champion," the horse on whom he cinematically rides to glory, is the current glamour boy of the equine world? Horse-fanciers, country-wide, have begged Gene to sell him and have actually submitted offers for the animal totalling over \$100,000. That's more than most racing steeds are worth, but Gene's not biting. He paid only \$150 for the big fellow eight years ago and, according to Gene, "Champ," who was the first horse to take a transcontinental air trip, "isn't even a thoroughbred. He's just small part Arabian and most part plain horse, but we've seen plenty together and that's the way it'll always be."

HOLLYWOOD TRADING POST

Newest wrinkle in Hollywood's charitable crazy quilt is Ann Lehr's "Memento Mart," a shop at which gadgets and clothing owned



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You'll look lovely in Irresistible's new sensational lipstick... for "Ruby Red" is a rich, sparkling red... the season's liveliest, most flattering color. Blends brilliantly with all the fashionable new clothes colors. Applies smoothly and stays on for hours because of the secret new Whip-Text process. Get Irresistible "Ruby Red" Lipstick today, with matching Face Powder, Rouge and Powder Foundation, and know the superb flattery of a complete Irresistible make-up.

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by stars and craved by fans may be purchased at a fraction of their original cost. The "Mart's" been open just a few weeks but has already assembled the screwiest assortment of articles ever embraced by four walls. And how the fans are going for it! They're swamping Miss Lehr with requests for everything from Lana Turner's sweaters to Dotty Lamour's teeth braces! Items most in demand are empty perfume bottles, dress clips and hosiery, but Miss Lehr is also attempting to fill orders for Gene Autry's old spurs, a belt Clark Gable wore in "Boom Town," a battered fender from Tyrone Power's car, the sash of a dress Loreta Young wore in "The Doctor Takes A Wife" (for a male moviegoer) and the costumes that decked Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in "Gunga Din" (for an exclusive girls' finishing school!) The most unusual request of all, however, has come from a young woman in St. Louis. She, heaven only knows why, wants Gary Cooper's toothbrush!

THE MAN I MARRIED—NO. 2

They're saying it was a severe case of careeritis that put the skids under the Carole Landis-Willis Hunt marriage. Carole, if the stories are to be believed, revelled in the publicity she received prior to her altar trek, and it took her only two moon's time to decide that magazine and newspaper editors thought her better copy as a Miss than as a matron. Whether or not a divorce will restore the publicity she's said to desire, only the future will tell, but it's our guess that a good performance and not single-blessedness is the thing that will again make Carole the pet of the press.

OUR TOWN

Talk about feminine vanity! There's been a hot feud on in town ever since a swash-buckling hero at a major studio grew jealous of the "beauty" of a dark-eyed male player cast in his last picture. The trouble arose when both were assigned to a dueling sequence and the leading man, realizing his opponent's tumbling black curls would make feminine hearts thump harder than his own red-blond crop, insisted that said opponent wear a helmet throughout the scene although he himself appeared bareheaded!

NOT FOR PUBLICITY

When Mary Beth Hughes first made her Cinema City debut, she cut through the town's stagline like a bolt of unsheathed lightning. Every attractive bachelor in Hollywood was on her date list, and for two months she whirled from party to party and night club to night club. Then, suddenly, it all stopped. Mary Beth discovered leading men bored her to tears and leaped off the merry-go-round. She stayed off it, too, until her press agent suggested, a few weeks ago, that she pose for some publicity shots with another of his clients, a Mr. Robert Stack. That did it. Mary Beth has a different slant on leading men today. She's dated Bob every night since they met, except for those few days he had to spend out of town on business—and then she received one special delivery letter, two air mail-special deliveries and four wires from him in a single morning! Neither will admit it's serious, but Mary Beth's sporting a new diamond solitaire and it's rumored they're secretly married. Yessir, it looks as though Miss Hughes is back on the merry-go-round—but this time it's exclusive!

DIDJA KNOW

That Patti McCarty uses boss Dorothy Lamour's old sarongs as head scarves... That Gary Cooper is shopping around for a plane... That Shirley Temple's brother, Jack, is an instructor of dramatics at Stanford University... That Jack Carson, considered a newcomer to the screen, is now appearing in his 56th picture... That Priscilla and Rosemary Lane, who have always shared sleeping quarters, are to have separate bedrooms at last... That Josef von Sternberg continues to be Marlene Dietrich's No. 1 adviser in all matters concerning her career... That Florette Debusky of Pottsville, Pa., was given the name Dana Dale by Walter Winchell... That Andy Devine is replacing his station wagon door with a sliding panel that will allow him more room to get in and out... That the story of "Citizen Kane" is suspiciously like the life story of William Randolph Hearst... That Maria Korda, Alexander's ex, is bringing Maurice Maeterlinck, author of "The Blue Bird," to Hollywood... That William Holden won't go into a scene without money in his pocket

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1940.

State of New York
County of New York, N. Y. } ss

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Pearl H. Finley, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager,
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1940.
ALFREDA R. COLE

Commission Expires March 30, 1942.

because he claims that makes him feel important . . . That Cesar Romero tripped and fell flat on his face while dancing at Ciro's one evening . . . That Paramount allocated a measly \$250,000 for the publicity and exploitation campaign on "North West Mounted Police" . . . That Alfred Hitchcock reduced thirty pounds in nine weeks, but his dressing-room door still bears a sign reading "Mr. Hitchcock's Corral?"

MR. PRODUCER GOES TO THE MOVIES

Movieland producers, generally, scorn the customary method of entertaining guests. Instead of inviting friends over for a simple supper and a rubber of bridge, they serve elaborate nine-course dinners and, when the last fingerbowl has been cleared away, escort their visitors to their private projection rooms where they unroll their latest celluloid triumphs. One such producer is Twentieth Century-Fox's Sol Wurtzel who played host to a group of mid-western "little theatre" directors recently and after dinner presented his latest opus, an amusing something called "The Bride Wore Crutches." The directors sat in silence for an hour and, when the film was ended, rose from their seats and gathered around Mr. Wurtzel to offer their opinions, but before they could spout forth one of them had to tap Mr. W. gently on the shoulder—to wake him up!

JIMMY'S HOUSE-PEST

Jimmy Stewart's been a soul in torment since Burgess Meredith arrived to share his bed and board, for Burgess has a habit that's

driving his host to the booby-hatch. He invites beautiful blondes to dinner and then fails to show up himself! Jimmy, left alone with a lot of strange women, tries ducking out side doors and rear windows, but the blondes always pull him back. They mistake his annoyance for shyness and, having been fed, feel it their duty to spend the evening putting the steaming Mr. Stewart right at ease!

PASSION BY PROXY

Brought up to be courteous to guests, Jimmy has said little to Burgess about the blondes, and only once has he called his maddening visitor on the carpet. That was the time Burgess, after his first meeting with Olivia de Havilland, asked her to the house and forgot to turn up. It wasn't that Jimmy objected to entertaining Olivia. Far from it! But he didn't think his best pal had any right to stand up his best girl. The next morning, therefore, he buttonholed Burgess and demanded that a formal apology be made to Olivia. Meredith was genuinely contrite, and, when Jimmy had walked away, instructed his valet to send Miss de Havilland some flowers and an appropriate note. The valet, knowing nothing of the Stewart-de Havilland romance, assured his master everything would be taken care of. And everything was. The following day Olivia found buried in a bouquet of roses a note which read—"My own darling: It was unpardonable of me to have forgotten so precious a rendezvous. I know you will forgive me and adore me always. With all my love, Burgess." And now poor Jimmy's madder than ever!

SHE'D CARVE A NEW MAP

If Carole Lombard ever slits Clark Gable's throat, a little lady in Milwaukee won't be surprised. She's been expecting that to happen ever since the afternoon she came upon Carole on the "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" set, and noticed the beautiful Mrs. G. fondling a murderous-looking straight-edged razor, a lunatic gleam burning in her eyes. "What are you thinking of, my dear?" the little lady asked. And Carole looked up. "Thinking of?" she repeated absently. "Oh, just how much I'd enjoy wrapping this around my old man's neck!" The little lady paled and ran away, but she need not have, because what Carole failed to add was that she'd spent a full week learning to manipulate the instrument for a scene in "Mr. and Mrs."—and that she wanted to test her skill on Clark who, for a sequence in "Comrade X," will have his chin decked out in a black beard!

THE MAN I MARRIED

There are those who say the frequent marital rifts of the John Barrymores smell faintly of publicity. However, according to Elaine, there was nothing phony about their last big, beautiful bout. Mrs. Barrymore reports that she and John actually had a terrific argument, (the subject of which she prefers not to divulge) and that when it reached its peak John shrieked, "Get out of my house!" "Oh, yeah!" return-shrieked Elaine. "You get out of my house!" And John got. Funny thing about these bust-ups is the fact that whenever John moves out, his mother-in-law moves in and, whenever John returns, his mother-in-law moves right out again!

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FUN IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

(Continued from page 37)

cite the case of a once famous star who got a job selling shoes. He was an excellent salesman, but customers avoided him. Eventually he lost the job. Why? Because it is embarrassing to the public to look at a has-been!

"These are some of the things that flying helps you rationalize. I don't mean that it minimizes the importance of matters like your job and your home. Our new place is very important to us. It's a little house—twenty-five years old, with a little old stable and corral on three acres of land. You know, the kind of a place that rates the old slogan 'a place where you can raise a carrot and keep a bee!' We are paying for it on the F.H.A. plan, and we have all early-American furniture in it. Another thing that we think is important is saving for the future. Though we have no idea what medium of exchange we'll all be using a few years from now, we're taking a chance on saving.

KIDS? Not yet. Not when you know there's a chance they may be cannon-fodder."

Bob changed the subject abruptly. "I hope people won't think fliers have a high-hat attitude toward the things everyone else thinks are fun. The reason, for instance, that Viv and I don't go to night clubs is that we worked in them so long that we lost our taste for them. I don't drink because I don't like the stuff and also because a flier's first duty is to keep sober. In the old days, pilots were known as slap-happy guys with chronically bent elbows. Nowadays, it's different; every six months there's a physical exam and we have to pass that test. The round of social pleasures is out of our lives, not because we're anti-social, but because flying takes so much time. You need 150 hours a year in the air in order to keep your license. Blind flying takes more time. Then there's my instructing. I've taught Viv to fly, and now I'm teaching Cap'n James Smith.

"There's still another phase of our life which might be called abnormal. We keep no servants—partly for reasons of economy (flying is expensive) and partly because we hate the ignominy of having to order our fellow human beings about.

Viv does all the cooking and Cap'n Jim does the dishes and the general cleaning. Jim is a Negro, pleasant-faced, clean-cut, a college graduate. He is our friend, not our servant. He has all his meals with us. We have a 'Be kind to Jim' week at our house, just as we have a 'Be kind to Bob' week, and a 'Be kind to Viv' week. During the 'Be kind to Jim' week, we wait on *him*.

"The color of a man's skin," said Bob, as the hour ticked by and the time came for him to drive back, "is another thing that doesn't seem to matter—up there. The things that do count are the ones that concern everyone. Conscription, for example. I'm all for it. I think we should have had it long ago. The manufacture of munitions should be speeded up. We should have the greatest air force in the world. There should be a ring of steel around the Americas. And I don't believe that conscription means the downfall of democracy and the setting up of a dictatorship either. I have too much faith in the soundness of the American people to believe that anything like that could exist here.

"I have had a pet theory for years which is now being put into practice. It is that the two things that will contribute most to eventual lasting world peace are radio and flying. Flying will bring us closer together, physically; radio will bring us closer together, ideologically. Each in its way will help make us neighbors. When we can all rub elbows and trade dreams one with the other, we will be friends, on the old premise that to know all is to forgive all."

"And if you should have to go to war?" I said.

"If there must be war, I'll go gladly. After all," he laughed, "a lot of other 'juveniles' will have to go, too! I won't be alone. That's the whole thing, you see, we aren't alone anymore, any of us. The thought of it doesn't worry me, not for myself, at least. I couldn't do anything but go, so I might as well be gay about it. We've got to look at things that way now in order to be happy."

Then we drove back to the studio. And after I left him I couldn't help wondering—is this what it's like, being a young man in the world today?



Sculptress Hedi Hollander tells Claudette Colbert (time-outting from "Arise My Love") how she chose her profession. Seems her song-writing hubby was driving her mad with his piano pounding, so she retired to a studio behind their house, began sculpting and founded a million-dollar business.

A DAY TO REMEMBER

(Continued from page 43)

black. From the cellar came a spooky cry; from the attic a sinister howl. Another family might have fainted, but the twins have conditioned the Johnsons to drama and the unexpected.

"It must be one of their games," said Mrs. Johnson placidly. And that's just what it was. Laraine, Lamar and their friends had resurrected one of their childhood favorites—"Sardines." First they had blacked out the house. Then one member of the clan had dashed away to hide. The rest of the group were hot on the trail, yelling and screaming through the dark. As, one by one, they discovered the hiding place—in this instance a linen closet—they hid there, too, until the last lone wanderer found them all together, packed tight as sardines on top of the Johnsons' clean sheets and towels. Mrs. Johnson is a philosopher about things like laundry and sudden guests, dancing in the living room and the interminable blare of the radio. She thinks it's all very jolly.

ANYBODY would think these assorted activities would keep even Laraine panting, but there is more to the story. Laraine writes poetry. How or when is a mystery we shan't try to solve. We can only report that she does, and that the poetry is quite good at that. She has had a number of pieces accepted by literary magazines, and on the work table in her large, sunny bedroom you can always find a couple of lyrics simmering gently, waiting for revision and a last fond polishing. Laraine writes musical comedies, too, and several of these have been produced by the Wilshire Playhouse group. She's pretty glib about her favorite authors, Ogden Nash, Jules Verne, Knut Hamsen, so we wouldn't be surprised if she even races through a book now and then. She admits, however, that she never gets a chance to shop. She loves clothes, but somehow can't find time to collect them. If she sees a pretty dress in a window, she'll dash in and buy it. Later, of course, she discovers that she hasn't a hat, coat or pair of shoes to wear with it. By the time she has assembled the right accessories, the dress looks like a relic of yesteryear. Consequently, she sticks mostly to slacks and shorts, spruces up only for big evenings.

So now you see how it is. When you have so many interests, so many things to do, when you have come so far in nineteen short years, when you plan to go so much farther in the years just ahead, you can't mark time. You can't stall. You can't proceed in low gear. No, sir! You hit the pike at eighty plus. You burn up the road, but you get there safe and sound with no accidents, and with even the law rooting for you. You do if you are Laraine Day, the cyclone on sixteen cylinders!

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MODERN SCREEN

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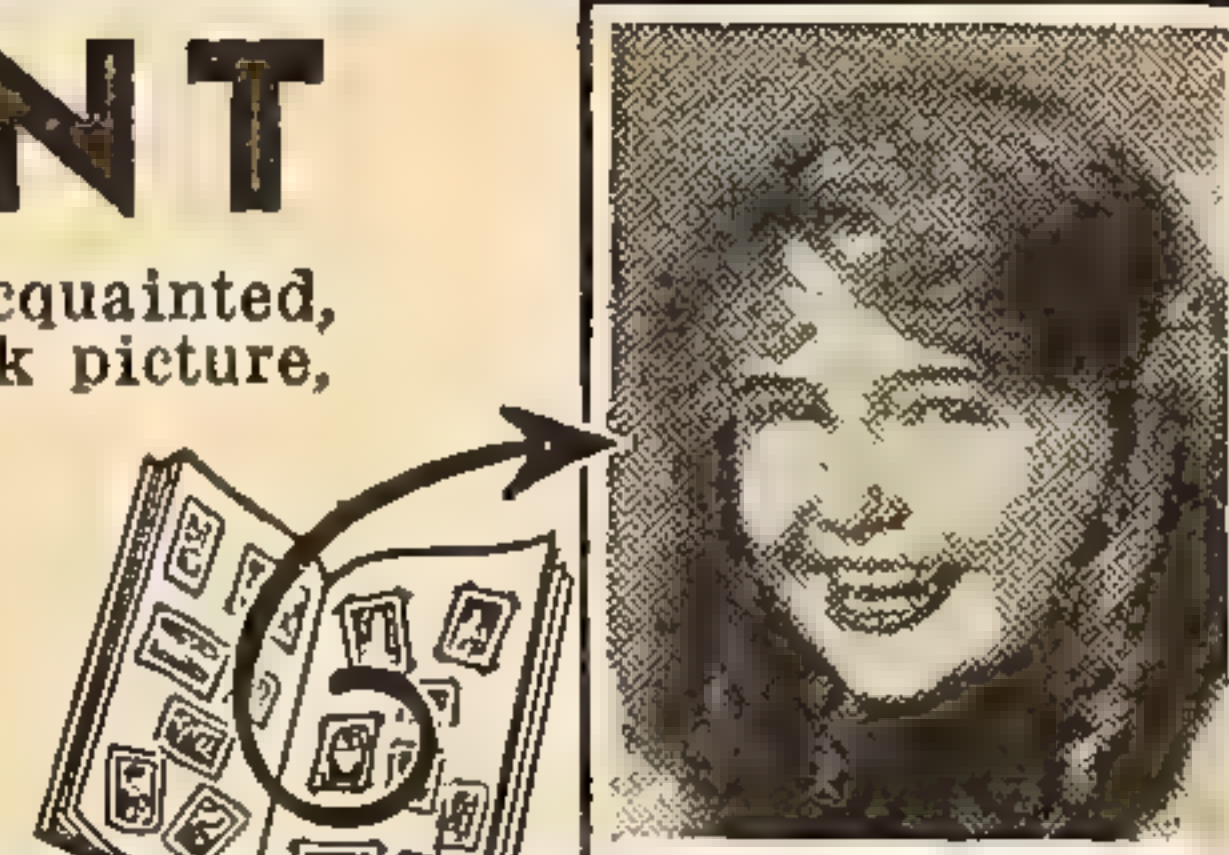


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HOLLYWOOD GANGS UP ON BRENDA MARSHALL

(Continued from page 38)

Later, during the course of the picture Brenda felt like expiring on the spot after one of her love scenes with Flynn. Flynn didn't help matters at all and definitely proved himself no gentleman and a scoundrel of the first order by ribbing her about what happened.

She had ordered one of the specials in the Green Room for luncheon, a dish of particular delectability. Not until she went into the first afternoon close-up with Flynn did she know there had been a liberal amount of disguised garlic in the dish. Flynn promptly and elaborately swooned, nor would he allow her to forget her innocent *faux pas* for one minute during the entire afternoon.

When she talked with her first Hollywood writer, Brenda learned that a magazine interview wasn't as simple as she'd thought.

The interviewer insisted upon delving into her past life, asking intimate questions which caused Brenda to fairly curl and shrivel. How was she to know that the writer meant nothing personal? To him, the questions were altogether natural and normal. He simply was trying to ferret out facts which would make an interesting story. Inasmuch as she had always tried to keep her affairs to herself, Brenda found exploration into those affairs a matter of deep concern.

For this very reason, the penalty of fame struck her amidsthips when a Hollywood columnist printed the news that Brenda and William Holden would marry within ten months. At that date, Brenda's divorce from Richard Houston Gaines, stage actor, would become final and she would be in a position to marry again.

Brenda was frightfully embarrassed by the episode, for she and young Holden weren't even engaged, much less planning any date for a wedding. Granted they went around together and Hollywood thought they were in love; no formal announcement had been made of any such betrothal. Brenda is a young woman of breeding and refinement, and she believed it particularly bad taste on the part of the columnist.

Had Brenda known beforehand what lay in store for her in Hollywood, she might have hesitated before deserting the stage, at least until she had acquired more poise and experience.

PAINFULLY shy, she didn't know how to meet the situations into which she was almost immediately plunged. Valiant attempts at sophistication in the Hollywood manner even now haven't radically changed this young actress who was reared in the solitude of a tropical sugar-cane plantation.

Born of Danish parentage on the island of Negros in the southern Philippine group, her childhood was passed far from the progressive tide of civilization. Brenda lived in the realm of her father's rather extensive library, and dreams didn't give way to reality until she was sent to an aunt's in San Antonio, Texas, for her education.

Interest in dramatics commenced with her enrollment at Texas State College, where she acted in class plays and proved herself an adept performer. She became so engrossed in the idea of a theatrical career that after two years at Texas State—which, by the way, Ann Sheridan also attended—she left to join Madame Maria Ouspenskaya's Dramatic

College, then located in New York City.

Following her training there, Brenda became a member of a "straw hat" summer stock in Peterborough, N. H., and finally appeared in the Federal Theatre Project's production of George Bernard Shaw's "On the Rocks," which played Broadway for a very nice run. It was in this play that Hollywood talent scouts saw her and recommended her to their respective companies. Warner Brothers chanced to see one of these tests rejected by another studio and wired the youngster, "Take next westbound plane arriving here tomorrow."

When she arrived, Brenda resembled nothing quite so much as a luminous-eyed Spanish señorita. There's a certain deep, smouldering fire about her that, despite her Scandinavian ancestry, gives her an unmistakable Latin look.



Hold your breath girls! Ida Lupino's waist is 21¼ in.—Filmland's tiniest!

That is one reason why she filled the role of Doña Maria in "The Sea Hawk" so perfectly.

Hollywood scared the living daylights out of Brenda. It was so vastly different from anything she had ever encountered. Everyone seemed so utterly self-sufficient, so certain of himself. She found it difficult to accustom herself to flattery, to the delving into her personal life, to pushing herself forward when she would have preferred to remain in the background. What Brenda needed was a big dose of egomania, particularly to bridge over those embarrassing interludes she seemed ever to be drawn into.

After making four pictures, however, she was just beginning to feel a little bit more important, when she had another deflating experience. Holden had

told her that Barbara Stanwyck wanted to meet her, but the opportunity had never presented itself. Therefore, when Barbara came on the Warner Brothers lot to work in Frank Capra's "Meet John Doe," Brenda decided that the time for the meeting had come. Accordingly, she went to pay her a call.

She did not, however, reckon with the gateman! Capra sets are always closed, visitors being admitted only with special permission. The gateman wasn't at all impressed with the fact that she was Brenda Marshall and under contract to the studio. She had no business on the set, so she wasn't going to pass. That year in the studio didn't signify a thing to the gate custodian and she had to leave without even a peek at Barbara!

NOT long ago she appeared on Bing Crosby's radio program. Memory of that broadcast lingers still, and not pleasantly, either.

An hour or so before the broadcast she fell and injured her back, but believed she could go through with the scheduled appearance. She stood with Bing and several others before one of the microphones on the stage.

Suddenly, while awaiting her lines, the top page of her script fluttered out of her hands. When she went to stoop for it, however, she discovered to her alarm she couldn't even bend! With her cue less than a minute away, she grew desperate. No one seemed aware of the fact that she had dropped her script, and there she was, unable to do anything about it. Finally she did get down on the floor crawfish-fashion to pick up the fallen page. It was one of her worst moments, for no one could know her awkwardness was caused by her fall; torn sacroiliac muscles had made her practically helpless.

Transcending by far all these adventures in embarrassment, however, because it served as a deep and searing blow, was an incident which occurred her first day on a movie set, the day she started "Espionage Agent."

During the morning Brenda had appeared in several scenes; then lunch was called. When she returned to the set, she received a terrific shock!

There before the camera, in clothes exactly like hers, stood another girl—and she was acting out the scene Brenda knew she was supposed to enact directly after lunch!

Brenda didn't know what to do, what to say. She felt like sinking through the floor; apparently, she had failed in her baptism-by-fire before the camera, and another actress had to be called in to replace her.

No one said anything; no one uttered words of sympathy or commiseration. For this, at least, she was grateful. It was as though the world had come to an end, and she felt frightfully ashamed.

She needn't have been, poor child! For that girl in clothes exactly like hers was her stand-in, going through her paces for the benefit of a camera set-up!

Every young actress experiences certain embarrassing moments in the realization of stardom, but few can duplicate those Brenda Marshall endured on her way up. She believes firmly, though, and perhaps rightfully, they contributed to her poise and presence. Certainly, she is one of the most composed young women on the screen today.

KNEE HIGH TO AN OSCAR

(Continued from page 6)

at Universal Studios. Gloria is twice as pretty in person as the camera allows. Symbolically enough, she was dolled up in an old dress of Deanna's, a blue taffeta affair, much too long for Gloria, but that didn't matter. Gloria was in the portrait gallery for a sitting of head close-ups. While she waited for the lights to be set, she passed the time ripping open a stack of fan letters. Every now and then Gloria giggled. Finally she shoved one letter at me and smiled.

When Gloria Jean smiles her dark blue eyes draw up in little violet slots and her eyelashes look like zippers. Her round, pink-and-white face topped by a neat mop of naturally wavy titian tresses smiles right along with her generous mouth. It was hard to concentrate—but I made it.

"Dear Gloria," said the letter. "I am only thirteen and I know I am too young for love but I can't help it, you are the prettiest girl in the world. Will you marry me? Donald."

She's a siren, this twelve-year-old! Why, some months ago Bing Crosby brought his kids on the set one day to watch pappy work. The next morning, bright and early, Gary, the eldest offspring, stalked into Bing's bedroom and woke him out of a sound sleep.

"Well, Dad," stated Gary, "it's happened!"

"What's happened?" inquired Bing, wide awake and wondering what epic event had arrived in the life of his son and heir.

"Judy Garland's out," declared Gary. "I've got a new girl—Gloria Jean."

Mesmerized young males by the thousands may moon over Gloria Jean, but right now Gloria isn't doing any mooning back. She's too busy savoring the wonders of Hollywood. And with all the real flesh and blood screen gods stalking around her sets (and being a terrific movie fan) Gloria is having a few crushes herself.

Dangling from the charm bracelet on her wrist is a gold medallion embossed with the classic profile of Basil Rathbone. Gloria raved about Basil so much when she made the picture with Bing that The Groaner had the little gold gadget made for a parting gift. Gloria was faithful to Basil for a long time, even after her Charles Boyer affair, but recently the autographed picture which hung over her bed was given away to Brian Aherne's romantic face, also lovingly autographed. What's more, Gloria has a big box of candy from Brian to prove his devotion, whether Joan Fontaine likes it or not. John Sutton, a handsome young Universal newcomer, is now looming large in Gloria's daydreams, as are Spencer Tracy and Errol Flynn, and it's to be expected that almost every dashing movie hero who visits Universal to make a picture will have his brief but blazing day in Gloria's worship.

To Gloria all this is a fantastic, wonderful dream come true—a dream that began quite a while ago back in Buffalo, N. Y., where she was born.

When Gloria was too young to dream about Hollywood, her pretty, energetic mother did it for her. For if you ask Eleanor Schoonover, she will swear she knew Gloria Jean had a rare voice when she was only fifteen months old. The record reveals that at that age Gloria actually showed up on a Scranton radio

program, and at five she made her début in a big Scranton theatre officially classified as a coloratura soprano!

From then on about all Gloria Jean did, outside of wolf her oatmeal and learn her ABC's, was to burst into song at the slightest provocation. Gloria Jean was pretty famous locally by the time Paul Whiteman came through on tour with his band and, after one audition, offered her a contract.

BY that time there wasn't much doubt that Gloria was destined for a singing career, but Mama Schoonover and Gloria's Uncle Jack, a voice expert who really discovered Gloria's professional pipes, were set on grand opera. It took a lot of moxie to say "no" to Paul Whiteman, creator of stars, but they did, and lucky for Gloria, too. Because right after that she had her tonsils out, and complications set in that had her lying around a hospital for almost a year. Everyone thought she'd lose her pretty voice for sure—but when she got well, her singing was better than ever! Then Gloria's mother knew there was only one thing to do—get Gloria to New York where the big breaks were.

They started out broke and had absolutely no trouble staying that way, for there wasn't enough money in the Schoonover family to maintain two homes. Gloria finally got a job with a little one-horse New York opera company but, when they worked her too hard and threatened to ruin her voice, Mama S. didn't hesitate to pound the pavements again. Just when it looked like back to Scranton for keeps, the good Hollywood fairy waved her wand with a swell sense of timing.

Whether they wished upon a star or what, I couldn't say—but all of a sudden things certainly began happening.

Larry Waterman, assistant to the president of Universal, was in New York and saw Gloria at a tryout. He liked her! The next day Larry told Joe Pasternak, who was in the East on a pleasure trip, that he'd seen another Deanna Durbin. Pasternak clapped his brow. The last thing in the world he wanted to see or even hear about was another Deanna Durbin. Everybody he talked to had one. He wasn't interested in interviewing young hopefuls and mama's darlings—not this trip. He was on vacation and he meant to stay that way. No mix-ups with moppets!

But there's a funny thing about Hollywood producers. When they think they are on vacation, they're often spinning their brains around a mile a minute over some future epic. Joe had bought an I.A.R. Wylie magazine story called "The Underpup," but he didn't have a typical American kid to play in it. Consequently, it was a cinch for Larry Waterman to break him down to an interview with Gloria Jean.

She didn't even have to sing for Joe. She just played a couple of her records and turned on her smile. It was a ticket to Hollywood!

Long before this, Gloria had started making scrapbooks of her particular movie favorites and dreaming about Hollywood as some sort of Seventh Heaven. She'd always pictured it as a lush, tropical place, where cocoanuts rolled around in the streets, green palm trees swayed and glamorous stars pattered around in a paradise of luxury. Well, it was sort of a shock to find Movieland just another big city full of noises, hard-working people, lots of traffic and practically no cocoanuts. Undaunted, Gloria Jean made up her mind to concentrate on the movie studios and their glamorous stars, and so far they

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haven't let her down even a little bit.

Universal hasn't kept her too busy, for Joe Pasternak believes in bringing kids along slowly. She's had lots of time for running around collecting autographs, gasping, goggling and meeting mobs of dream men and women who are still eighth wonders of the world to her. By now the scrap books have reached mountainous proportions, and the autograph collections and screenland souvenirs have forced the Schoonovers into larger living quarters. When she returned to Scranton last year, reporters queried her about the thrills of Hollywood and Gloria replied that among the greatest was meeting people like Nan Grey, C. Aubrey Smith, El Brendel, etc., all of whom support Gloria in her own starring pictures.

After almost two years, studio sets still lure her like enchanted palaces. Mrs. Schoonover has given up trying to keep Gloria at home between pictures. Whether she's working or not, she manages to duck over to Universal daily, and one of her favorite between-picture pastimes is taking her sister, Lois, (Gloria's stand-in) and her baby sister, Bonnie, out to the abandoned sets on the back lot and putting on "plays." The other day a Universal picture company, setting up for some outdoor shots among the gaunt ruins of the ancient "Hunchback of Notre Dame" sets, was surprised to hear a voice crying "Heathcliffe! Heathcliffe!" They rushed inside and found Gloria Jean, Lois and Bonnie deep in a dramatic scene obviously filched from "Wuthering Heights!"

Going to the movies, by the way, is Gloria's never-ending delight. If, in the evening, the answer is a firm family "no," Gloria can sometimes be content to stay at home and dress up like her favorite screen sirens, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford, before the long mirror in her bedroom. But she'd a lot rather coax her way to the neighborhood theatre. Gloria's taste in movies at this point runs mainly to outdoor slam-bang pictures like "When the Daltons Rode" and "The Sea Hawk." She's also wild about horror films. The other day Gloria Jean trotted over to rehearse for an appearance at the Los Angeles Policemen's Ball. They put her up on an impromptu platform that carpenters were hammering together. To Gloria it suggested a scaffold. "Oh," she

cried happily, "just like a hanging!"

Outside of this slight Jane Witherish touch, Gloria Jean is as nice and normal a young lady as you'd care to know. She collects dolls, helps her mother with the dishes, makes her own bed, cooks Baby Bonnie's breakfast and can whip up very yummy peanut cookies, according to family testimonials.

On the athletic side, she pedals a bike and bumps around occasionally on a horse chased by her fox terrier, "Pat," a gift of Director Dave Butler. In a swimming pool Gloria's a regular fish, and she can take care of herself very well in the neighborhood running, jumping and ball-playing kid games. For that matter, Gloria Jean can take care of herself under most circumstances.

She was up for a radio program with Edgar Bergen a while back. Bergen took Gloria to lunch after the deal was set to get to know her, so he could write up a clever script. One of the most amusing gents in Hollywood, Edgar's a great kiddier, and he was bantering Gloria all around the table. Finally he happened on the favorite subject of his hair. Bergen hasn't any, of course, and though he kids about it, he's really sensitive. "How do you like my long curly locks, Gloria?" he inquired facetiously.

"I like it the way it is in the movies," came back Gloria. That's when Bergen wears a toupe!

Gloria's weaknesses are ice cream, which she tries to have at every meal, five-and-ten cent stores, trains, frilly frocks and a player piano which she pretends to play herself but really can't. Since she's been made a star, her little thirteen-year-old boy friend next door is having a terrible time getting any attention. Gloria used to join him in marbles and BB gun shooting in her "off" hours. Now she just climbs up into a tree with a pillow and dreams.

Mostly the dreams are about Messrs. Boyer, Rathbone, Aherne, Sutton, Flynn and company. But sometimes Gloria has nightmares, too. The other day she rushed into the house looking like a ghost. She'd dreamed that she was leaving Hollywood!

"Oh, Mother," sobbed Gloria, "if I had to do that I think I'd rather die."

But there's not much chance of Gloria Jean leaving her Hollywood Wonderland for a long time to come.



Wouldn't you love to live in Studio City? Smiley Burnette's the new mayor! That's screen-pal Gene Autry (right) admiring his impressive seal of office.

LOVE AND LANA

(Continued from page 31)

sharp and quick. He hates previews and premières. His two loves are Shaw and music, but Shaw's his favorite of the two.

Now Lana: Because she is publicized by her studio as a glamour girl, people immediately assume that she is a sophisticate. If wanting to have a good time denotes sophistication, we suppose, then, that Lana is a sophisticate. But the public doesn't seem to realize that the only difference between youngsters in Hollywood and those in other parts of the country is that the latter don't get hyped-up publicity, and their lives are not bared in daily print. The public, too, cannot seem to realize that a nineteen-year-old Hollywood girl can have perfectly normal desires, normal intelligence and a normal education. (As a matter of fact, Lana's formal education stopped when she was sixteen, at which point she entered pictures.)

She is just as naïve in her way as the cute college sophomore next door and, despite the suddenness of her ill-fated elopement, she faced the future with wide-eyed openness and determination to make a go of it.

That February night this year when Artie and Lana dated for the first time, the two drove to the beach. The details of the drive have never been fully bared, other than that it wound up in an air jaunt to Las Vegas. But Shaw's friends will tell you of the wonderful line he casts. That night he was evidently in rare form. He gave forth first with the "I'm sick of it all" routine. This was followed by the "futility of it all" barrage, then "the chaos of the world," "the desire for the tranquillity of a home and family."

AS Artie kept spouting, Lana kept lapping it up. To a romantic youngster who—believe it or not—didn't know her own drawing power in the world of men, marriage and children as outlined by Shaw sounded intriguing. When finally he suggested marriage, and she agreed, Shaw almost collapsed! At the airport he was stunned by her continued willingness to become his wife. He could hardly believe it even when she told the justice of the peace that she accepted him as her lawfully-wedded husband. If the public was surprised at the newspaper headlines, you can be sure that those same headlines were a double jolt to Shaw!

The subsequent newspaper publicity was terrific! The morning following the

marriage, the Hollywood Reporter, carrying the "angle" follow-up, said:

"Speculation on *why* Lana Turner suddenly upped and did it is still the topic of the day—but that's Hollywood as the whole stunt goes to show. Dailies missed the gun completely on the inside yarn. Monday was Lana's mother's birthday, which they celebrated at dinner alone, after which she joined Artie Shaw, too late to catch the opening of "The Man Who Came To Dinner," which is why seats "Left Center K 1 and 3" were empty. Lana and Shaw then went for a drive, it being their first date since his return, and along about three ayem, after he'd given her a spiel about a home and family, they decided to be married immediately. On returning to town yesterday, they sought refuge from reporters, studio press agents and photogs at Bellows and Company, (wine merchants on Wilshire Boulevard) where Edgar Selwyn's nephew, Billy, is an associate. Billy hid them in the "tasting room," called Billy Seymour and got 'em a wedding ring, and the four then had a champagne breakfast. Then, to duck reporters, the couple sneaked off to Edgar Selwyn's home, where they slept until six yesterday evening."

FROM there Lana went to Artie's Benedict Canyon home and an entirely new life. No matter what anyone says, when Lana entered that house for the first time, she was in love with Shaw. Once inside the mansion, she came face to face with a stranger, and she directed all her efforts toward understanding and pleasing him. She learned how to run his home smoothly. She did the things a maid would more properly have been called upon to do, and did them cheerfully and whole-heartedly.

She soon became aware of the fact, however, that Shaw did not live up to their romantic elopement. Here was a man of temperament and moods such as she'd never known. Because she loved him, she did her very best to unravel the mystery that kept enveloping her. She tried to conform to his way of life, although it meant changing completely from her previous self.

Shaw hated night clubs. He hated dancing. He disliked crowds. His greatest amusement consisted of having his musician friends to his home, where they'd talk about subjects completely foreign to Lana. She pretended an interest, but in her unfamiliarity with "their world" she was continually embarrassed by Shaw, who tossed her "ignorance" in her face whether friends were present or not. He also taunted her for her comparative lack of education. In trying to "lift" her intellectually, he tossed education at her in bulk, giving her books to read that would have been a strain on college professors. These heavy psychological abuses did much to bring about the breakdown which sent her to the Santa Monica hospital with nervous exhaustion. It is said, however, that during her hospital siege, she was permitted to read some of the more popular magazines.

On their infrequent trips to night clubs, he'd never ask her to dance. Here was a girl longing for a whirl, and he'd sit tight

Solution to Puzzle on Page 14

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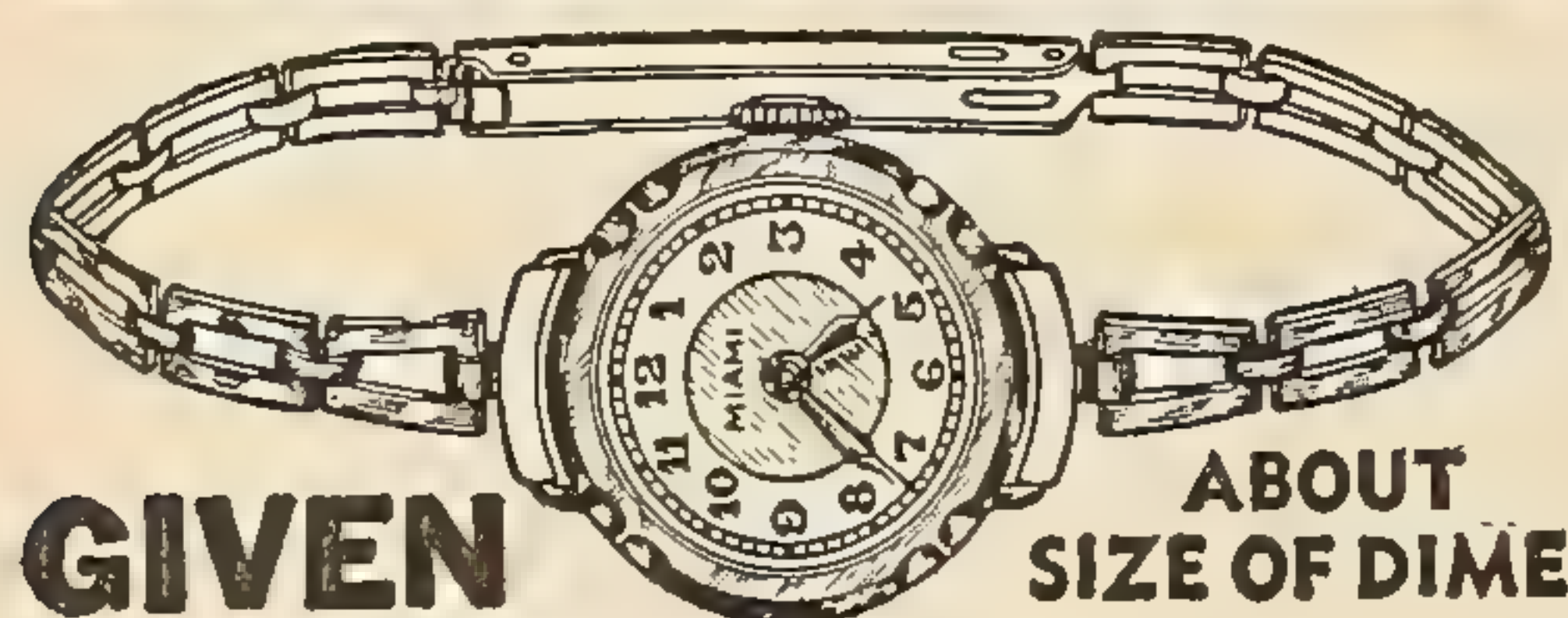
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hour after hour in conversation with friends. All evening long Lana would peer enviously toward the dance floor where her old friends were having a whale of a time. Shaw never allowed her to attend her own previews or give any autographs. Deep in her heart, Lana liked Clyde McCoy's music. That, to Shaw, was sacrilege! When she asked to go to Lombardo's opening at the Grove—wow!

When they were home alone in the evening, Artie would bury himself in a book. She, returning from a hard day's work at the studio and longing for companionship, would run into a stone wall of morose silence, when for hours on end Shaw would offer punctual yawns as fragments of conversation.

He was jealous of any attentions showered on her. Even Lana's personal maid drew his wrath because she paid more attention to Lana than she did to him. When his manservant began to follow suit, Shaw was furious!

He cut off all her friends with the result that it was all Lana could do to eke out a jovial "hello" as she passed her former companions on the street and in restaurants. Shaw's friends, on the other hand, were all-important. He'd bring them to his home for jam-sessions and gabfests that would last until early morning. Lana was expected to sit around at Artie's beck and call, despite six A. M. studio calls. He'd order her around as one would a servant. "Turn on the radio," "mix a couple of drinks for the boys," and so on and on—and all these things she'd do. Half the time she didn't know what they were talking about, the other half she was too tired to care. To Shaw and his friends, four bars of Bobby Hackett meant more than Hitler walking into Paris. There's no telling what eight bars meant.

Although Lana admired his talents, Shaw would rarely offer to play his clarinet for her. He felt she couldn't appreciate it or didn't have the proper capacity to understand it, as did his friends.

When she still had a week of retakes to do on "Two Girls On Broadway," Shaw suddenly decided they ought to go to New York and to hell with the retakes. The studio had an awful time with him

but finally won out. He did take her to New York later to show her to his buddies there.

He wanted her to break her film contract to go on a personal appearance tour with him. Fortunately, her advisers jumped in and nixed that idea promptly.

During their marriage, Lana's mother, who'd always been closest to her, saw little of her daughter. Shaw didn't make his home inviting to a mother-in-law and, with a mother's understanding, Mrs. Turner made no effort to dissuade Lana from her decision to keep on and make a go of the ill-fated marriage. Mothers can take a lesson from Mrs. Turner. She felt the couple's problems could best be worked out by themselves, and she never interfered. Lana would see her privately away from Artie's home, but pride prevented the girl from admitting even to her mother what was going on.

It was during these infrequent meetings with her mother—when the kid was choked with all these pent-up emotions—that Lana would leave her with, "Don't forget, Mummy, I love you very much, no matter what happens."

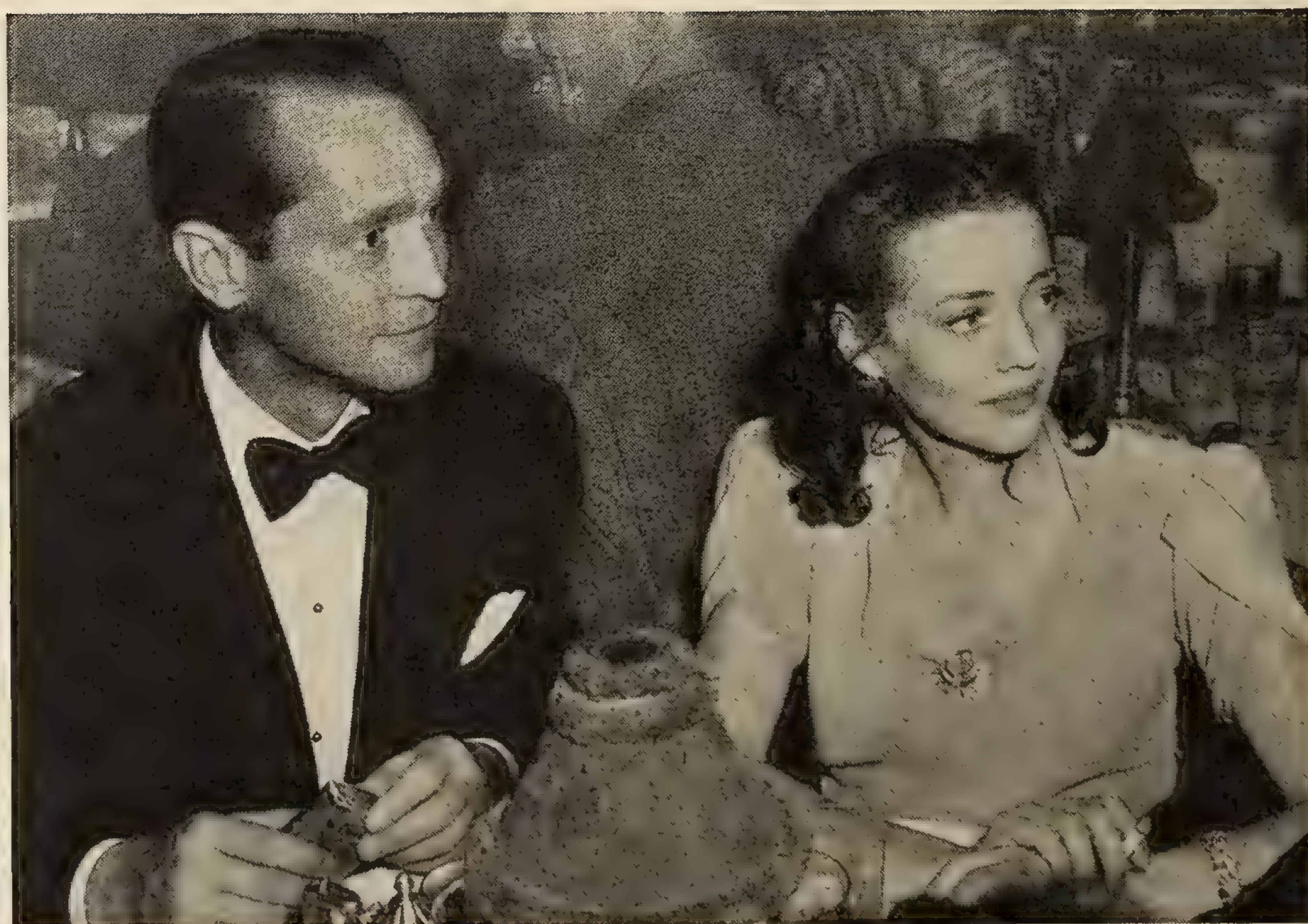
Lana shared her misery and troubles with no one and, as one hurt after another continued to pile up, she finally upped and left him. There was no scene. She simply told him she was going, and she went!

The fact that she left him, that the marriage was over, didn't mean a thing to Shaw. His friends will tell you that he carries no torch, is not in the least perturbed about anything that occurred. At press time, he was running around town with a new girl, Frances Neal, who was formerly Artie's friend's girl.

The studio shipped Lana off to Honolulu immediately after the break to forget. The trip helped assuage the pain a little, but she's still hurt.

When Lana returned from Honolulu, she was kept under close surveillance by her studio and agent. The latter saw to it that she went on no dates but those he approved of at the time.

But it's open season for dates with Lana Turner now. At this writing, she's hitting the town with Vic Mature and enjoying it. The studio is happy about her revived energy. They're not worried about her being burned again.



Pals from way back in New York, Franchot Tone and Sylvia Sidney reminisce on one of their weekly dates during Sylvia's temporary stay in Hollywood.

INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 8)

"four hundred" actually are. Myrna Loy is 35; Fred MacMurray, 32; Don Ameche, 30; Priscilla Lane, 23; sister Rosemary, 24; Brenda Joyce, 24; Olivia de Havilland, 24; Joan Crawford, 32; Barbara Stanwyck, 33; and Loretta Young, 27. We couldn't find any star who's birthday coincides exactly with yours (October 30 must have been reserved especially for you), but Fanny Brice and Douglass Montgomery come under the same astrological sign. Both were born on October 29.

Blanche Townsley, El Paso, Texas. Frances Dee is one of the few stars who was born right in the shadow of the cinema factories. Los Angeles is her home town and she'll be 33 on November 26. When she was seven, the family moved to Chicago where she was educated right through to a B. A. at the University of Chicago. While spending a summer vacation in Hollywood, she became so interested in "extra" work that she stayed on and eventually landed the lead opposite Maurice Chevalier in "Playboy of Paris." Frances is taking time out from looking after hubby Joel McCrea and their two lively children to make one of her rare pictures—United Artists' "Flotsam."

Charles Clark, Superior, Wis. The rumor that a little blonde usurper will take Shirley Temple's place on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot is just one of those whisperings. Joe Pasternak, Deanna Durbin's fairy godfather, will probably produce Shirley's next picture. Yes, it's true that Sonja Henie's contract with Twentieth Century-Fox is up.

Jeanette Syvertsen, Chicago, Ill. Louis Hayward's career has been an unusual

one right from that nineteenth of March in 1909 when he was born in Johannesburg, South Africa, the son of a gold mining engineer. After a sound education in French and English schools, Louis turned down a position in his uncle's London brokerage to enroll in an English dramatic academy. In order to obtain actual stage experience, Louis bought an interest in an impoverished little stock company which withstood the rigors of financial malnutrition just long enough for the young man to get his chance. Talent scouts saw his excellent performance in the Lunt's "Point Valaine"—and that's the story of how Louis Hayward came to Hollywood.

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(Continued from page 35)

sitting in a chair. She's either flat on the floor on her tummy or in bed. She always studies her scripts in bed. She likes popular novels, but plans this year to have her teacher make her a list of the classics she should read—and she'll read 'em! She doesn't like murder mysteries, as she's afraid they'll give her nightmares. She's beginning to collect books. "I want to have my own library," she declares, "with my own book-plate in every book so that I'll be known as 'well-read' and as 'Linda Darnell, Bibliophile.'" Being one of those people who have to have their sleep, and plenty of it, Linda always goes to bed at ten o'clock (except when she has dates and then she has to be home by twelve). "And how I love to sleep, just love it!"

Collecting records is her other hobby. She indulges in what she calls "record binges" and often goes to Bob Shaw's house (Bob has an enormous library of records) for an evening of "discing."

When she first came to Hollywood, her salary was said to be \$150 a week. The latest report is that it's been raised to \$450. When she made her trip to New York less than a year ago, the studio did

something it has never done before and (mark this well, girls) will probably never do again. It bought her \$3000 worth of clothes! For free! Which serves to indicate what they think of Linda!

She drives a modest little car, a Pontiac Six, and lives in a \$50 a month, rented house. According to Linda, there's no foreign car, no caviar, no champagne, no swimming pool and no projection machines in her life just yet. She would, she says, "rather build up to that gradually." She believes, "The way things are at home helps to keep my feet on the ground. Coming home to a little house in a not-too-elegant neighborhood is just what I need." Linda has her own room, furnished in blonde wood, with soft blue for drapes. She likes "a sleepy-colored room" to sleep in. The children, Calvin Jr., and Monte, aged about eleven and twelve, have another of the bedrooms, and Mrs. Darnell has the third. They keep no servant but a Japanese woman who comes in three days a week to do the laundry and cleaning. Linda's mother gets the dinner every night and the children help with the dishes. Linda loathes servants.



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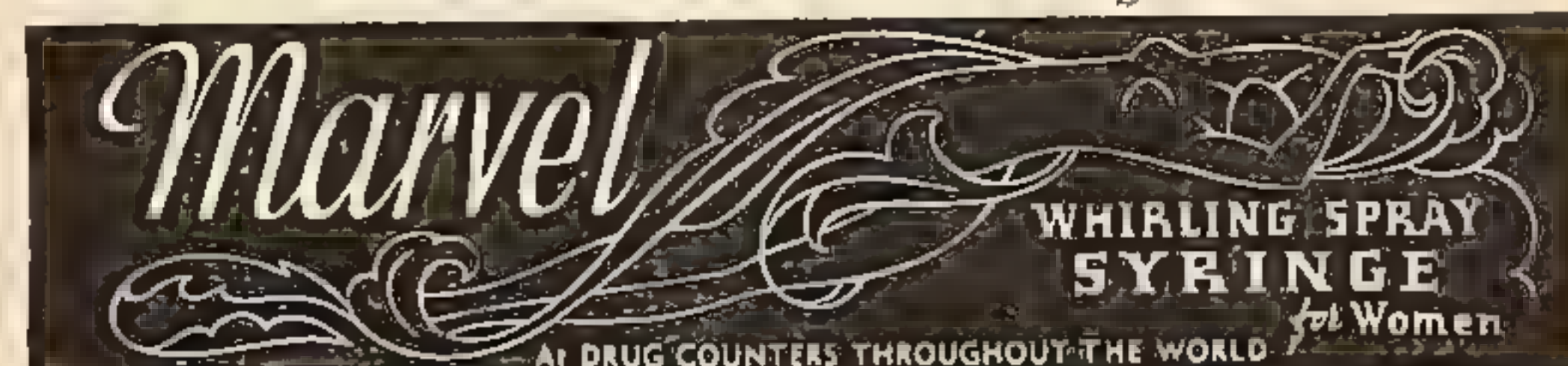
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Linda loves to drive; she just gets in her car and whips off to the beach or into the hills all by herself. She always drives for a while after work, because it relaxes her completely.

She has no use for anyone who "puts on an act" and believes that naturalness is the most important quality a girl can have if she's hoping for a break in pictures. "Because," she reasons wisely, "they're always looking for new people and new faces, not copies of old ones. And so I think it's a great mistake to try to act like Alice Faye or Norma Shearer or anyone but your own self."

She has had crushes, has thought she was in love, but Linda knows she never has been, really. She's heard the "you're too young, you don't know what you're talking about" line so often that now she believes it. She takes advice. Naïvely, but very earnestly, she'll tell you, "Mother knows best. Why shouldn't I do as she says?"

The nicest compliment she ever had, in her opinion, was paid her when she was making her trip to New York. An old gentleman on the train told her, "You are the most wholesome young girl I have ever seen." It was the word "wholesome" that pleased her. Linda dislikes cheap words, words used often and carelessly. She prefers praise from older people "because then it's so real."

Linda speaks wistfully of a pre-Hollywood romance, the lad in question being a Spanish refugee from Barcelona whom she hasn't seen for several months. She believes he may be in Mexico but she is "still carrying the torch for him." He is "the sweetest boy I know and he comes closest to the 'real thing' in my life."

Mrs. Darnell insists that Linda has no idea how beautiful she is. "I'll tell her something nice someone has said about her looks, and she'll answer, 'Oh, Mama, don't believe all that stuff you hear.'"

She had a crush on Don Ameche and on Tyrone Power before she came to Hollywood. She "fell in love" with Don Ameche when she heard him in the "First Nighter" broadcasts. When she saw him on the screen, "I was so excited I nearly died!" Part of this fairy tale of being in Hollywood is that she happened to get into the very same studio with Don and Tyrone!

Of an economical disposition, Linda doesn't have to be given a stated allowance. Part of her money goes into a trust fund, some into a savings account and the balance into a checking account. She is equally frugal with her temper. She saves it and saves it, goes along calmly for months and then, for some trivial reason, she "blows all to pieces." She likes to surprise people with gifts. Never gives them on the usually prescribed occasions but just when the spirit moves her. She always sits with her hands loosely linked, either in her lap or on a table. She looks you squarely in the eye when she speaks.

Her mother makes her go out with the same four boys all the time, Louis Blau, a young attorney, Alan Gordon, Frank Swann and Bob Shaw. Lots of "play-boys" call her up, her mother says, "but they don't get past me!" Mrs. Darnell's formula for Linda's dates is that they must be "nice, young men" and she does a thorough character-analysis before Linda may have any dates with them.

Even with the four who have been "passed by the Board of Censors," Mrs. Darnell makes her rotate her dates so that by the time she goes out with the first boy again, there has been such a lapse that the columnists can't attach any romance to her. Linda often turns down a date for Saturday afternoon or Sunday in order to take the kids to the beach.

Her favorite color is red, not a brilliant red, but an exotic, sub-shade red. She always turns to the "funnies" first when she reads the papers. She doesn't smoke and never takes a cocktail. She doesn't admire sophistication "until a girl is thirty-ish," so doesn't try to acquire it. Among "a million pet hates" which she claims to have, the "hatingest" is pictures that hang slightly askew on the wall.

"I'll never marry an actor!" is young Linda's slogan. Her mother insists it is one she'll never go back on. When she reads of a divorce among movie people she always says, "One of those Hollywood marriages—nothing like that for me!" A good, steady husband is what she wants, with a home founded on rock, not on glamour and headlines. There will be children, lots of them, and emotional as well as financial security. She hates men who "leer" and "ogle" and thinks women who "flirt shamelessly" are just as bad. All of "that kind of cheap fun," she says, "is making light of something sacred."

Like any normal girl, she is "simply mad about clothes" and, when she sees something she likes in a shop window, she "just has fits" until she gets it. Once a year she conducts a general house-cleaning in her own room, accompanied by a perfect orgy of straightening out closets and bureau drawers. At this time she sternly admonishes her mother to be sure that all her gloves are kept in this compartment, all her scarfs in that one, et cetera. By nightfall, laughs Mrs. Darnell, the usual wild disorder again prevails! Incredibly enough, Linda is fanatically and spotlessly neat in her dress. Her mother says she sends things to the dry cleaners "that aren't even out of breath!"

When she does go out with her "nice, young men," she likes especially to bowl, to attend the theatre, and to go dancing at Ciro's or at the Beverly-Wilshire. She has dates "for fun and to relax, but they mean absolutely nothing more than that."

Her food preferences run to Spanish and Italian dishes which her mother cooks to perfection. Also barbecued meats, cooked over hickory wood or in a barbecue like the one which her father made at home. Her dancing lessons as a child, she feels, were the most valuable preparation she made toward her career, because "dancing gives you so much poise." Although she studied ballet dancing, she never wanted to be anything but what she is. Single-minded in her purpose, Linda never went off on tangents, thinking she would be a trained nurse, a buyer, an aviatrix, etc.

Making a person-to-person canvas of various people who know Linda—Tyrone Power, Pev Marley, Director Walter Lang, Director Henry King, Henry Fonda, John Carradine, Dean Jagger, John Payne, Jane Darwell, Elsa Maxwell and Mary Astor—I asked them this one question: "Confidentially, has Linda Darnell any faults?" The answers, unanimous and monosyllabic, were, "None!"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 17)

unforgettable characterization of the Judge.

As the film starts, Gary Cooper is being led into a small, rough town in Texas charged with stealing horses. He doesn't get a chance to defend himself, and it looks like curtains until he tricks the Judge in a very amusing manner to gain his freedom. Gary's about to leave town when he bumps into Doris Davenport, who tells him what a tough time decent citizens are having in the vicinity because of Brennan's nefarious activities. Yes, you're right. He stays and cleans up the mess.

Now all this is pretty routine, of course, and you've seen it a dozen times, at least. But what makes it outstanding and different is Brennan's portrayal of a cantankerous, cruel and eccentric gent with real color.

He could have been just a mean old buzzard, but then you would have had just a cowboy picture. As played by Brennan (and as written, of course) he is a live human being, who vitalizes the whole film and changes all the actors from puppets to real persons.

Gary is still a honey of a performer in his own right and, as usual, he makes a terrific impression as the good badman, but no matter how well he handled his part it would still be another performance of a familiar role.

There are a number of other good bits of acting, for Fred Stone and Doris Davenport (a delectable dish if ever we saw one), are both outstanding in supporting roles. Directed by William Wyler.—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists Release.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Based on historical fact, this film was originally entitled "Vinegaroon" after the name of the town in which the story is laid . . . There actually was a Judge Roy Bean, played here by Walter Brennan. In the film, one of the big moments is when he meets Lily Langtry, just before he dies; actually, he died two years before the Jersey Lily visited Vinegaroon . . . All the outdoor scenes were made in Goldwyn City in a location community set up near Tuscon, Arizona . . . During the making of the film, Gary Cooper was laid up with water on the knee, sustained in a fall immediately after a fight scene with Forrest Tucker . . . While the 250 members of the cast were at Goldwyn City, "the daily rushes" were sent by air mail to be passed on by Samuel Goldwyn, who then gave his opinion to Director Wyler by telephone . . . This is the first important part handled by Doris Davenport; some years ago she had a very small bit in an Eddie Cantor musical, but couldn't get started in films. She changed her name to Dorothy Jordan and went to New York, where a talent scout saw her and signed her again for Goldwyn, the only stipulation being that she change her name back to the original . . . As a result of the interest in this film, Texas has made a shrine to Judge Roy Bean, consisting of his former bar and court, which were two ends of the same room.

★★★ No Time for Comedy

One of the strangest anomalies about Hollywood is that no one out here has ever discovered that just because a play

is good on Broadway it does not necessarily follow that it will be good on the screen. This is a case in point. It was a successful play, and it's not a bad movie, but you won't paste the program in your scrapbook to look fondly at and reminisce about in years to come.

Maybe the trouble is that every possible backstage formula has been used up. In spite of the fact that this is from Broadway and has a high-brow background, it is still, essentially, another backstage story. And kind of corny.

Jimmy Stewart is a playwright and is married to Rosalind Russell, who is an actress and stars in all his comedies. Everything is fine until Jimmy meets Genevieve Tobin, who is a rich lady with "ideas," and she convinces Jimmy that he ought to try writing a play with "meaning" and "importance." Yeah, he does. It flops and he comes back to Roz a wiser and saner playwright.

Roz and Jimmy are swell troupers, of course, and they make an interesting romantic combination, but both of them are miscast. Roz is a terrific comedienne, but is forced to play a beautiful glamour girl (albeit with brains) here. It's good, but it's not our Roz. And Jimmy as the egotistic, cocksure young playwright is okay, but not our Jimmy.

And wait until a certain section of our United States sees the way Louise Beavers acts in the parlor! You can't do it, pals, you just can't.

Isn't there anything really good, without reservations, that we can say about anyone in this picture? Sure. Allyn Joslyn does a peach of a hunk of acting; he deserves a break. Genevieve Tobin is swell in a new kind of characterization that ought to take her places. And Charlie Ruggles—oh, dear, he's miscast, too. Directed by William Keighley.—Warner Brothers.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Jimmy and Roz both had birthdays during the filming of "No Time for Comedy," and gave parties for each other on the set. Bette Davis, close friend (!) of Rosalind's, sent her a huge wreath, decorated with highly spiced vegetables . . . Charlie Ruggles collects pipes and has over 260, some dating from the 16th century . . . Genevieve Tobin collects lipsticks, has specimens from 47 different countries . . . Roz wears moccasins whenever she can on stage; has over thirty pairs in a variety of colors . . . Jimmy Stewart receives hundreds of letters daily giving him advice on how to gain weight (as if he wants to!) . . . Allyn Joslyn laughed so loud during the filming of a humorous scene he was ousted from the set.

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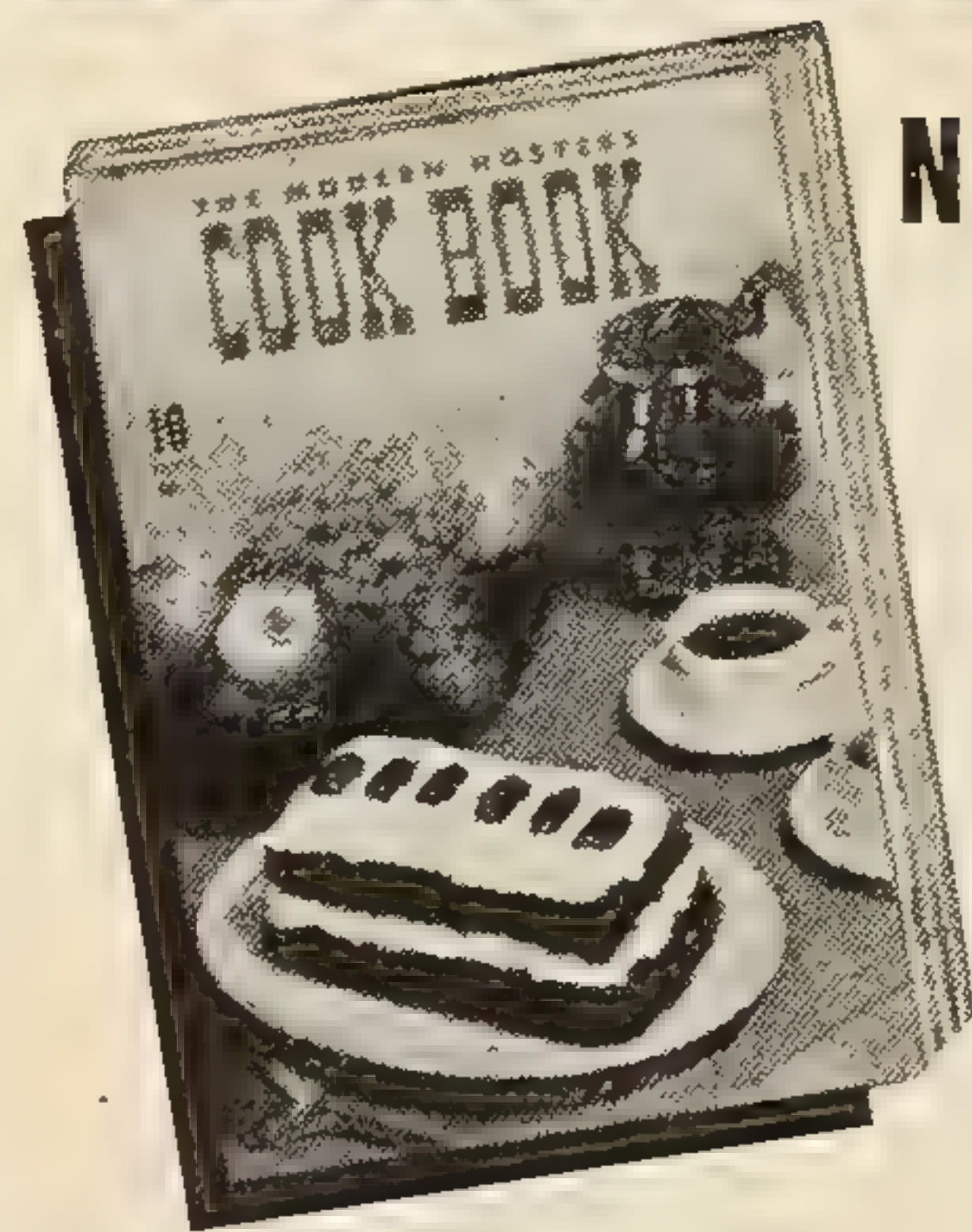
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Joslyn collects funny hats, wears a different one to the studio every day.

★★★ Hired Wife

There's an old gag in Hollywood to the effect that the story's the thing, but, if nobody's looking, the truth is it's all a lot of humbug. And this picture proves it. It has one of the silliest stories you ever heard tell. But it's an A-1 movie, nevertheless.

"What is it about?" you ask. Well, it seems that Rosalind—is there a better comedienne in films?—is Brian Aherne's secretary, and like all good secretaries (especially in the movies) she's in love with her boss. But like all bosses he's blind as a bat and doesn't realize this. He is in love with a blonde and beautiful model who, like all models, is really just a gold-digger. Now, Robert Benchley is Aherne's lawyer (and a more improbable lawyer you never even dreamed of) and John Carroll is a pleasant gigolo that Roz uses to lure Brian's blonde siren away from him. And everything ends just too, too perfectly for everybody, as it does in this kind of story.

There's no way of describing the crazy antics or humorous situations, so you'll simply have to accept our simple statement to that effect. It's a roar from start to finish.

Miss Russell is in top form and so is Benchley. Brian Aherne unbends a good deal and is very pleasant in the light comedy role. Virginia Bruce has never looked more desirable and lovely, or acted with more gusto. And this guy John Carroll proves at long last that he is no flash in the pan; he's going places, important places—if he can only get a few more juicy assignments like this one. Directed by William Seiter.—*Universal*.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Two platina fox furs, each valued at \$1,500, were flown from New York for Virginia Bruce to wear in one scene . . . Roz Russell wears a pair of pliable glass shoes, with purse to match, as a costume novelty . . . Miss Russell served cold drinks to everyone on the set during a warm spell . . . She brought a cake of ice into her dressing-room and had an electric fan blow across it . . . Both John Carroll and Virginia Bruce took rhumba lessons every day for a week for one of their scenes . . . Robert Benchley, during the filming of "Hired Wife," happened to mention he was pretty good with a mandolin, back in his college days. Seiter took him up on his boast, had a bit written in which required Benchley to make good his boast.

★★★ Rangers of Fortune

It's a shame this picture doesn't have a better title; it deserves one.

Yep, it's a western, but it's not like any you've seen. There are three rootin', tootin' gents named Fred MacMurray, Albert Dekker and Gilbert Roland who wander around the countryside spreading consternation and confusion wherever they go. They're three lads without conscience and completely devoid of common sense, but they're good natured and—yes, they have hearts of gold. You might call it Robin Hood in triplicate.

It seems there's a small town somewhere in the west which is being victimized by a dastardly group of villains and our three lads clean things up. It's all done tongue in cheek, and there is more emphasis on comedy than action.

MacMurray in spurs, hip boots and toting a couple of six-shooters may strike

you as somewhat strange. But partner him with Gilbert as a silver-tongued, twinkle-in-the-eye caballero, add Dekker as a slug-nutty comic (uh huh, the same Dekker who has always been a heavy up to now) and you have a hunk of imaginative casting! Are they successful? So much so that the studio has decided to put all three into a sequel even faster than you can read this.

There are a number of other swell troupers including Patricia Morison, Dick Foran and Joe Schildkraut. But the name you want to learn at this stage of the game is Betty Brewer. She is about 13 years old and a bit o' all right—star-dust if ever we've smelled it. Directed by Sam Wood.—*Paramount*.

POSTSCRIPTS: Little Betty Brewer was found singing for pennies in front of a Hollywood night club; has had no dramatic training . . . Since her work in "Rangers of Fortune" she's been cast by Paramount in the forthcoming "The Roundup," with Preston Foster, Richard Dix and Patricia Morison . . . Locale of film is supposed to be Texas, but is really the Mojave Desert, 100 miles from Hollywood . . . Albert Dekker, who portrays a pug of the '70's, had to trail along behind a covered wagon, shadow boxing. He lost 16 pounds . . . The town itself was constructed within two huge sound stages in Hollywood.

★★★ Argentine Nights

What do you expect from a movie? If it's sense—stay home, don't see this one. If it's fun, well, then, this is your dish.

The billing tells you that this picture stars the Ritz Brothers. What's more important is that the picture introduces the Andrews Sisters. That gives you two trios, to which you may add Constance Moore with an all-gal swing band, a bunch of corny gags and a lot of hot rhythm, which should be anybody's ducat's worth. In fact, it's right down the groove.

Those Andrews gals. They're not much to look at, but when they begin exercising their tonsils—wow! What they can do to swing is nobody's business. It is hot and hotcha. And how!

The story? A bunch of guys named Ritz get mixed up with a bunch of girls named Andrews and a bunch of other girls without any special names, and they all go to South America to play a date in a fancy hotel. But when they get there, there isn't any hotel, and it's our guess at that point somebody up and threw away the script. That doesn't make any sense? Well, neither does the picture. But who cares?

The Ritz Brothers are pretty funny and the Andrews Sisters are very hot. And Connie Moore is an eyeful. There are a half dozen good songs which you'll be hearing on your favorite juke box this winter. Swing it, men! Directed by Albert Rogell.—*Universal*.

POSTSCRIPTS: This is the Ritz Brothers' first picture since their return from a coast-to-coast personal appearance tour which, incidentally, was a box-office wow . . . They are actually the brothers Joaquin, changed to Ritz because we all know how to pronounce that . . . Brave boys; they used no doubles for the knife throwing scenes, in which they are nailed to a wall by steel blades . . . "The Brooklynonga," which the three boys sing and dance, is a combination of the Brooklyn jitterbug and the conga . . . The Andrews Sisters are the girls whose

warbling of "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen," "Well, All Right," "Hold Tight," etc., sell nearly two million records each year . . . Constance Moore was selected as the ideal "American Girl" by five of the nation's most distinguished artists . . . Screen newcomer, George Reeves (other half of the romance) is the boy you may have noticed as one of the Tarleton twins in "Gone With the Wind."

★★★ Christmas in July

About a year ago Preston Sturges got tired of being just a writer, went to Paramount's bosses and told them that he wanted to be a director. First they laughed at him, then they compromised by letting him direct one of his own stories. When "The Great McGinty" was finished, they stopped laughing and assigned him to write and direct another film. This is it, and it's a honey. It has a warm, lovable, human quality which is rare in filmdom. Every one of the characters will remind you of somebody you know, they are all so incredibly true to life.

When you begin analyzing the story you realize there isn't so very much to it. It's really a fantastic sort of modern fairy tale, but all the characters are believable, so you swallow the whole yarn. Sturges has managed to get A-1 honest performances out of Dick Powell and Ellen Drew, so that you're rooting for 'em all the way through.

This is a new Dick Powell, by the way. You've never seen him as good as this. If he can get a few more parts like this one, he will be the most perfect example of "comeback kid" in town. There is none of that pretty-boy phony that held him back some years ago. He's just a guy named Jimmy and it seems like you've known and liked him for years.

Jimmy is a nice kid who dreams a lot and one of his dreams is that he may marry Ellen Drew, who lives in the next tenement and works at the next desk in the office. Another of his dreams is that he will win a big \$25,000 slogan contest. He gets both wishes, of course, but via the screwiest set of circumstances imaginable. Totally impossible. Utterly ridiculous. But anyway, it's fun.

There are a lot of acting credits to hand out, but tops go to Dick and Ellen. Miss Drew is more surprising in each film. If she is not an absolute leader among filmdom's stars in another year, it will be astonishing.

Give a quick acting nod to Raymond Walburn, Alexander Carr, William Demarest, Harry Hayden and Julius Tannen. Directed by Preston Sturges.—Paramount.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Ellen Drew was a waitress at Brown's, Hollywood candy shop, when William Demarest discovered her. He was then an agent and he fought for months to get her a break; this is the first film they've acted in together . . . Demarest is an ex-vaude-villian; he tried hard to become an agent

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but every time he went to a studio to sell actors, they said no to his list but yes to himself . . . Ernest Truex was the first leading man ever employed by Paramount, oldest of the still-going movie companies; 27 years ago he was Mary Pickford's vis-a-vis in "The Good Little Devil" . . . Writer-director Sturges appears in the film, just as a lark. He is the man getting his shoes shined in a short sequence. Dick Powell directed the scene. . . . Midway in the picture Ellen Drew was thrown by a wooden hobby horse and sustained quite an injury . . . The black cat figuring prominently in a number of sequences is Sturges' own pet, Hamlet . . . Julius Tannen, who plays a short character bit, will be recalled by many as one of the glibbest vaudeville comics of a few years ago.

★★½ The Quarterback

Here, kiddies, is a surprise package; a real, pleasant little piece of entertainment. It makes no pretensions; it's just a movie—but you'll enjoy it.

There are two factors involved. In the first place, someone had a swell story idea—a new twist in the old football theme. In the second place, it presents a youngster named Wayne Morris who, while still not a star, is on his way. A few more pictures like this and he'll be one!

Timed perfectly to coincide with the opening of the football season, this is frankly a rah-rah Joe College yarn. But that new twist! Are you all agog with curiosity? Well, Wayne Morris is a studious kid who really wants to learn his lessons, but he can't afford the tuition. His twin brother (Wayne plays both parts) is no great shakes scholastically, but he's admitted to college on his football record. The twins make believe they are really one person, and while one studies and gets all A's, the other plays football and wins all the games. Trouble starts when they both fall in love with Virginia Dale!

The Morris boy will make himself a lot of friends. Virginia Dale is a sort of road company edition of Betty Grable—blonde and cute, but not history-making.

Lillian Cornell is another girl who has almost clicked for a long time—but she doesn't quite make it this time, either. Bill Frawley and Walter Catlett are very funny in supporting roles, and Frank Burke is a kid with a big future. He's a little bit of a shrimp with a very funny map and beautiful delivery. Watch him! Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone.—Paramount.

PREVIEW POSTSCRIPTS: Wayne Morris went through all sorts of rough tactics for this picture without any cuts or bruises; but wound up in the hospital a week later as the result of an auto crash. . . . Barbara and Bob Pittes, 20-day old twins, make their movie bow here; they worked a total of two hours in the film. . . . Campus scenes were made at U.C.L.A., but the movie makers didn't think it looked like a college, so they plastered phony ivy on most of the lovely buildings before they camera-ed 'em . . . Alan Mowbray was the only actor to get temperamental during filming. He had one long scientific speech to make, so a prop man lettered it on a blackboard for him, to help out; Mowbray was enraged! Seems he's got an infallible memory and doesn't need help in remembering his lines. . . . This is the eighth time William Frawley has played a movie football coach—and his teams have never lost a game! . . . Frank Burke broke into films as a youthful edition of Jimmy Cagney.

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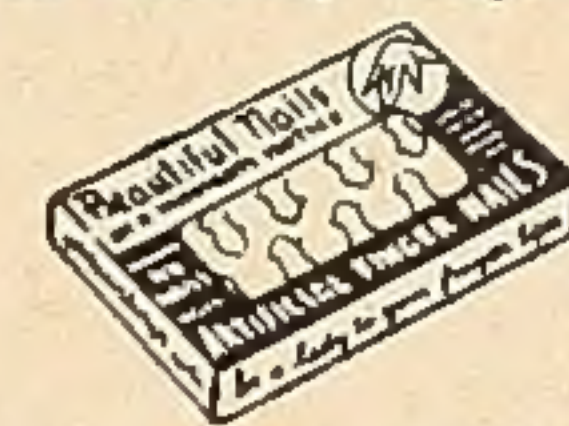
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THE MAN HUNT IS ON!

(Continued from page 29)

George unhitched from Grace Mulrooney?

George Brent: Cinematically perfect, romantically a toughie. Disillusioned, cynical, experienced. Apparently content and happy to romp with Ann Sheridan for the present. Doesn't hand his telephone number around. Never did!

John Carroll: Being groomed for big things cinematically. A success in "Hired Wife." A good film future. Ex-husband of Steffi Duna. Family on the society side. Won't be snagged very easily.

Bob Cummings: Handsome, talented—and married.

Well, those are a few of the typical cases. It gives you some notion of what has been going on. Remember that actors groomed for romantic leads have a fatal tendency to getting married—which upsets all sorts of plans. For one thing, it almost always lessens their box office appeal. Also it makes a romantic build-up by the studios an impossibility.

John Shelton, M-G-M's white hope, is another problem to harried hostesses. They can't even count on him as an occasional fourth for bridge, he's so wrapped up in his career! He studies his tests and his movies; he studies other men's acting technique and is constantly trying to improve himself. He explained recently to a close friend that he didn't think a young actor should ever play around or go to night clubs. He'll be a good catch for some gal as soon as his divorce is final, but he's burning up the town with midnight oil, not a cigarette lighter.

THE case of Bob Sterling, who's being groomed for leads at Twentieth Century-Fox, is typical and to the point. In a candid moment recently he explained that he doesn't earn enough money to take a girl to Ciro's and he doesn't dare take her anywhere else. Well, he and several of his friends have solved the problem—if solution is the word—by going stag to night clubs and cutting in on a dance here and there. But this doesn't help the girls any.

Bob also says that he shies away from the woman question because he doesn't want the town to think that he's trading on any female star's publicity. At the same time, he doesn't want some little nobody using him. If you read in the gossip columns that he was out with anyone, you may be pretty sure that it was on a studio order.

The same is true of George Montgomery. Not so long ago he took Marjorie Weaver to a preview. He'll probably knock my head off for telling you this, but he took her there because the studio ordered him to. And the studio had to lend him the fancy clothes because he simply couldn't afford to buy them.

Notable among the poor but famous youths is Bill Holden. He and Brenda Marshall happen to be in love. Well, Brenda actually offered to pay the expenses when they had to make publicity appearances, because she knew how broke Bill was. But, of course, he would not have any of that.

Remember this. These young fellows who are star material have a lot of pride. They like to pay their own way. In Holden's case, poverty and pride have probably combined into a distinct case of protection. The feminine stars who need gigolos can't get anywhere with him.

Jeffrey Lynn, who after years of minor parts is getting a break, is another case in point. Jeff is a New Englander and

very strait-laced. He goes places with Dana Dale now, because she shares his preference for ping-pong and rides in the country. He's been quoted to the effect that he would never be a sucker for the night clubs—just doesn't like them. He's a number one catch for some film gal, but he's not buying orchids or making transatlantic phone calls to any cuties.

Dennis Morgan, who made a triumphant appearance in Los Angeles in the light opera, "The Student Prince," singing the title role, and whom Warners have kept neatly in the shadow ever since, has several handicaps, socially. For one thing, he's married. For another, he's keeping right on with his singing lessons. And that means that he leads a pretty normal life and doesn't do any Errol Flynn-ing hither and yon.

Bill Lundigan and Robert Wilcox are an interesting case. They both started out together at Universal in bit parts. The flashy Bob rose very rapidly to leads, was borrowed by another studio for a picture, fell in love transcontinentally with Joy Hodges, spectacularly and suddenly married Florence Rice, was divorced, and ended in a Beverly Hills jail on suspicion of forgery—which takes him at least temporarily out of circulation.

Lundigan, on the other hand, worked hard for several years at Universal,

**The hitherto untold story of
Orson Welles' incredible year
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MODERN SCREEN**

studying the business of acting, going out quietly with girls, but never with any of the spectacular ones. Eventually he got a Warner contract. He fell in love with Margaret Lindsay, and she has taken him off the available list. Bill goes to a few more night clubs now than he used to, but he has never been the silk hat type. He has always stuck pretty carefully to the limits of his pocketbook.

Victor Mature seems to have switched from Liz Whitney to Lana Turner which definitely takes him off the general market. Hal Roach had a lot of trouble with Vic when he had his first success in "1,000,000 Years B.C." His hats didn't fit him for a while and he began flitting around with various flashy gals. These by-paths held him up, but everything is okay now. However, it looks like he's holding out for the upper crust and no little stock player is going to get much of a break.

Orson Welles, who brought new blood into the old stream of the town, was not around very long before he got snagged by Dolores Del Rio; and he has stayed that way. In spite of the ribbing he has taken, "Citizen Kane" will probably be a smash hit and Hollywood will have one more top-ranking star to sell.

Robert Stack, Universal's socialite white hope, who made good in Metro's "The Mortal Storm," is seriously interested in Mary Beth Hughes. Bob is impatient with the progress he has made in films so far. He wants to get places fast. Actually, of course, he's done very well, considering his newness to the game, and he should be a permanent addition to the professional colony. But it appears that he may marry Mary pretty soon and, consequent-

ly, will be off the available bachelor list, socially.

Desi Arnaz, the Cuban dancer who will be a rage when "Too Many Girls" is released, had been in Hollywood barely a week before Lucille Ball snagged him. Professionally, he will undoubtedly be a profitable addition to Hollywood; socially, he is available for marriage but is far too astute to be snapped up hurriedly. Whether he will go the way of Cesar Romero, who has made himself indispensable to many stars and an accessory of none, no one knows, of course. Desi is a little less calculating than Cesar, and he'll probably get married pretty soon.

CESAR ROMERO, perennial playboy, is what Hollywood needs more of, according to the complaints of the stars. He has a position on the screen that is adequate, if not spectacular. He can be trusted as a confidant and called upon at the last minute for a date. He dances divinely, but avoids marriage like the plague.

And Reginald Gardiner can best be described as a British Cesar Romero.

Analytically, and from a professional standpoint, there is good reason for the fact that there is a man shortage in Hollywood. In the first place, it has always been true that fewer men want to be actors than women want to be actresses. A man cannot be prettied up very much before the camera. A romantic lead—and this is where the scarcity is so very pronounced—simply must appear to be worth the heroine's struggles to make him marry her. He must be either handsome or virile.

Another reason is that actors have more individuality and it is harder to find good stories for them. Roz Russell is a steno in "Hired Wife" and an actress in "No Time for Comedy." She can be a lot of different types of heroine. But Spencer Tracy's story material is limited to the general character he has built up in the public's mind.

For many years Bob Montgomery was a smart-aleck wisecracker, and it almost ruined his professional career because he fought so hard to get away from this characterization.

Men get typed faster than women. John Garfield is a good illustration of this. He has been a jailbird in six of his last seven pictures.

In order to be good box office an actor should have a touch of Flynnomania or a Barrymorian flair for the unusual. At the very least, an actor must be willing to live up to the publicity which his studio pins on him. And men are less willing to be made a public fool of than women. They are more likely to be businessmen, less the flaming butterfly.

Gossip, blackmail and scandal hover over the actor, always. In divorces it is *noblesse oblige* so that he must take the brunt of the accusations. If he socks some annoyer, his publicity is bad. If he gets into an accident, he is accused of being drunk and disorderly.

And so it is really a wonder that any of them come through the box office success. Many thousands are tested—but the fact remains that the Hollywood man market is much below par and any young man from Dubuque, Iowa, or points East, West, North or South who photographs half-way decently can have the town plus all the trimmings.

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